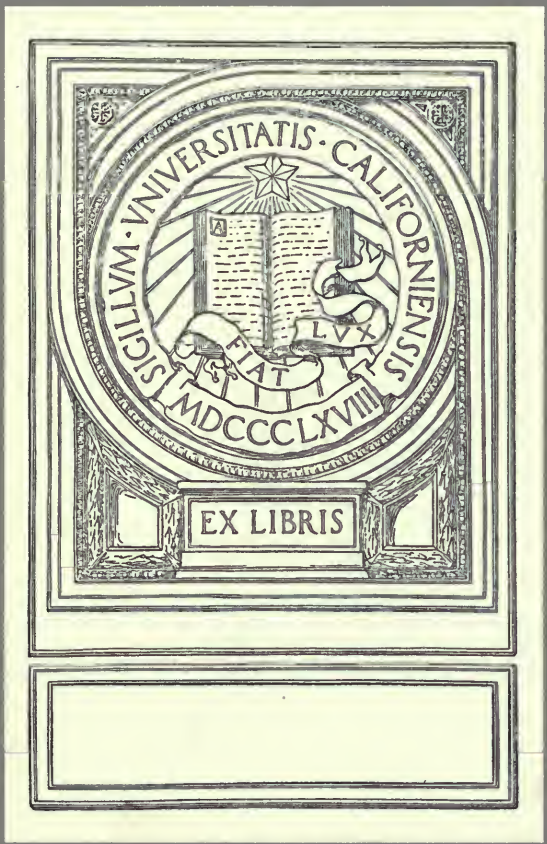


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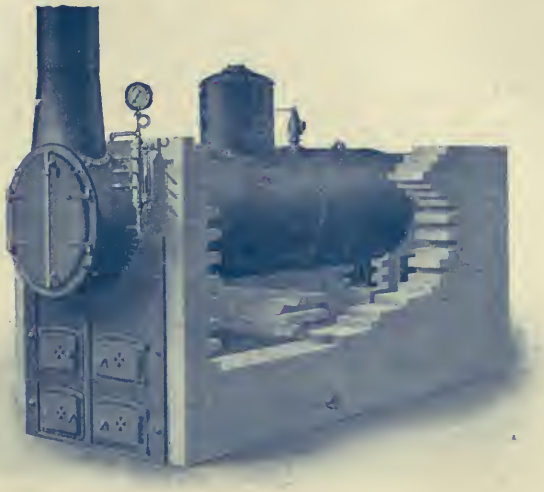
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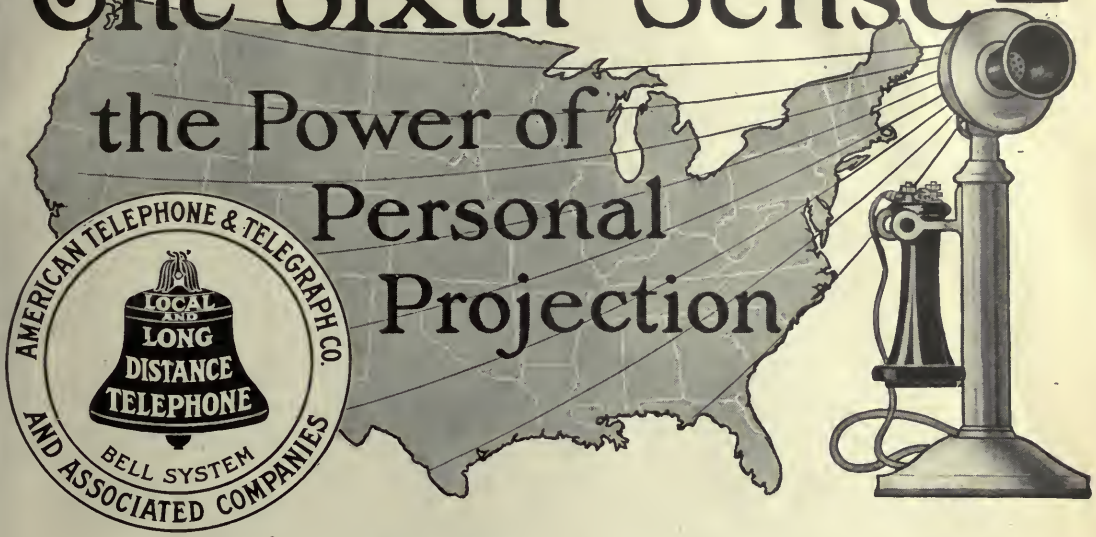
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New Zealand and Australia—Bank of New Zealand and Bank of Australasia.

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Transact a General Banking and Exchange Business.

Deposits received, loans made on approved security, commercial and travelers' credits issued. Bills of Exchange bought and sold.

Collecting Promptly Accounted for

Statement of the Condition of

The First Bank of Hilo, Ltd.

HILO, HAWAII,

At the Close of Business, December 31, 1907:

Resources

Loans	$358,521.87
Bonds	68,715.00
Stocks and other investments	11,633.70
Furniture and Fixtures	5,718.83
Due from Banks	20,324.95
Cash	103,160.58
Real Estate	3,545.49
	$571,620.42

Liabilities.

Capital Paid in	$142,500.00
Surplus	20,000.00
Undivided Profits	3,562.50
Due to Banks	8,490.91
Deposits	397,067.01
	$571,620.42

I, H. V. Patten, Cashier, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. H. V. PATTEN, Cashier.

Examined and found correct: John J. Grace, Carl S. Smith, Adam Lindsay, Directors. Zeno K. Myers, Auditor; G. E. Smithies, Special Examiner for the Treasurer of the Territory of Hawaii.

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Reserve Fund .....Yen 15,940,000

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The bank receives local deposits and head office deposits for fixed periods.

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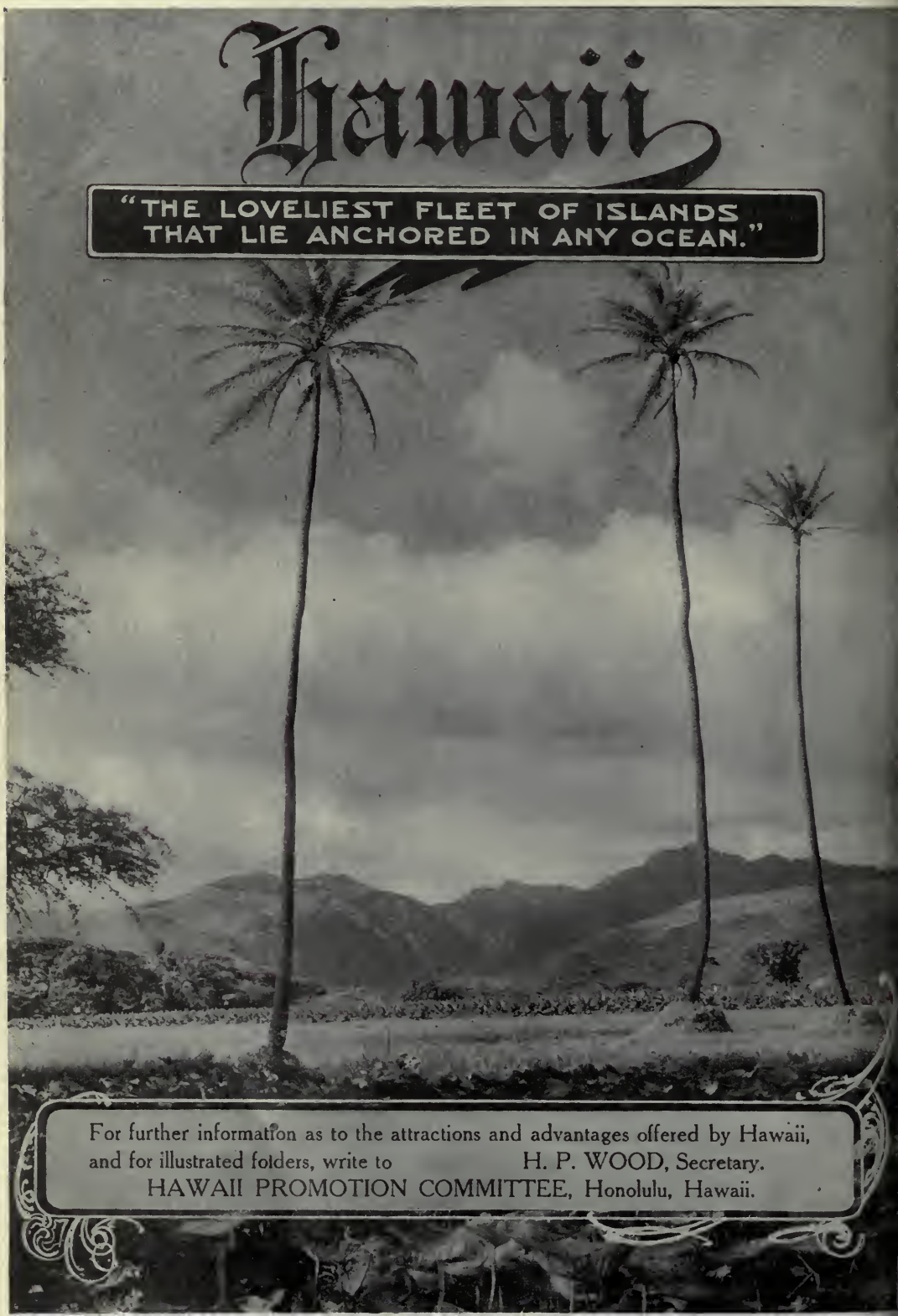
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"I have seen much of the world. I am familiar with those places which are the favored lands for tourists and my eight days' stay here has convinced me that there is no land on the face of the earth, considering climate and population, and considering beauty and attractiveness of scenery and charms of hospitality, which offers so much to the tourist either in health or pleasure as this Eden of the Pacific."—Hon. Oscar S. Straus, Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor.



The Royal Palm

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Some features of the Flower Parade on Washington's Birthday

JULY, 1909

No. 1 OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LIV

Founded 1868 Bret Harte San Francisco

A TOURIST'S PARADISE

BY PIERRE N. BERINGER

"Life is far better fun than people dream who fall asleep among the chimney stacks and telegraph wires."

WHY IT SHOULD be alloted to me to write of Hawaii as a tourist's Paradise is more than I can tell, for every time that I have visited Hawaii has been for me a time of stress. Once the alarums of war were in the air, and I came on a transport as a war correspondent; at another time I was sent to the land of Aloha as a commissioner for the Southern Pacific Company to gather together specimens of all the magnificent hardwoods of the islands, and at no time have I ever visited them as a tourist.

"I will never leave the sea, I think; it is only there that a Briton lives: my poor grandfather, it is from him that I inherit the taste, I fancy, and he was round many islands in his day; but I, please God, shall beat him at that before the recall is sounded——"

It was Robert Louis Stevenson who spoke the words in an attempt to explain a roving disposition, and I have headed this article with another quotation from the sweet singer of the South Seas because it seemed to fit the case particularly well: "Life is far better fun than people dream who fall asleep among the chimney stacks and the telegraph wires." In this is found the editor of the Overland Monthly's apology for selecting me to write of "A Tourist's Paradise." Also it must be remembered that in order to do justice to a land one must love it, and I do love Hawaii. I found on its shores the only unalloyed hospitality I have ever found in the wide, wide world, and departing left behind the keenest regrets of a long life of globe trotting. There must, indeed, be a wonderful charm in a land, entirely apart from its people, which beckons to you across the intervening years in subtle allurement and calls to you in startling clearness in moments when your mind is receptive to waves of reminiscence. Then again there must be a remarkable tenacity in the love given such a land when, upon recurrent visits, expecting to find mighty changes, not in the physical aspect of town and country so much as in the people themselves, and when knowing one is to be disappointed: that the whole picture has been spoiled, that a jarring rift will be found in the lute, and your imaginings and fond remembrances will find no counterpart in the reality. Then imagine your joy at finding no change, that Hawaii is still Hawaii, that the American, the foreign interloper, has not spoiled it all. To be sure, there are changes, but these are greatest where they have wrought miracles in making humans of the money-grubbing new-comers, in innoculating them with the virus of the isles of the Blessed which will never leave them and which will haunt them wherever they may roam as a scented wind from the gardens of Araby.

Where does the tourist find his desire to roam, and where did the wander-lust spring from originally? Was it at the mother's knee, when lisping tongue and lip

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The sunsets of Hawaii are world famed. and the Overland Monthly photographer has caught in black and white a beautiful picture in which it is not difficult to imagine all the delights of a sunset sky. Cocoanut Island near Hilo

first heard of tales of lands of the far-away, of fairies who dwelt in islands so fair as to test the powers of imagination? Or was it later when the boy and girl were at one with the Swiss Family in that mythical island so blessed with all the necessities of man; did it come from reading of the sea and land in books by the more romantic novelists?

Hawaii is the epitome of these dreams of youth. It is a land of perpetual wonder, and everywhere you turn you come upon some strange thing, some scene not known before, some subtle scent of flower, some strange sound so softly sweet it seems to you the birds had never sung before. There are splashes of color, an iridescence of water never seen elsewhere, and everywhere the soft, sad note predominant. It is not a sadness that jars but which comes as part of the picture. It is probably due to the sweet stillness prevailing, to the mild winds and the balm that is in the air. Mayhap the sadness is not there at all, for I have felt it when I have stood face to face with one of the old heathen gods and heard in the distance born on the moonlit air the soft croonings of an Hawaiian woman to the mellow notes of the ukulele. It was so still that before the singing began I thought I could hear my heart beat and the light of the moon shone on the queer god, perched up among the ferns and a sort of reed grass, near the shores of a lagoon. The romance of the land was upon me, and while I gazed at the inscrutable and grotesque features of the effigy, I seemed to hear the war cries of ancient heroes, the Kamehamehas of old, the Kainas, the warriors who fought and bled on these shores in ancient times. I thought of the Great Conqueror as he drove his enemies over the Pali and brought peace to the land.

It seemed to me that out of all this array of warriors, out of all the magnificence of conflict a poet must be born; some one man who would fashion a crashing ode in heroic lines to tell the deeds of a wonderful people. As I mused, it seemed as though all thought of strife had passed

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away, and faintly came to me the ukulele's notes and the deep contralto of a woman's voice. Then, I knew why the country had never produced a poet to sing in clanging measures the song of war, for when the last battle was fought the last poet died, and since that time poetry has lived in the air, in the flowers, in the women and the men of Hawaii, and a host of the singers of the time of eld wanders forth at night and wails its dirge in every voice and every note of the ring dove. The nation sings a dirge for bygone greatness, and there is nothing left of Hawaii except the indestructible part-love.

Yet it must not be thought that all of Hawaii's charm lies in its sweet softness and its languorous climate, for it can offer some of the most magnificent scenery the world student has ever seen; it can give you a climate so varied that you may travel from the tropic shores of some tropic island to the seamed and saw-toothed edge of a great snow-capped mountain, and you may gaze into the burning cauldron of a volcano and witness scenes that suggest the very pit of the Inferno. It's storms will give you action enough and a-plenty, and you may find every thrill there is in nature to lure into a love of the land that will be as everlasting as the hills about you, for you will not be content with having been ensnared yourself, but will joy in passing the virus to your friends in chaunting the praises of Hawaii.

It is a land which offers every sort of sport to the traveler, from the most civilized form of amusement to that of the most primitive races.

* * * *

The present-day globe-trotter does not go in much for much of the inconvenience that was the particular charm of the days gone by. He wants to ride in an automobile where the man of yesterday was content on the back of a pony, just as his predecessor had been content with walking. Hawaii, in all of its islands, offers some of the best roads for automobiling imaginable.

Of course you cannot go everywhere with the automobile, but the motor car in Hawaii has been provided with good roads to go anywhere a respectable

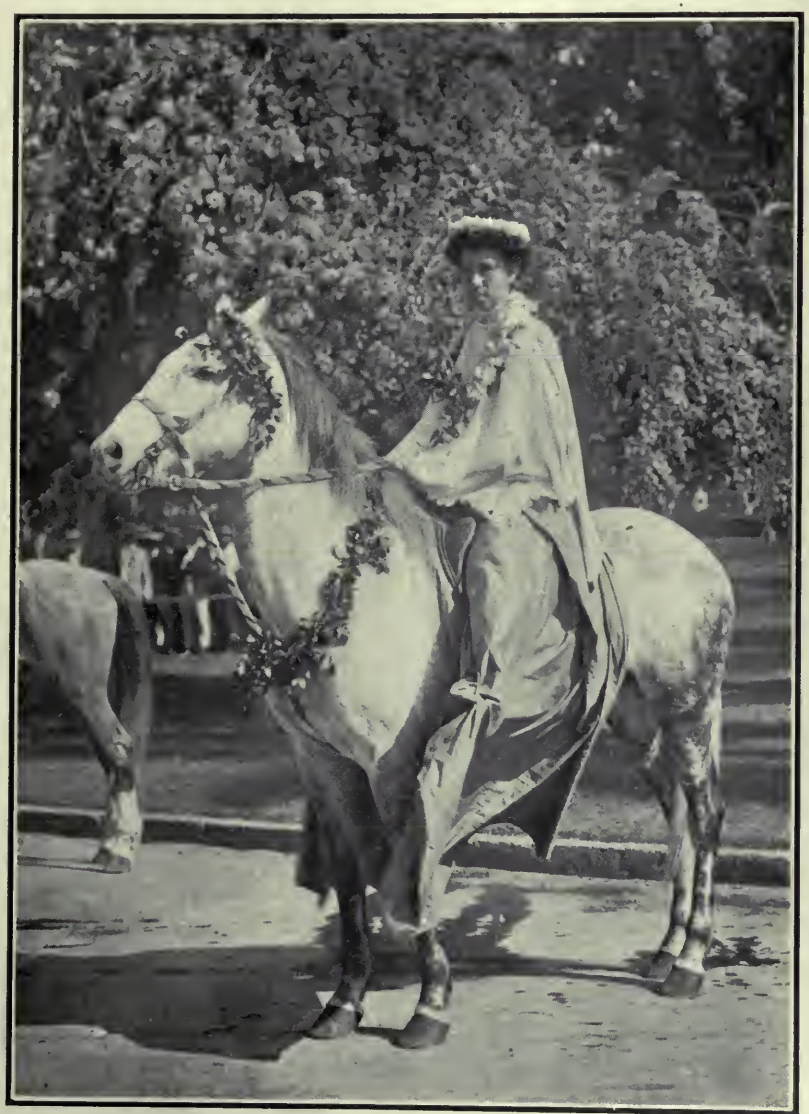


The Aquarium is one of the show places of Honolulu. It has the finest collection of fish to be found in any one building in the world

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machine ought to go. In Oahu, the island on which is situated Honolulu, you may make the trip to Pearl Harbor, the United States Naval Station, and you may take in a large number of sugar plantations on the way, while you may stop at some of the princely estates and to Diamond head and beyond to the sapphire seas.

Tantalus lies right out there from the Punch-bowl and on this beautiful spot so favored by nature you will find embowered in flowers and greenery some of Honolulu's most charming residences. This



A beautiful native woman celebrating the birthday of George Washington. The costume is a native riding habit, and on the lady's head is a wreath of leis

visit through the grounds. Then there is the Tantalus, from where you look out on the panorama of the city of Honolulu, promontory, jutting out into the land, is the home of many of the elite. The views from Tantalus are as varied as may be

imagined, and you may glut your senses on the beautiful in tropical nature, on its streets and trails and by-paths. In places, it is as civilized and quiet as Fifth avenue, New York, while but a few feet away is a trail that is wild and untamed with growth of brake and fern and strange clinging vines with wealth of flowers. You may plunge down a by-path that is overspread with creepers and vines, and you may imagine yourself in some fair Titania's bower or in the fairy grot where Auccassin found his Nicollette.

The automobile enthusiast will find the trip around the island of Oahu very interesting indeed, and on his way he may stop in that wonderful park named after the sweet Princess Kapiolani, and so typical of its namesake. Here you find lagoons peopled with the quaintest of fishes and crossed and re-crossed by a succession of artistic bridges. There are shady nooks that seem as remote from the roadways of civilized life as the forest primeval, and there are spots so riotous in color as to baffle description. Kapiolani Park is world famed.

In Honolulu you will find all kinds of trees you know nothing about. Of course, you have a vague idea of the banyan tree, but you must reserve your adjectives until you are on this ride out toward that most wonderful of all beaches, Waikiki, for you will see one or two fine specimens of the banyan on the way, and right along the street-car track you will see the big plantations of banana, growing right in line with irrigation ditches, the monotony of which is occasionally broken by a duck pond on which float in stately majesty the mandarin duck and a variety of water fowl the thrifty Chinese have brought over from the land of Confucius.

Here and there is a cocoanut grove, the majestic trees lifting their fronds in the empyrean.

You may make the trip around the island in an automobile, but the electric cars of a very well-equipped company will carry you out to the long stretch of beach between the city and Dimond Head.

Honolulu is one of the finest hotel cities in the world, and on the way around the island the tourist will find a number of



The celebration of Washington's Birthday is made the occasion for great festivity in the islands, and at Honolulu the populace turns out en masse. Young women of Honolulu in a cavalry squad

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the best caravansaries. There is the Moana, which is under the same management as the Alexander Young Hotel and the Royal Hawaiian. In another place, I will give it the mention it deserves. Out of town there are seaside hotels, and among them the Haleiwa. This is situated facing the water, and is most homelike and inviting.

The amusements of the city of Honolulu are varied, and to a stranger are most attractive. There is not one moment of ennui or dullness; for the people of Hawaii, and especially of Hilo and Honolulu, have the science of hospitality bred in



Road to Volcano House and Crater. Hilo

them, and the stranger who has any sort of claim to gentle birth or any kind of breeding is sure of being, at all times, at home.

The city of Honolulu is the home of the celebrated Hawaiian band, and its concerts are a frequent feature of the life at the Alexander Young Hotel. Who is there that has spent any time in Honolulu who does not remember with fondness the departure from the dock. It would indeed be an ingrate, a man or woman so hardened as to be a monster of ingratitude who would not feel the blessings on the parting guest so sweetly conveyed in the leis, the flower wreaths given the departing; after a season in the island capital. Your friends and acquaintances come down to the ship and present you with innumerable garlands of sweet-scented flowers, which you have placed about your neck, until you are literally smothered in fragrance and profusion of blossoms. The custom is a pretty one, for, as the ship glides away from the dock, you cast back the blooms that have been given you, back into the sea, to float to the island shores and with them goes what love you may wish to spare to the people who loyally give of all they have.

The eye is dimmed with tears and the heart is full to overflowing, and all the while the band is playing the sweet and softly simple and alluring music of Hawaii. That air, it may be Like-no-a-Like or it may be Aloha Oe!, with its deep heart tones and its "O fond embrace A hoi ae au Until we meet again" will dwell forever in your memory; will wind itself

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The Royal Palms of Moanalua on the grounds of Mr. S. M. Damon. This beautiful estate is easily reached from Honolulu and is an exquisite example of the landscape gardener's art in the tropics. It covers many acres



R. W. Filler, General Superintendent Hilo Railroad, and C. E. Ferguson, the Overland Monthly Commissioner, going over the line in Mr. Filler's auto. This picture was taken on one of the big sugar plantations. Left Hilo at 10 a. m., returning to Hilo at 6 p. m.—on rails all the way

around the tendrils of your heart until it will walk with you and wake with you and dream with you and beekon you back to the lazy latitudes.

I have heard the "Ahi Wela" in the jungles of the Philippines, and I have come upon a lone exile of the Far East, beguiling the long hours of the sun-baked day with the songs of a more favored tropie land.

* * * *

The Aquarium is one of the most interesting of all places in Honolulu to visit —for you will there find that Nature has been as lavish in her gift of color under as over seas. The fish of the Sandwieh Islands are of a most varied kind, and as grotesque in shape as they are varied.

It is impossible to give an adequate description of these wonders of the deep, in words alone, for they beggar in their colorings any deseription by the pen. The aquarium itself is situated very pieturesquely in a small glade of palms, and the building is quite artistic in its architecture. It is said that there are 400 varieties of fish in Hawaiian waters. The color is most bewildering, and orgy is the word best befitting it. There are violent contrasts from pale pink to blaek, and from the brightest green to purple. Here you may see giant octopii, the star spangled banner fish, whieh has stars on its head and red white and blue stripes down its body. Then there is the dragon fly fish, a most peculiar inhabitant of the deep, whieh walks the bottom of the tanks in preference, and who is so averse to swimming that it sails through the water on outspread wings four times the size of its body. There are in this aquarium from 600 to 1000 fish on exhibition, representing approximately one hundred varieties.

The names of these fish are as curious as their eoloring and shape, and to attempt to study the nomenelature in the native tongue would either bring on a complete mastery of the Hawaiian language or loek-jaw.

For instanee, apart from its scientific name, we have the *humuhumu nukunuku apua'a*. This fish is about eight inches



Queen's Hospital and avenue bordered with Royal palms and cactus

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The Honolulu Post Office building

long and has four blue stripes alternating with jet black, extending from eye to eye: its fins and tail are pale blue, except the fin at the gills, which is jet black with a scarlet crescent at the base, a large jet black band extends back to the lower fin, just back of the tail. The back is brown and is divided from the black side band with a brilliant yellow band about one-quarter of an inch wide. The belly is pale white, almost silver. The lips are pale yellow, and there is a suggestion of a painted blue moustache of a sickly hue. So, you see that the fish is itself as curious as its name, yet it is one of the least interesting of the specimens in the aquarium.

In "doing" Honolulu, it is necessary to take in the schools and school system, and the charm in it lies in its cosmopolitanism and its high standard of scholarship. Much of the excellence of the schools is due to the early missionaries who brought with them, whatever else they may have brought, a high ideal in the educational line. Since the American occupation, or Americanization, of the islands, the schools have prospered as never before, and it cannot be denied that the territorial legislature has provided liberally in this direction. In Honolulu there is one institution of an educational character standing head and shoulders above all others. This is the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum of Polynesian ethnology and natural history. The Princess Pauahi died in 1884, and this building was erected and the museum founded in 1889 by her husband, Mr. Charles Reed Bishop. Here is gathered the history of Hawaii and here one may study the Niebelungen of the South Seas. From every land under the Southern Cross, and from Hawaii, Mrs. Bishop during her lifetime had gathered an unequaled collection. Mrs. Bishop's collection of Hawaiian effects and the relics and heirlooms of the deceased kings and the *aliis* of ancient days came to her by right of birth; and formed the nucleus of the collection. Since the death of his wife, Mr. Bishop has added many collections of Hawaiian and Polynesian origin, by purchase. Besides this, there have been many additions made by the Government and by private parties.

Here one may find, outside of the historical element, a varied collection of the products of Hawaii, from the earliest times to the present. Here are the beaten kapas, the mats made of grass and the idols and kahilis, the symbol of royalty, stone implements of the earlier ages,



One of the picturesque features in the cosmopolitan population of Hawaii is the quaint groups of children of Nippon. The Japanese are thrifty and, without them, the sugar planter would have a hard time gathering his crops

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The Nuuanu Pali. Here Kamehameha the Great finally conquered over his enemies and drove them to destruction over the edge of the precipice

weapons, dresses and household utensils: the most beautiful helmets made of feathers, and necklaces and cloaks in the iridescent plumage of rare birds.

There is plenty of sport in Hawaii. The jockey club of Honolulu and that of Hilo are institutions, and jockey club races call for an outpouring of the entire population. Yachting is popular, and the whole people take sides in the races, the cities being practically deserted whenever a yacht race is the order of the day. Swimming is a passion, with the native, and the stranger soon falls a willing victim to the practice. Waikiki is well calculated to develop a devotion to swimming and surf board riding which soon blots out all other kinds of amusement. Lately surf board riding has been brought into prominence by an innovation in the riding of the board, while standing. This is a most difficult feat for the white man and calls for ability in balancing and many are the ludicrous attempts of the novice while trying to assume the position of the king of the deep. Indeed, it is quite difficult enough to take a position on the surf board, which much resembles the ironing board of a New England washday, and, watching your opportunity, take a flying leap at a white comber and rush beachward at vertiginous speed. To ride to the shore from the reef on the curling summit of an ocean billow is a most thrilling experience.

* * * *

I well remember one certain morning at Waikiki. It was on my first visit to the islands; and I had a devouring ambition to visit all of the spots mentioned by every son of adventure since the days of Captain Cook. I had become saturated by conversation, and by reading with Stevenson and Stoddard and others, and it was the things they had told me that I was living over again. At Sans Souci I sat in the same chair Stevenson had occupied, and I looked out upon the same sea from out the same tangle of wistaria. Paul Neumann was there and George Lycurgus, and they told me stories of the old monarchy and the good old early days. Neumann was a character, one of the early figures in modern Hawaiian history, and a very patriotic man. Crabbed and crusty to the stranger, he unbent most charmingly to any one he liked. Story followed story; finally "Greek George" and Neumann ran out the string and left me to the contemplation of the scenery, and, for the first time, that fascinating morning I was recording personal impressions; living again as myself, and not as the poets and adventurers who had preceded me to this care-free, tumble-down spot. Looking out upon the bay of Honolulu, I saw something I have never seen, before or since, elsewhere. By some strange freak in refraction or reflection the sea had taken on the most wonderful iridescence, and the long space of water between the beach and the reef and beyond was streaked with the most entrancing colors the eye of man has ever con-

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templated. It seemed an aqueous rainbow: it was a violent exposition of the chromatic scale limned in the waters of the bay—deep purples and blues of varying shades, and light greens and reds and scarlets, and the whole seemed like the fantastic dream of some master painter of theatrical scenes. I was struck by it, and I suppose, just as others have, stood gazing at it in open mouthed wonder.

I heard a chuckle behind me, and I turned and found old Paul looking at me with a most quizzical expression on his face, and he addressed me in his queer dialect: "It is the golor of the water you are going to make endusiasdic remarks about. O! but you are very young and you are wondering over the thing it cost you moneys and a drip across the sea to see, when you could easily have the same effect every day in San Francisco in an ardistic pousse gafe!" I was brought back to earth, almost as quickly as though I had been given a cold douche.

* * * *

It is only in late years that the routes of the tourist have been laid in the remote sections of the various islands of the Hawaiian group, but since the American has planted the stars and stripes on its shores Hawaii has been made known as never before to the traveling public.

In order to properly understand the significance of the Yosemite Valley or any of the well-traveled picturesque places of the mainland, there is always some historical fact attached to give added interest. We all know that the Yosemite is named after an enormous grizzly bear who made his last stand against the Indians in the fastnesses about the celebrated falls. And so it is in Hawaii, nearly every one of the beautiful and sometimes overpowering pieces of scenery is associated with some historical fact that gives food for thought. The history of these islands is of an absorbing character, and as full of interest as the ancient legends of the Kalavala of the Norseland. The story of the Kamehamehas should be told by some one who could do it full justice, and the material is there for a tale that is as wonderful as the tales of Walhalla.

Every island has its entrancing story of bloody feud and factional warfare, and every island would furnish a theme center for a Wagnerian opera. The island of Maui is one on which was waged the fiercest battles of the Conqueror, and it was on the famed field of Pani-wai-o-Iao where was fought the great battle between the sons of the King of Maui, Kahekili, and Kamehameha the Great.

You may sit on the lanai or porch of a fine modern hotel situated right on the historical spot, and you may revel in retrospect while gazing out over green lawns and at lovely flowers. The Hotel Maui Annex is at Kapaniwai, and is connected with Wailuku by a splendid carriage road. Here you may secure a competent guide, and with saddle animals you may make the trip by a mountain road to the Iao Canyons.

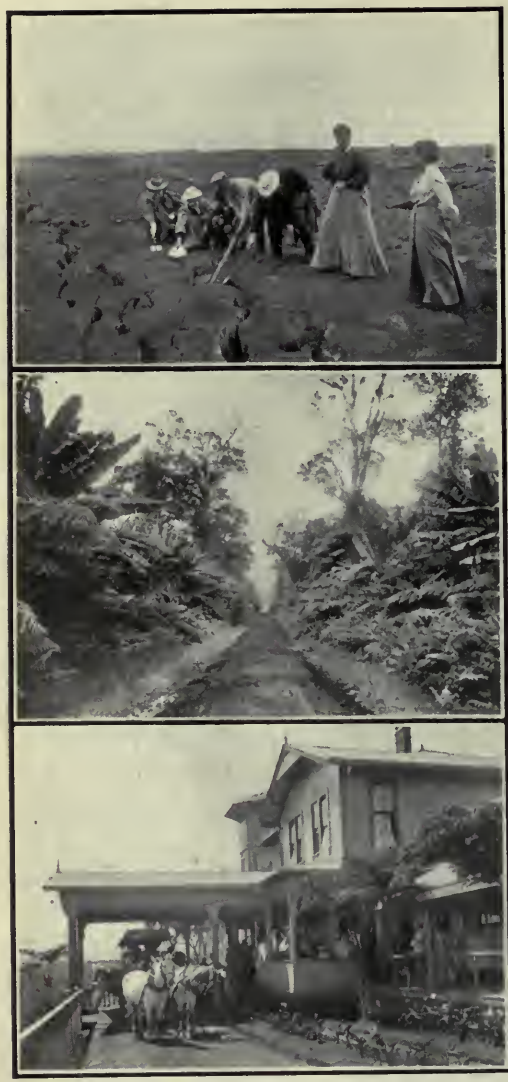




THE OLD AND THE NEW

The automobile conquers the islands *Gathering cocoanuts in the same old style of centuries ago*

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Toasting postal cards in a volcano fissure
On the picturesque Volcano Road
The Volcano House

Senator Clark, of Wyoming, is reported as having cried out, in a moment of ecstacy, that the Iao Valley was "the Yosemite of Hawaii." Senator Clark is a man not unused to the grandest mountain scenery, and yet one would think that, if in search of a simile, he might easily have found one more apt. The Iao Valley stands alone, and the comparison to the Yosemite is apt only to convey an idea to such travelers as have never seen anything else. Certainly such a comparison does not prepare the observant tourist for the magnificence of the scenery which unfolds successively in the canyons of Iao. It is a succession of kaleidoscopic views, a succeeding vista of mountains and waterfalls that is certainly not excelled except in the Himalayas. The foliage is of a different hue, and altogether the scenery is Hawaiian, and can be compared to that in no other land.

The Needle of Iao is a sentinel rock piercing the blue of the sky, and is one of the first of the natural beauties of the valley to catch the eye. It is a lofty pyramidal cone, and in the vernacular is Kukaemoku, the Needle.

There is a legend connected with the Needle that it is perhaps not idle to relate here, as it will permit the traveler to fix his memory on Maui and the Iao Valley.

"At the base of this noble perpetual sentinel to Iao Canyons lived, a few centuries ago, a most beautiful maiden. Her figure and form was so near perfection that a Raphael or a Michael Angelo might have selected her for a model representing a Hawaiian Venus. Her name was Luahinepii (climbing old woman), a name most unsuitable to a maiden so beautifully fair. She possessed, however, a voice so unpleasant and hideous that other maidens, jealous of her unsurpassed natural beauty, made fun of her.

Luahinepepii had a lover who lived at the beach near Pankukalo. Other maidens looked upon him as a possible suitor, but like all true lovers he turned a deaf ear to their entreaties.

"The rival belles met and agreed to circulate a report in this wise: 'Ua lohe-ia ko leo kapu e ko ipo i Moe-aloha (Your sacred voice has been heard by your lover at Lover's-dream.) This soon reached the ears of Luahinepii. She felt deeply these to her most humiliating words. In her frantic moments she sought to end her life and to free herself from the cares and woes of this deceptive world. But unlike fair Dido of old, who after stabbing herself with her lover's own sword, placed herself on a funeral pyre to free her mind from the pangs of disappointment caused by a faithless sweetheart, Luahinepii scaled to the top of Kukaemoku, called Nanahoa, and from its dizzy height dashed herself headlong to the valley beneath, and

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the waters of Iao were made incarnadine with her blood."

Beyond the Needle and up a narrow, winding path a plateau is reached, after a climb of several hundred feet. This is the table land of Kaalaholo, and it is almost entirely surrounded by a stream of pure crystal mountain water. When the top of this table land is at length reached, the eye is entranced with a view that for magnificence is not to be duplicated anywhere except probably in New Zealand and in Scotland. You are now standing as it were on a raised center of a huge platform, probably from four to six miles wide and of irregular shape, and from here your awe-stricken soul takes in the edge of the mountains of Iao. The circumference of this immense basin is about twenty to twenty-five miles, and there is no possible ascent of the sides except at one or two places. From the tops of these mist ridden saw-toothed magnificences spurt myriads of waterfalls, and in and out of the mists fly thousands upon thousands of sea-birds which from your point of observation seem as fluttering bits of paper impelled along by erratic air currents, ever returning to some resting place in the inner edge of the rocky coronet to this valley of mysteries.



The native boys of Honolulu are the best swimmers in the world. These youths will remain about a ship diving for money thrown them by the passengers. It is rare indeed that a coin gets away from them in the clear waters of Honolulu harbor. They will not dive for coppers

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Scott might have written one of his

majestic poems in this spot, or Wagner have composed a Parsifal that would have paled his masterpiece into utter insignificance.

The walls of this great cup tower above you for five thousand feet, and it seems as though you were looking from some vantage ground upward to the gates of heaven, guarded by a fluttering host. What a picture for the pencil of a Dore!

The summits of these mountains have been properly and poetically named Palilele-o. Koae—the home of the sea-bird.

It is of interest to chronicle in these pages the fact that at this time there is probably no guide with hardihood and nerve enough to lead the traveler over these precipitous mountains, but they have in the past been conquered by the hardy Hawaiians, and white men, too, have penetrated the fastnesses now no longer trodden by foot of man. In early days the natives used the Iao Valley and the passes over these mountains as a regular highway, if so it may be called, between there and Lahaina.

Princess Nahienaena, the sister of Kamehameha III, was carried over these mountains to Lahaina in the thirties on the shoulders of a native bearer. Others who have made the trip in a later day are Mrs. Laura P. Judd, Mr. H. P. Baldwin, Mr. D. D. Baldwin, and Mr. S. F. Alexander.

Kapela is the highest of all the peaks of the Lihau range. It overlooks Olowalu and is probably the most interesting mountain in Iao. Again I borrow from the legendary lore gathered by Mr. J. N. Keola of Wailuku:

"Among its dark recesses is the cave containing the bones of the kings and chiefs of Maui. In this cave were supposed to have been hidden the bones of Kahekili, king of Maui and Kalanikupule, his son, and other royal personages of Maui. There is no doubt that this cave, known as Kapela-kapu-o-na-lii, contains treasures of untold value. Not only bones of high chiefs or chiefesses were hidden for fear of being made into fish hooks, etc., but feather cloaks or royal ahuulas belonging to King Kahekili and other Maui rulers may be there still. Lehua trees abound in this vicinity. The indigent birds have almost disappeared, for the once familiar notes of the ao, iiwi, o-u, amakihi, amao and other songsters of the dale are silenced forever. While Iao Valley is full of historic interest, yet the one event that made it famous above all others was the battle of the Paniwai, fought about 1790, between the sons of the King of Maui and Kamehameha the Great, with Young and Davis as gunners. Kamehameha marched overland from Hana. His army is said to have contained 16,000 men. Nelson's famous exhortation to his men at Trafalgar (1805) fifteen years later was: 'England expects every man this day to do his duty,' but Kamehameha's command to his battle-scarred veterans was: 'Imua e na pokii a inu i ka wai awaawa' (onward brothers until you taste the bitter waters of death.)

"Kamehameha ordered his army to advance by way of Waikani and Puuohala on the north side of the Iao stream. There the Maui army met the invaders, but the Maui defenders were so powerless in the face of musketry that they retreated up the valley with the Kamehameha army following them. The Maui army made their last stand on the present site of 'Kapaniwai,' and here they were slaughtered by the attacking army. The bodies of the slain so choked up the stream that the battle was called the 'Paniwai-o-Iao,' or the Damming of the Waters of Iao, and the pure crystal-like waters were turned into red by the blood of those slain, and the people living below were compelled to go to a spring above to get their drinking water. The Paniwai battle is one of the most important of Kamehameha's battles, and it was the beginning of the turning point in Hawaiian history, for shortly afterwards the battle of Nuuanu, Oahu, was fought, and then followed the conciliation between Kamehameha and Kaumualii, King of Kauai and the Hawaiian group was united into one Kingdom."

Maui is undoubtedly one of the notably picturesque of the island group, and it is not a subject of wonder that the ancient alliis or nobility adopted it as an abiding place, the home of kings. It is called the Valley Isle and Wailuku, its principal town, is understood at a glance as the gateway to the valleys of pleasure beyond. The House of the Sun, as it has been poetically named by the natives, Hale-

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Picturesque Views Taken on an Hawaiian Sugar Plantation
The cut cane being loaded on train for the mill
The growing cane

kala, is visible from Wailuku, and it rears its snow capped summit in broad spread majesty. Halealakala is an extinct volcano and the largest of these in the islands. It is ten thousand and thirty-two feet in height, and it may be easily reached by rail, carriage and saddle horse.

From its summit one may get a view of Hawaii, Molokai, Lanai and Kahoolawe. The trip is often made by tourists who wish to view the magnificent sunrise and sunset from this altitude. The crater itself is one of the most interesting of the many in these islands, for it is from seven and a half to two and a half miles wide, and the floor of the crater is about two hundred feet below the rim. and there is no improvement in the view from the rim. The view from Haleakala is remarkable for its great expanse. It seems as though one were standing on the very tip of the world. The view of the clouds when they gather in and out of the crater is one that, once seen, is never forgotten, and the sight of the mists imprisoned within the crater of Halealakala is awe-inspiring.

* * * *

Mr. Charles Rhodes was fortunate enough to witness an active eruption of Kilauea, and he has described it to the best of his ability, but it must be admitted that were he possessed of the art of Kipling or the poetry of Poe, he could no more



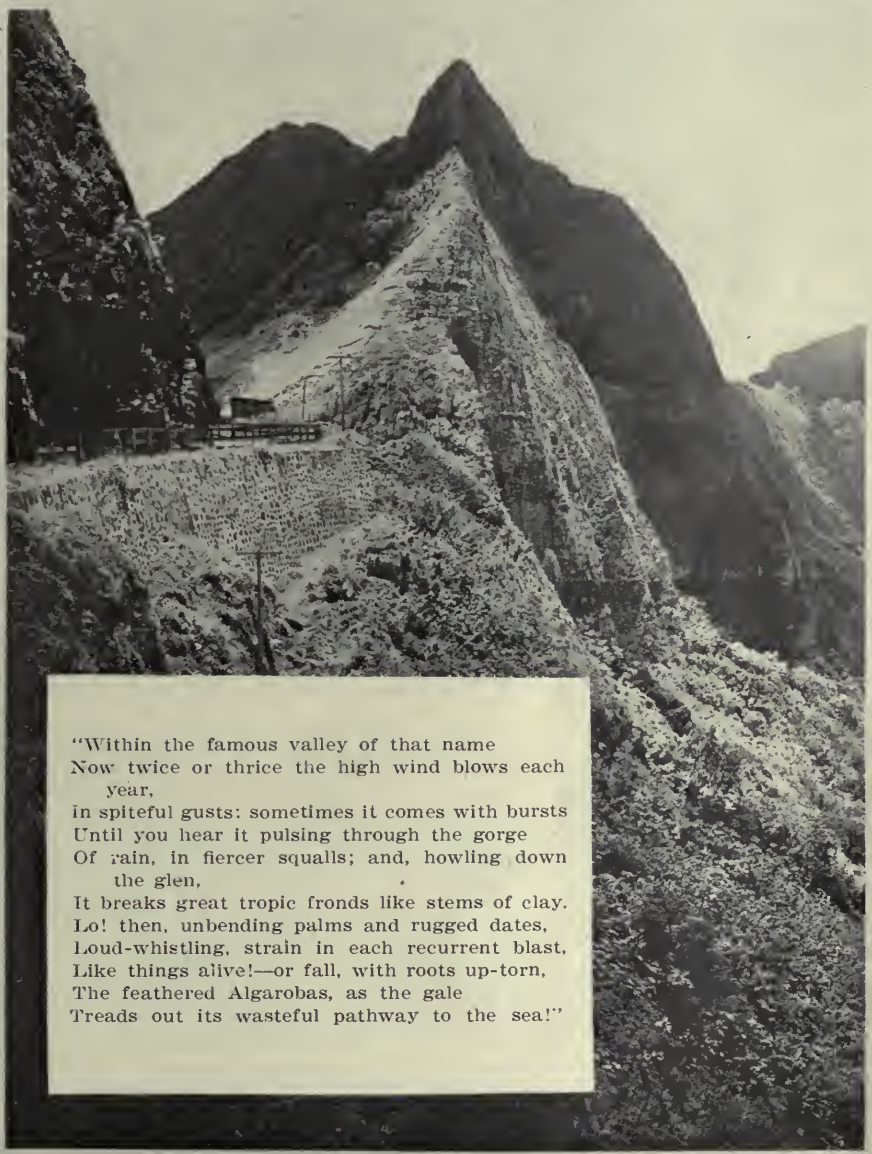
The Honolulu Floral Parade, Washington's Birthday, and the decorated car of the Promotion Committee

There are a large number of cones rising out of the floor of the crater, and these rise to a height of from two to eight hundred feet—blow-outs in the last great struggle before the spirit of the mountain was conquered and made quiescent. The highest one of these is that known as "The Hill of Sand," and this is the last expired from the caverns of fire, now sealed over. On its summit it has a cone probably two hundred feet across at its top and about two hundred feet deep. The climb to its summit is a very difficult one, limn the grandeur of Kilauea or the Pit Halemaumau than attempt the refinement of gold or gild the lily. The observation is trite, but fits the case perfectly, for words fail when one tries to describe the wonders of nature in revolt.

"The lava has now risen so near the top of Halemaumau that the impressiveness of the activities presented is not blurred or minimized by the lack of perspective. It is now so near that the actual flow and play of the lava may be seen clearly. Its spread from the center of

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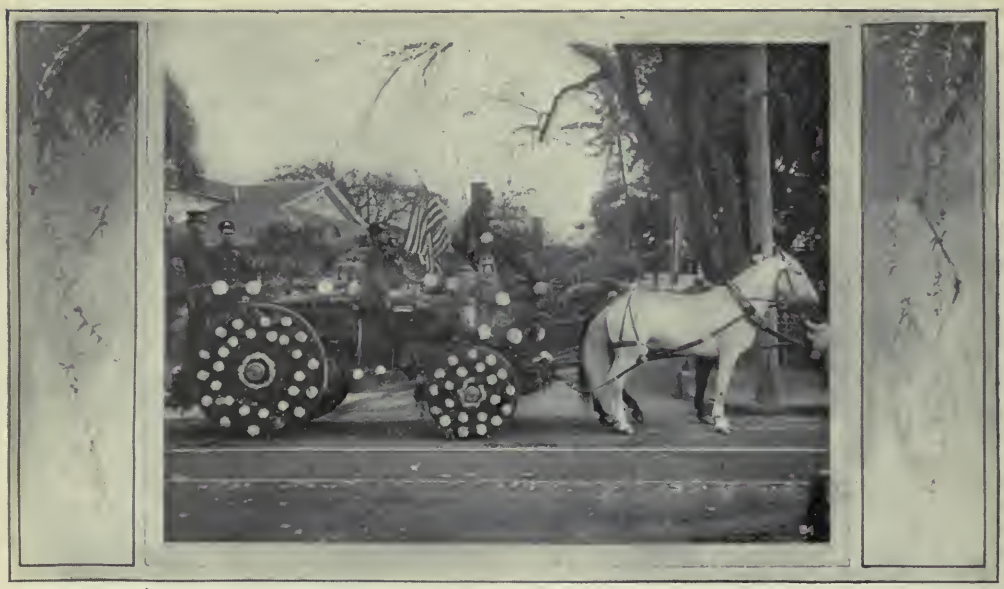
In 1889 Robert Louis Stevenson lived in a little cottage in a gorge in the Nuuanu Valley, and it was here that the lines quoted below were penned. Mr. Stevenson has not in all his works more beautiful lines than these, inspired by the rush of winds blowing from the heights of the Pali, down the Valley of Nuuanu.



"Within the famous valley of that name
Now twice or thrice the high wind blows each year,
In spiteful gusts: sometimes it comes with bursts
Until you hear it pulsing through the gorge
Of rain, in fiercer squalls; and, howling down the glen,
It breaks great tropic fronds like stems of clay.
Lo! then, unbending palms and rugged dates,
Loud-whistling, strain in each recurrent blast,
Like things alive!—or fall, with roots up-torn,
The feathered Algarobas, as the gale
Treads out its wasteful pathway to the sea!"

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The Pali, overlooking Nuuanu Valley, Oahu



The Honolulu Floral Parade, Washington's Birthday

eruption to the very walls of the pit may be followed. There is something about this which is fascinating to a degree, whether it be followed in its wonderful colorings with the eye of the scientist or simply as on onlooker, sated with the grandeurs of Nature. To visit the Hawaiian Islands and not see this gaping wound in the crust of the mountain which bears the name of Halemaumau is to have failed in a mission.

"At night the pit with its acres of living fire, is an awe-inspiring spectacle. Here the red glows like a magnificent molten ruby and the quivering shafts of an inferno light up in gigantic respirations the whole floor of the crater. It seems as though some great creature were changing its hues in fearful colors, a chameleon of blood and black coiled about the bottom of an immense cauldron, and from among the coils, ever and anon, shoot forth the flamed tongues of a million ruddy serpents. From between the red and the black, the glow of the white hot liquid shines as the scales on some great burning salamander. Words are not expressive of one's thoughts as one's gaze is plunged into this seething abyss in which the world reveals its inner workings, the workshop of the universe in miniature.

"There are ebullitions and the boiling masses are thrown upward in heavy, sullen, lazy jets, falling back into the cauldron and cooling and heating into innumerable piles of red and yellow and white and black folds and masses. Except for the lack of noise, there is nothing to prevent the imagination from conjuring up the idea of a great smelting furnace for Jove; in which he fashioned the thunderbolts of the ages. Noise there is, but it is a hiss and roar and drop, without percussion.

"Sometimes the breath of Hell comes nearer the surface than at others, and then one feels the pulsing of the ribs of Mother Earth as she strains to hold in leash all the destructive elements that boil and travail within the thin crust upon which crawl and live the units of humanity. There is a feeling of insignificance, of utter powerlessness that comes to overcome even the most egotistical onlooker, and all depart impressed with the smallness of man, the limitations of his power, and the meagre knowledge he possesses of the globe he inhabits.

"The volcano must be seen in daylight in order to fully understand the wonders that have so dazed the imagination at night.

"By day the flow and the counterflow, the swish, swirl and ebullition, and the

great fire geysers, elements of the night spectacle, may be best understood. It is not that daylight spells away the mystery surrounding the night spectacle, but that some of the movements, at night, are simply Titanic pyrotechnics. The great crater of Kilauea is irregular, but nearly circular in form. It is something like three miles in length, in its longest diameter. Its walls rise approximately a thousand feet. The floor of this crater is a great black mass risen gradually from the sides toward the center where it is highest.

"The highest point is rather to the southeast of the center, and the elevation is perhaps two hundred feet more than the edges. It is in this highest spot that the pit of Halemaumau drops, when the volcano is inactive, to a depth of a thousand feet. The pit of Halemaumau is also an irregular circle, a miniature of the greater crater. Its diameter is estimated at from 1300 to 1800 feet. The walls rise almost vertically, and, in some parts, overhang the awful abyss. At the northeast, there is a part of the wall, which is broken, as though some giant upheaval had broken the rim of this great cup, filled with living, molten, white, red glow!

"At this time, the activity of the volcano has filled Halemaumau up to within 150 feet of the top, but this will recede when the present eruption ceases. Just think of this tremendous mass of liquid molten matter. It is more than probable that, as I stand and look into the mass, I am standing over a great cone of fire, and that the base is much larger than the top, and that the cooling process has made this rim and that the whole of the mountain cap is undermined by this melted lava. The fresh supply of molten matter comes up so constantly in the center of the pit that it leads one to believe that the ebullition is not of new matter, and that the myriads of spouts and geysers are but the manifestations of boiling, just as in miniature the sides of a pot of mush will give evidence of boiling when the flame of the stove strikes but the center of the pan. The middle part of the pit, with its constant discharge, has been called 'Old Faithful.'

"It is reasonable to suppose from what may be seen that the source of supply, or the channel through which is blown up the lava, is of restricted area. In the center the supply is so constant, that, although it covers one-third of the surface of the pit, it is never wholly blackened, but always at red heat. The blackened spots are constantly changing and broken up and remelted into the fiery glow by the movement of the lava. Lava cools, blackens and hardens very rapidly. The drop of a very few degrees on the surface forms a black crust like a coating of ice. At this time the lake of liquid lava forms a gigantic figure eight, and around this central



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Haleiwa Hotel, Waialua, Oahu

lake, in cooling, the lava has built a wall for itself. In the night, this may not be seen, but in daylight it is easily discernible. As I stand and look at it, it is probably fifteen feet, at least, above the level of the immediately surrounding lava. This lake of hottest lava may be compared to a great saucer with its center liquid and living, and the sides hard, black and barrier-like.

"This process of wall-building goes on until the sides are so high and so thin in places that the lateral pressure makes a break and then there is a stream of lava spreading out over the floor of the pit, that is usually dark. The whole thing seems as though the hand of a Titan were pressing, squeezing and forcing the very shell of the earth until it gives forth its fires and its liquids.

"If you would know Halemaumau dead, then look upon the blackened acres of Pahoehoe, all of which have poured out within the memory of living man, and see the rigid waves, the black effigies of once brilliant fountains, the waves and streams of lava, once ebullient with fire, now quiescent and but caricatures of the features of the pit of Halemaumau. It is a magnificent double spectacle, the plastic and the rigid."

* * * *

Beautiful Honolulu!

Sky, sea, air, clouds, tropical foliage, irregularity and varying hues of its landscape, the harmony and perfume borne on its lulling breezes steal over the senses as one comes within the protection of the far-famed Dimond Head—the promontory that lures the navigator within its protec-



The home of ex-Queen Liliuokalani

"There are other manifestations of the seemingly squeezing process that are seen in the occasional spout or geysers—when great jets fly upward from unexpected sources, and fall back in graceful cascades of sparks and light.

"This is probably the escape of gas. Accompanying the phenomena is the roar and the swish and swirl of waters, the noise and hiss and the sputter of vapors and melting slag and rock. It is difficult to express in detail the magnificence of such a scene, as it seems almost impossible to segregate the various elements that go to make the most tremendous tableaux furnished by Nature for man's delectation.

tion and the portal which guards the way to this paradise of the Pacific seas.

From the deck of the ocean liner, Honolulu gives a glimpse of the spell it holds out to the sojourner. The spell of tropical splendor, tempered in heat of climate by its setting in a tranquil sea. From Punchbowl Hill the spectator is given his best view of the oceanic metropolis and the key city of the Pacific.

Here at an altitude of five hundred feet one looks down upon tree-lined streets, and flowery gardens, whose foliage half-conceals and yet reveals the homes of the people. Hidden beneath the draperies of foliage, in form and color so different from that of Northern clime, are magnifi-

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A Great Hotel City—Honolulu
The Alexander Young Hotel
The Roof Garden of the Alexander Young Hotel

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cent palaces, stately mansions and home-like, inviting cottages or bungalows. In the distance is Dimond Head, that retains its form and outlines from whatever point it is viewed. Beyond it are glimpses of lesser headlands and the glimmering of the sea. Across the throbbing waters, the eye sights dimly the speck in the distance, the island of Molokai, the home of the physical outcast, the leper. About are great areas of green waving cocoas and banana groves. Here and there a silvery shimmering tells of mirror-like lakelets and running streams. From out of the meshings of foliage the famous buildings of the city stand in relief. There is the Lunalilo Home for the Aged Hawaiians, realities, is the advance guard of the mountainous range in the background, and within whose circling arms the city rests secure.

The mountain of the viewpoint is almost precipitous in its frontal wall, and the bowl-formed counter of its summit tells of it having been in the ages past a mighty factor in creation's toil. In the distance are distinctly outlined the cavities of earth from where came forth the molten flow to form these shores. Verdure, the hue of peace, adorns where steam hissed forth and lava lashed in anger and in fury of restraint. Active volcanoes still ebb and flow on these islands of world wonders lulled in temper, but



The king of all fruit. The Hawaiian pineapple

the groupings of Oahu College, the judiciary and Government Halls are partially revealed, and the business thoroughfares, abutted by substantial structures of modern design, are more sharply defined. There a thicket of masts and capacious smoking stacks tell of the water front and shipping, evidences of civilization and its system of trade and barter. They have come to these islands of our dreams and project themselves amid settings of fancies that seem far from reality.

The vantage ground from where the spectator views the charms of South Sea yet in surging fiery waves tell of how earth was built from molten stores beneath.

In this City of the Wave it is the foliage that traps the eye and snares the senses. The leaves of Royal Palms, the banyan, mango, tamarind and the array of other kingly trees of tropic growth. Honolulu fills the eye with its ever-changing vista of color and hue, of outline and form, and the senses fall under the spell and become thrall to its fascinations.

* * * *

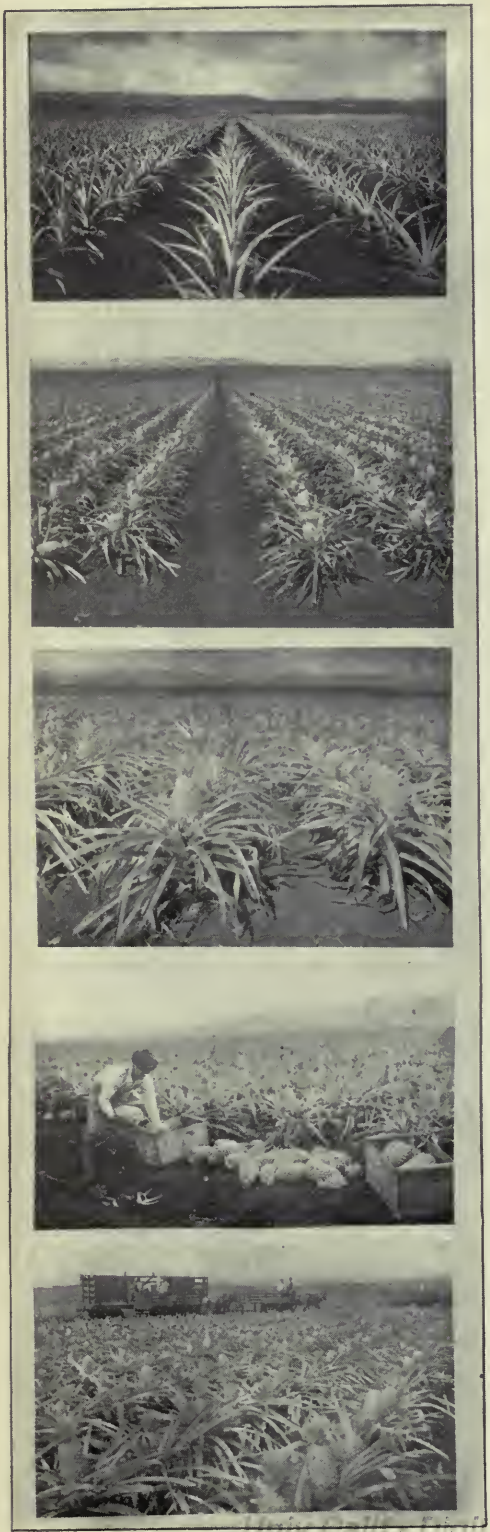
Hawaii is not profuse in its native flowers, but in verdure and in luxuriance of

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A Great Hotel City—Honolulu
The Royal Hawaiian Hotel
The Moana



blossom its plant life may not be beaten on the surface of the globe. Who that has traveled the fastnesses of Hawaii or of Maui does not remember the great fronded palms and ferns, the strange clinging vine with its deep red blossoms, the Lehua, covering the tops of trees as with a scarlet mantle. The Lehua is the poet's flower, the blossom that is celebrated in song and story: ever since love landed on these islands, and love was the first discoverer, 'way back before the days when the great navigators came from Samoa and settled on these shores.

The mountain apple, with its red and white blossoms, is another of the wonderful native flowers and when this is in blossom the sight is one that once seen is never forgotten. The honey-suckle vine is to be found in all its luxuriance, and the air is laden with its perfumes. Of course, there are thousands of the imported vines and flowers, and these do better in Hawaii than on their native heath. The Bougainvilliers vine, named after an admiral of the British navy, and a native of India, grows in profusion, and its queer flower, seemingly but the ends of boughs turned pink, cover walls and trees in a glory of color.

Of ferns of the tree and the ordinary variety there is an assortment that is positively bewildering. The screw fern is one of the indigenous varieties, and is of great beauty. In the island of Hawaii there are ferns that resemble the finest of feathers, and, in Maui, the tree fern is gorgeous. The lantana is to be found everywhere in the islands, and in the olden times I am told that the native Kahunas or witch doctors used the bruised leaves and the juices of this viburnum in cases of rheumatism or neuralgia. If this be so, it indicates that experience had really taught the Hahuna a certain knowledge of botany—for in the Bermudas the lantana is used for the same purpose and is credited by many with sovereign qualities in disease.

Guava grows in great abundance all over the islands, and it is only a question of time when this delicious fruit will be

The pineapple plant in its various stages from field to market. The Hawaiian pineapple is the finest in the world in point of size and flavor

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Where cocoa palms line the shore

made one of the big commercial factors in the islands, and the jellies of guava from Hawaii will have achieved as great a repute in the markets of the world as the Hawaiian pine apple, the monarch of all pine apples.

The Papaya tree grows in great abundance, and is esteemed as furnishing one of the best of breakfast foods. Of wild bananas there are many varieties, among them the Chinese, the native or Popolou, the Australian and the lady-finger. Near Honolulu, and, in fact, near every town of any importance in the islands, where conditions lend themselves to the growing of the banana, there are large plantations of this luscious fruit.

Mangoes grow in great quantities, and the tree is of great beauty. The Hawaiian mango is not as rank in taste as that of the Orient, and is not productive of boils and eruptions as is the same fruit when eaten in gourmand quantities in the Philippines. The Durian is one of the Orient's most succulent fruits, which is but occasionally found in the Hawaiian Islands. It is a

his reluctance to attack it, despite its odor, which is about twenty times stronger than the most fragrant limburger cheese.

The cocoanut has a most musical name in the native tongue, suggestive of cats and catterwauling—Miu. The cocoanut thrives best along the shores of the islands, and I am told that it will not grow at any place at an altitude of over two thousand feet.

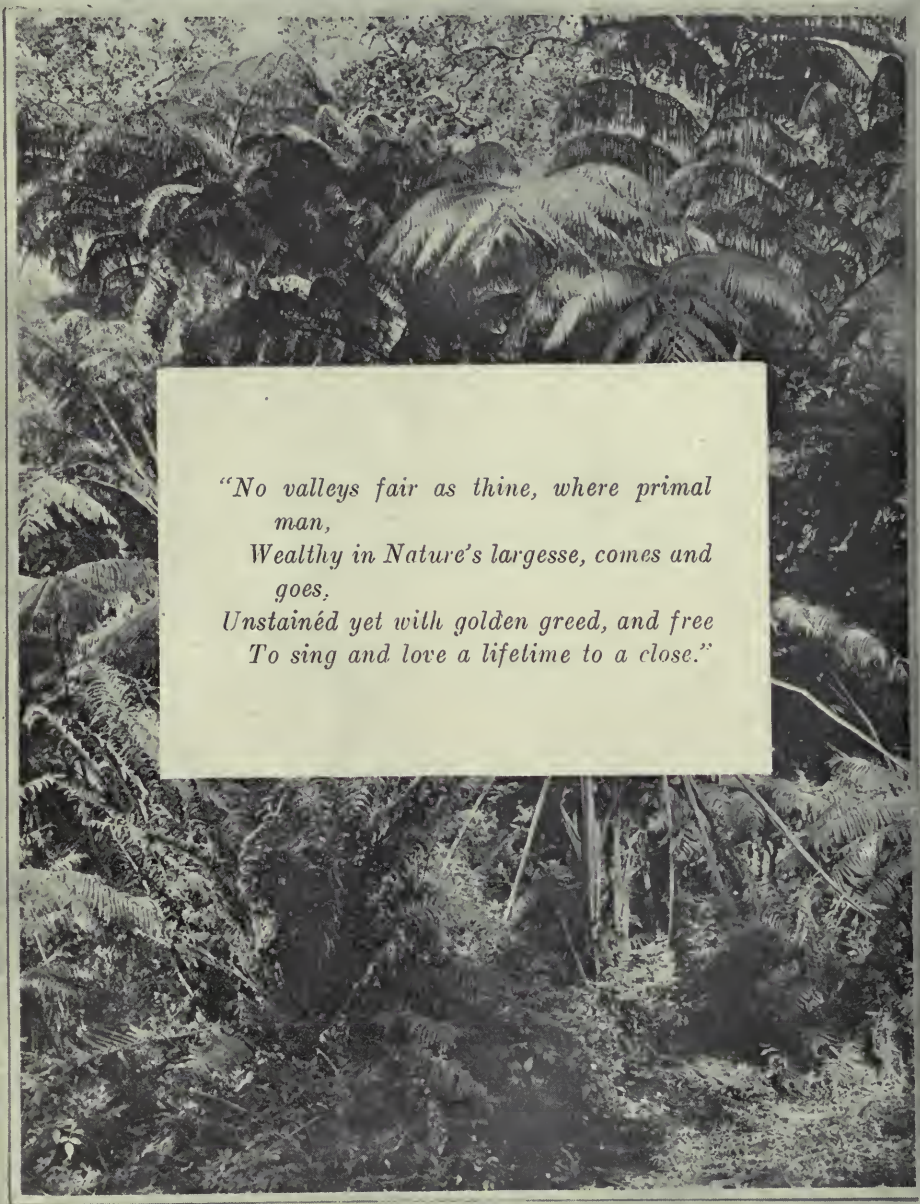
The natives use the cocoanut in many of their favorite dishes. The Kulolo and the Koelepolu are all flavored with or boiled in cocoanut milk or with cocoanut water. The Kulolo is cooked under water, and is made of cocoanut and taro.

From taro, the poi, the celebrated national dish of the native Hawaiian, is made. This is a very palatable and healthy food, and it is said that it has not its equal as an infant food and as a builder up of tissue for the convalescing invalid.

* * * *

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It is of interest to the tourist to know that on the island of Hawaii there are



"No valleys fair as thine, where primal man,
Wealthy in Nature's largesse, comes and goes,
Unstainéd yet with golden greed, and free
To sing and love a lifetime to a close."

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In a tree-fern jungle in Hawaii

Mahukona to Niulii, in the district of North Kohala, and it handles the freight traffic for five large plantations. The length of the road is 20 miles. Track gauge is three feet.

The Hilo Railroad Company extends from Hilo to Kapoho, Puna, and, from here, there is a branch line from Olaa to Glenwood, a total of 52 miles. This road is built on a gauge of 4 feet 8½ inches. While this railroad was built originally for carrying supplies to and from one plantation, it runs through a most picturesque country. On the island of Maui there is one railroad, the Kahului Railroad Company. This, too is a narrow gauge line, 3 feet. This railroad serves four plantations and one fruit and plant company (pine apples.) The passenger carrying record for 1908 was 55,000 people. Considering that this road is but a little more than 26 miles long, this is not bad, even in a passenger way. Of course, the sugar tonnage carried by the railroads of the territory ranges high and forms one of the main elements of freight. This railroad is being rapidly extended into the pine apple lands being developed to the eastward of Paia.

On Oahu, the island on which is situated Honolulu, there are two railroad companies. The Oahu Railroad and Land Company operates a line from Honolulu to Kahuku and beyond by connection with the Koolau line and with several branch lines.

This railroad runs through some of the most interesting sections of Oahu. This is a 3 foot gauge line. This road skirts the shores of Pearl Harbor for ten miles and follows the coast line along the southern, western and northern end of the island. For the year 1908 the number of passengers carried was 446,318.

The Koolau Railway Company connects with the Oahu road at Kahuku, and runs to Kahaua about 12 miles. This road is developing quite a large territory through which it passes.

Railroading and railroad building is as yet in its infancy in the Sandwich Islands but the year 1909 has seen many new projects suggested, and it is more than likely that the trackage in operation at the end of 1909 will nearly double that of 1908. While the railroads have not been built



Palm avenue

with a view to the picturesque, or with a desire to cater to the traveler who desires to study scenic beauties from the car window, it cannot be denied that a trip on the Oahu Railroad, for instance, is an intensely interesting experience. It is more than probable that, in time, every one of the islands will be griddled by coast lines, belt railroads to be fed by tap lines to the interior.

The roads and highways of Hawaii, and especially of Oahu and the island of Hawaii and Maui, are of splendid material, and seem to have been built by expert engineers. The census of 1908 gave 259 cars imported into the islands in that year, thus showing that the automobile is in use pretty generally, as it is now estimated that there are nearly seven hundred cars in the islands, an increase of more than 100 per cent in one year. The report for 1908 gave a total investment of $525,550 in automobiles, in Honolulu alone, and the report of the dealers in accessories showed over $100,000 in goods on hand for that year. The stages to various points of interest are commodious, and the drivers are unusually expert, while the supply of saddle horses seems absolutely inexhaustible. The native Hawaiian loves, next to swimming, horseback riding, and the climate is exceedingly inviting to the lover of equine sports —horse and man do well. Every means of getting from place to place is afforded on the islands by railroad, by stage and by the use of a saddle horse—where the road becomes a trail.

Between the islands the water transportation is in the hands of the Inter-island Steamship Company. This company owns 15 vessels, with a carrying capacity of from 52 to 300 passengers each. The accommodations are good, and the service is excellent. The traveler should know that wireless stations connect all islands.

The tourist will have more than one occasion to attend a Luau or native feast, but the feast of to-day and the feast of yesteryear is one and another thing.

I have asked Mr. Francis Hartwell, one of my friends, who visited the Hawaiian Islands nearly eighteen years ago, to supplement my story of Hawaii for the tourist with a description of a Luau in the early '90's.

PIG PURE.

"The crowning custom of the native Hawaiian is gastronomic. Floral reveleries, the dance, the cresting wave and music have part in his pleasures and pastimes, recreations and amusements, but the feast, the Luau, claims the supreme interest. It was ever so from the days when his ancestor wandered leaf-clouted along the sandy shores of these dream islands and the custom, derived from tradition, is expressed in the mental and physical cravings of these people. The Luau is the thing in native Hawaiian. It is the climax, the end, the purport of all festivities. It is a part of all ceremonies, and on the program of all celebrations. The Luau is the barbecue in tropical settings. It is a feast elevated to the dignity of ceremonial rite and most delightful.

The pig is now the victim. It was the dog in the days of yore, not the common yelping variety, but a special species, fed upon a special diet and fattened for such occasions. With the killing of the fatted pup era I have nothing to do. It has passed with the days of the swan that graced the mahogany in the era of the brimming ale mug and wassail acclaim.

"Now the pig is the thing, and to be certain it was pure pork and that I would not be a victim to an exceptional reversion to the custom of serving the favored canine, I, in days that are gone, a guest at the feast, came to exercise vigilant inspection. The earth oven was dug to a depth of several feet, and into it was piled the dried wood. The sticks were deftly placed so as to allow for draft and escape of smoke during the burning. The pit, or oven, was lined and piled about with rough faced, jagged coral rock, which were heated to an almost crimson hue, and then the pig—surely it was pork; it grunted and it squealed—was led in to execution. The deft severance of its main blood artery, and in a few minutes his pigship's day was over. Then the servitors of the feast grasped the livid stones from the molten pit, and using them as scrapers, ground off bristles and hair from the hide of their victim with the deftness of the veteran butcher with the razor-like knife.

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"In two minutes the natives had the skin

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a clear and pinky hue. That the operators found discomfort in the livid stones was displayed by the frequent plunging of their hands into water to get relief from the sting of the heat. Then the pig was further submitted to a polishing from blocks of pumice stone. He was cut open and thoroughly cleaned. The porker was then placed upon the heated rock pyre, over a paddy of tea leaves about an inch thick to prevent burning, and his interior filled with the hot stones. Potatoes and fish previously prepared by wrapping in koa leaves were piled about the roasting pork, and over it all reared a mound of tea and banana leaves.

"More heated coral rock was piled upon that, and a dressing of earth surmounted the pyre of ceremonial meats. The occasion was a holiday of import to the family of my host, and he had invited many to partake of his joy and bounty.

"In course of the hours the light that shone from every eye signaled the well-baked feast was due. The native chefs arose and deftly removed the leaves and earth, releasing the savory odor of the roasted porker. The potatoes and fish were removed, and the victim placed in smoking glory on a mat of tea leaves. As if by magic the roast was torn bone from bone, and piled in appetizing mass of convenient size for the guests to handle. There was raw fish, the favorite relish of the native, the ever present poi, and from the jugs were poured copious libations of okolehau. As it was evening, the older guests partook of awa, of opiate effect, and they had scarcely eaten of their share when, like the lotus votaries, were in the land where roast pork abides upon the hoof and potatoes and yams grow cooked for ready use. There was dancing by the dusky belles and beaux to the thrumming of the rhythmic though melancholy strains of the race by the orchestra playing on the ukudele.

"It was jollity and gayety, but decorous, and the pig—yea, I affirm it was—was good.

* * * *

After the turbulence of the first few years of Hawaii, in modern times, we have an ineffable peace and a drowsiness, a long sleep and a pleasant awakening. The days of war were over, and now peace and sweet content has overtaken the land. The volcano is still, and the heroes are gone to their accounting.

Another race has come forward, just as the conquerors have come in the past, from far Kahiki, Samoa. This is a race of another color, and it is the follower of Captain Cook and the Spanish navigators and the others. And, in the succeeding struggles, the Hawaiian gradually takes the place of a philosophical onlooker—a complacent observer of the agitations of his energetic successor. The white man invites people from the Orient and the Occident, and truly as the poet sings, Hawaii becomes a sort of prize for "all who would share her mother-love."

In the song of Mr. Philip Henry Dodge, "The First Aloha," we have the idea in rhyme:

"When Hawaii lay an infant
In its ocean mother's care,
All the family of Nature
Longed that mother-love to share.

"Hark! the mother caught its murmur,
Wrapt in her sweet sea tone,
Passes "Aloha" to the breezes,
Echoed it from zone to zone.

"Come ye to Hawaii's cradle,
Learning there the meaning sweet;
Hear the kind Aloha whispered,
With it one another greet.

"How it stirs the heart in home-land,
How it draws from distant scenes!
All the blessings one can wish thee,
That is what Aloha means."

Truly, the newcomer comes soon to love the land and the people, and the very air seems to be filled with the virus of hospitality and kindliness. And so it comes to pass that they do greet one another with Aloha, and to the Caucasian as to the brown man it has come to mean the same thing. "All the blessings one can wish thee, that is what Aloha means."

It was Stoddard who told me of it first, and then, when I experienced the unusual, I made a mental apology to the poet who lilted lays of the lazy latitudes.

Stoddard's lines:

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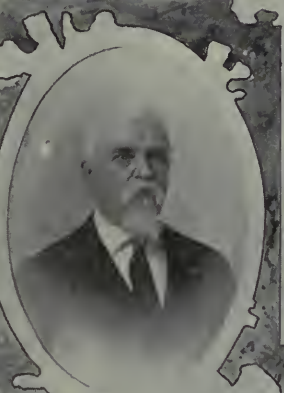
J. H. HERTSHEY
GEN. MGR. YOUNG'S
ROYAL HAWAIIAN,
& MOANA HOTELS





E. D. TENNEY





ALEX. YOUNG

FRED. SCHAEFER



JAS. F. MORGAN
PRES. CHAMBER
OF COM.



F. L. WALDRON
PRES. MCHTS
ASSN.

H. P. WOOD
SEC. PROM. COM.

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Some of the men who have made Honolulu

"I long for a palm thatch cover,
Where chattering parrots hover,
I hate these dreary fields and folk,
And sigh for a South Sea lover,"

were written of Samoa, but they might as well be dedicated to Hawaii, for it is surely the land of the *dolce far niente* and sweet dallyings. Italy and Spain are uncouth and rough in their wooings compared to the soft, languorous advances made by the Hawaiian climate in winning the newcomer. The very air seems to

"Sleep sweetly, Hawaii, each cloud as it flies
But brings thee a message of love from the skies."

And then, in the last stanza, the minstrel sings:

"Calmly rest, with sunbeams smiling
O'er the dimples of thy face,
Clasped amid the loving waters
Of thy mother's fond embrace.



The residence of Governor Frear, Honolulu

caress, and the eye is pleased with the delight of a color panorama that is unequaled the world over.

Again sings the poet in his "Sleep sweetly, Hawaii":

"Robes of verdure, closely clinging
Round thy form in tender grace,
Weave the beauty of thy garments,
Cloth of gold and leafy face.

"Sleep sweetly, Hawaii, so trustful and strong;
All Nature is singing thy glad cradle song."

It seems as though it had always been a glad cradle song! As though "all the family of Nature longed that mother-love to share."

When the ancients left the shores of the

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fabled Kahiki, in their war canoes, they sought a land that was even fairer than theirs, and found it; and when they reached the islands of the mid-Pacific sea they praised the Gods of the winds and the gods of the waters in loud acclaim, and they beat the great drums and sang. Then they sent word for more to come and share with them the blessings of the new land, and each race, in its conquest of the mid-sea isles, stretches back over the eddying waters its beckoning hands and sings Alohas to the dear ones far away, calling, ever calling——

total population of the mid-sea group being estimated at about 165,000.

About 65,000 are native and about 100,000 are foreign born. There are only about 15,000 Caucasians in the islands, and the rest of the population is composed of about 60,000 Japanese and a mixed race, composed of half-breed Porto Ricans, Portuguese, Chinese and a few negroes. Of the latter, at the time of the last census, there were only 233 in the whole group.

There is one thing that should always be remembered about the Hawaiians. They were not what might be termed un-



Honolulu the Beautiful. The central fire station

The island of Oahu on which Honolulu is situated has the largest population of any in the group, but Hawaii, which is by far the larger island, is a close racing second, and it is dependent on development whether this big and fertile island does not outstrip all the others in population, as it already does in production. There are now estimated to be in the neighborhood of 60,000 people in Oahu, and Hawaii is estimated at 50,000, while Maui has about 25,000 and Kauai about 20,000 souls. The

civilized at any time in their history, since known to the white man. They were, in a measure, barbarians, it is true, but, even at the time of Captain Cook's coming, they had the customs of a civilized people, and furthermore they at no time have shown any of the signs of being a wantonly dirty, wicked or malicious people as many of the people of Africa and Asia. As an evidence of their goodness of character, it is pointed out that their language contains no word which is the equivalent of what

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Honolulu the Beautiful. From the Punchbowl

we term a swear word or curse. They were at no time cannibals, and it is most unfortunate that the globe trotter has remembered them more by the occasional hula-hula than by the sterling qualities of kindness, truthfulness and hospitality, which should endear them to all who are desirous of doing them justice. That there has always been a certain looseness of morals among them is true, but this, too, has been exaggerated by the ancient mariner, who first told the story, and by every son of Ananias who has followed in his wake, is also true.

and day out, the weather is most pleasant, and there is none of the enervation that is found in the more humid atmosphere of the Philippines, or of the lower part of India. Christmas of last year the temperature averaged sixty-six. On Washington's Birthday, which is the great Floral Parade holiday of Hawaii Territory, we find the maximum registration is 73, and that at six o'clock in the morning it was 58. Thanksgiving day it was 79 at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and at six in the morning, it was 68 while the thermometer showed 68 at 6 p. m. Some epi-



Honolulu the Beautiful. Dimond Head from the Punch Bowl

In all that I have written I have not said anything about climate, reserving that for a propitious occasion, and I find no place like this to make mention of what should be to the tourist the principal asset that Hawaii has to offer. The climate is the finest in the world. There is no tropic land, no land lying so close to the equator, which has so equable and so truly temperate a climate. The minimum temperature for a year taken in Honolulu is 57 minimum and 72 maximum. Day in

grammatic writer has said of Hawaii: "Here the sun never smites and the frost never bites."

Hawaii is the largest of the islands, and its fertility is so great that it will attract a great deal of capital to its shores, and in a few years a most wonderful development is bound to take place, and then there will spring up towns and villages, and the whole of the island will take on a different aspect as to its population.

The island presents a topography that



Honolulu the Beautiful. Palm avenue on grounds of residence of Mr. Wm. G. Irwin

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should be most alluring to the traveler, for it is easily the most impressively grand in its mountain scenery of any in the group. Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa rear their snow-capped summits above all others, and both tower nearly 14,000 feet up in the air. Mauna Loa is about two hundred feet less than Mauna Kea.

Other mountains there are, too, and they are of some size, for Hualalai, one of the tallest, will toe the mark at 8,275 feet, while the Kohala mountain range averages 5,505 feet. There is no trip by steamer that is as entrancing as that along the coast of the island of Hawaii in one of the Inter-island company's steamers. I remember in '98 going down the west coast of the island of Luzon and marveling at the beauty of the scenery, and at another period, a few months later, I made a trip along the coast of the island of Formosa, but neither of these islands has the beauty of scenery to offer which stretches out, panorama-like, on the shores of Hawaii. There are the long stretches of light wavy green of the sugar plantations, and backing this is the dark green foliage of the gulches and the occasional white walls of the sugar plantation, with its smoke wreaths rising to the heavens, against the purple background of the rugged mountains, their own summits lost in mists of rain clouds or in the blue of the skies.

Hawaii has about 25,000 acres planted to sugar. It has about 2,500,000 acres of arable land, and about 100,000 of this is held by sugar companies. Much beef cattle is raised on the ranges, and coffee is grown quite extensively. Pine-apples will soon be a large item of export. Hawaii possesses a large number of fine roads and notably that from Hilo to the volcano of Kilauea, which was built by the Government, and the railroad development of the island is very large and destined to shortly have many miles additional.



Honolulu the Beautiful. Punahou School

Hilo is the principal town, and it is a most favorably situated and beautiful city. The Government for some time has been



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Honolulu the Beautiful. Royal Palm lane to Mr. F. Schaefer's residence

building a breakwater at Hilo that should give the city one of the very best harbors in the islands. Railroad extension will surely make available large acreage in the interior, and the agricultural development in the immediate future is bound to be very great. In the pine-apple industry alone, Hilo is destined to great benefits, for there are hundreds of acres of fine pine-apple land to be opened up by the railroad: Nearly one hundred thousand acres, Waimea plains, now devoted to an immense cattle range, will soon be cut up and made available to cultivation as the

ling American with a little capital. My forte is not business, however, and I must return to the contemplation of scenery, leaving to others the compilation of dry statistics and the predictions of future greatness for the island of Hawaii and Hilo, its capital.

Nearly every one on the mainland has visited, at some time, a conservatory and has seen the tree fern, in its imprisoned glory. Indeed, I have seen imported tree ferns under the redwoods at Mill Valley and in Golden Gate Park there are a number of the hardier variety growing in trop-



Honolulu the Beautiful. F. J. Lowrey's residence

richest land in the island. Denatured alcohol will be made from the thousands of barrels of molasses now going to waste from the plantations near Hilo, or being used as fuel. It is estimated that on this island alone 300,000 gallons of molasses go to waste annually.

There is a bare possibility that I am trespassing on some one in making the assertion, but the fact is that the island of Hawaii and the town of Hilo should certainly be an attractive point for the hust-

ical luxuriance in the open air. All the readers of the Overland Monthly do not live in so favored a place as San Francisco, however, and I may be speaking to some one in far Labrador or in Iceland. Certain it is that the numerous subscribers of the magazine in the Middle West, in North and South Dakota, and in Wisconsin and Montana or Idaho can have no conception of the beauty of the tree fern lined road to the volcano from Hilo. The road from Hilo to the Volcano House is



Honolulu the Beautiful. The naval docks at Honolulu. View showing part of the dock facilities of the city



The territorial jail, where the territorial high sheriff holds forth

literally lined with the finest specimens of ferns it has ever been my pleasure to gaze upon. Back of the Volcano House there is a forest of these wonderful ferns, and before you reach them you pass through the beautiful and brilliant patches of Lehua and the magnificent Ohia trees. The latter lend color to the landscape with their wonderful flowers, the Lehua being especially beautiful.



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The frame house is the first erected in Honolulu. Occupied October, 1821



Beautiful Honolulu. A part of its fine harbor

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HONOLULU TODAY, AND HAWAII TOMORROW

BY C. E. FERGUSON

The Honolulu of today is a fast-growing, conservative, wealthy American city. To be sure, it has a cosmopolitan population, but that population is in every way an American population, and what little difference there is in its composition from the mainland folks is an additional gentleness of character and a hospitality that is Hawaiian. This quality seems to be inherent in the air of the islands, and was the predominant qualification of the original Hawaiians, the descendants of the bold navigators who discovered the group and wrested it from savagery long years ago.

Honolulu is a big business center. It is not only the political but the commercial and popular capital of the Hawaiian Islands, and it is destined, as the commerce of the islands grows, to become a very large city. It is doubtful if the Hawaiians themselves realize the importance of their city in relation to the development of the commerce of the world in view of the operation within five years of the Panama Canal.

Honolulu and the Hawaiian Islands in general will be benefited to an enormous extent by the opening of this route from the ports of the Orient to the ports of



Honolulu the Beautiful. The residence of Mr. C. M. Cooke in Nuuanu Valley. Luakaha

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The historical event of the landing of the marines and sailors from the U. S. S. Boston

the Occident. Of all cities, Honolulu will be benefited the most. She will become the stopping place of steamers bound from New York to the Orient and the Antipodes, and she will also come for a much larger share of the business necessitated by the establishment of additional lines from Japan, China and the Philippines to New York, Europe and California. It is not outside the realm of possibility to suggest that all around the world carrier lines will be established, and Honolulu must be a stopping point en route, imperatively demanded by the exigencies of the case. Honolulu is bound to become one of the greatest coaling and revictualing stations the world has ever known, and, when it is taken into consideration that the products of these islands will in five years have more than trebled, the importance of the city holding the key to the islands cannot be overestimated. The people of Honolulu do not know it; few of them have even a glimmering idea of the importance of the place or of its future metropolitan size, and it is doubtful if many of them anticipate the growth of industry in the various islands of the group.

The islands are destined to occupy relatively just as commanding a position as the city of Honolulu itself, and Hilo, the second city of importance on the larger island of Hawaii is to be a close second in the race for supremacy in commercial and especially in manufacturing development in the islands. Hawaii is the key to the Pacific. Without it, commerce may not move. Without it, in a measure, the benefits accruing from the construction of the Panama Canal are nullified. With it as a possession of the United States, an integral unit in the galaxy, war is impossible to any nation, and we command the Pacific.

It may be assumed that the United States will in the coming years enact national legislation that will provide a ship subsidy system that will sweep not only the Pacific but the Atlantic seas of all opposition.

It has been shown in these columns by



Hilo. The beautiful Wailuku river

far abler writers than myself that the theory and practice of subsidies is an injurious one. It is, however, to paraphrase from one of our great men, not a theory but a condition that confronts us, and the nation must meet other nations, not on an equal footing, but with all the advantages in its own hands.

It is easily conceivable that the theory that a subsidy system is like the pouring



Puunene Sugar Mill. The largest sugar mill in the world. H. A. Baldwin is the manager

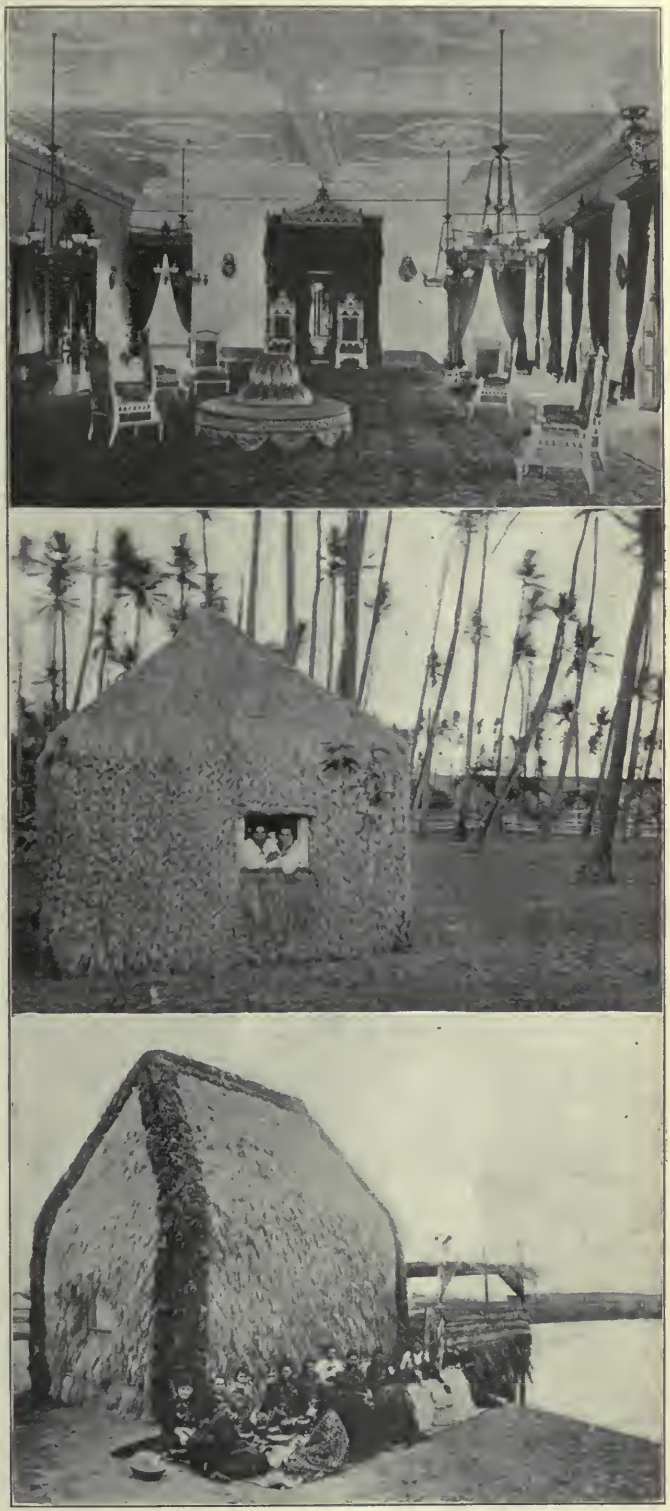
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of water into a tub which is leaking at the bottom almost as fast as it is being poured into at the top, and that the maintenance of a continual and comprehensive subsidy system depends entirely upon the ability of the nation to continue the pouring in process at the top. It has, therefore, been argued in the Overland Monthly that the United States with its magnificent and unexcelled resources, is more able to maintain that kind of ruinous warfare than any other nation. It is more than likely that the continuance of every form of subsidy by England, France and Germany will force us into the position of a subsidy nation if we do not wish the American flag eliminated absolutely as a factor on the seas of the world.

It may be taken, therefore, as a foregone conclusion that the day is not far distant when we too will begin the process, and when we do, the end is not far, for in this kind of a struggle all other nations must give way before the power of dollars exerted intelligently toward the elimination of a rival in business. It is simply a question of time when a scientifically applied subsidy will give the American flag the commerce of all the seas, and incidentally the commerce of the entire world.

Hawaii, more than any other country, and its ports of Honolulu and Hilo and other ports yet unborn, will benefit more than any other in the regular routes of cargo travel.

With the opening of the Panama Canal will come a



Ancient Hawaii. The throne room in the Palace
Native grass huts

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lively and ever increasing competition by the transcontinental railroads of the mainland and California will be linked still more strongly with Hawaii than in any of the years of the past.

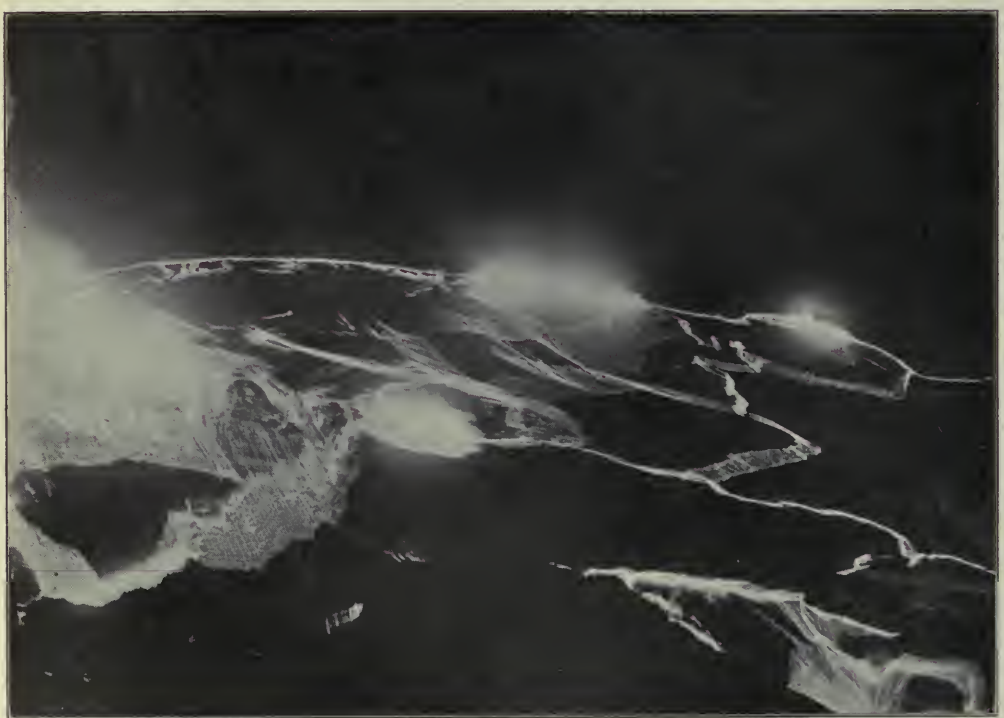
Hawaii is destined to rival Malta as a military and naval station.

This is the story of the Honolulu and the Hawaii of tomorrow sketched in the broad strokes of the prophet who may announce his findings to the world as certitudes, and with the omniscient knowledge that future events will not belie his foretelling.

The Honolulu of today is a metropolis in the embryo. It is in many ways a most marvelous place. It has scarcely struck its pace and the immensity of its possibilities is foreshadowed by its present business. The fact that the navigation laws have been so construed as to prevent the development of business has been a great handicap to Honolulu and the islands in general. Hawaii ought not to be subject to the construction of the law that passengers or freight cannot be carried between Honolulu and San Francisco or any other American port, except in vessels carrying our flag. It has been urged by the able men who are members of the Chamber of Commerce that a bill be "passed by Congress" excepting the islands from a ruling for a period of years at least until there were enough vessels flying the American flag plying on the Pacific to readily and at all times care for the passenger traffic between Hawaii and the Mainland.

There can be no doubt that had the advice of Mr. Morgan and his far-seeing and broad-minded associates been followed and some relief measure of this kind had been adopted by the law-makers of the nation that the commerce of the islands would have received a splendid and well deserved forward impetus. Congress did nothing.

The most important work undertaken and carried on unremittingly by the Federal authorities is that being done at Pearl Harbor, the naval station. Honolulu harbor has not been overlooked in these matters of appropriation, and the breakwater at Hilo has received a deserved atten-



The crater of Kilauea. The magnificent view was taken at night, showing the Inferno in action

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Wailua Hana, Maui. The scenery of Maui is grandly picturesque

tion in appropriation and actual work done.

Hawaii today is making shipments to the East via the Tehuantepec route, and in the future the traffic to and from will tax the carrying capacity of the vessels plying between San Francisco, the Mexican coast and Hawaii as well as those between Hawaii and Puget Sound points. Honolulu is a port of call of the line between British Columbia, New Zealand and Australia. The transport service and the carrying of freight supplies and machinery for the Government, besides the occasional animal transport, tends to increase the tonnage making the port of Honolulu the busy scene it always is, increasing with every month that passes.

Honolulu civic bodies and commercial organizations are represented at Washington by competent agents, and the territorial delegates have always been able men.

One of the remarkable instances of the prosperity of Hawaii was shown in the fact that when the mainland was visited with panic, beginning October-November, 1907, Hawaii's resources were equal to all demands, business and financial transactions being in no way disturbed. Hawaii presents the phenomenal condition of a country fully able to subsist for an unlimited period of time on its own resources, something the powerful nations, such as England and Germany, may not do.

The Territory of Hawaii is never behind in any great public movement, and in the matter of the Alaska Yukon Exposition the appropriation by Congress of a sufficient amount of money to put up an Hawaiian building was supplemented by a local provision of $25,000 to meet expenses cropping up and for advertising and maintenance. Many a State and territory of the Mainland has not done as much for itself.

The Territorial Federal appropriations for Hawaii in the year 1908 amounted to $5,190,000, and were disbursed as follows: Pearl Harbor, $3,100,000; Honolulu Federal Building, $850,000; Kauai Lighthouse, $75,000: Fortifications, $1,165,000.

The above does not include about two







Fort Street. The Judd Building
The H. Hackfeld & Co. Building

hundred thousand dollars in the Sundry Civil Bill and a like sum in the Kahauiki military post.

The exports of the islands to the United States and to foreign countries are much larger, and embrace a wider variety than is generally known. For the year 1908 the above embraced raw and refined sugar, raw coffee, rice, fruits and nuts, honey, wool and sundries, $42,238,455, and the imports, chiefly from the mainland, $19,985,724.

No like area of the earth's surface has such a balance of trade in its favor, with a like population.

The customs receipts for 1908 were $1,550,157.32.

The total tonnage cleared was 1,069,328.

There are in the islands enrollment of 18,564 children. These employ 476 teachers. There are 51 private schools, with 4,881 children enrolled and 218 teachers. The public schools are supported by direct appropriation by the legislature and the private schools by gift or endowment. Oahu college and Punahou schools are private institutions. The Kamehameha schools are for children of Hawaiian blood; St. Louis College is an excellent school (Catholic) for boys; Sisters of the Sacred Heart, a school for girls. The Hilo Boarding School is a splendid institution in that enterprising town. The Maunaloa and the Kohala seminaries are among the many fine educational opportunities possessed by the Hawaiian youth.

The Japanese maintain many private institutions of learning. There is a public

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school of agriculture and mechanical arts, with full college courses.

One of the most interesting chapters in the industrial and agricultural progress of our insular possessions has been the development and growth of the pineapple industry of Hawaii since that charming group of islands became, in 1898, a territory of the United States.

Prior to 1890, pineapples in Hawaii were only raised for home consumption, some few occasionally finding their way to the markets of the Pacific Coast. Up to that time, the brains and capital of the islands had been devoted principally to the production of sugar, with some attention to rice and coffee, the labor employed being chiefly Oriental.

About 1890 a group of Americans, noting the remarkable flavor and tenderness of the Smooth Cayenne pineapples grown in Hawaii, secured land on the line of the newly constructed Oahu Railway, near Pearl Harbor, imported seed plants from Australia, at great expense, and attempted to build up a trade with San Francisco and the Pacific Coast in fresh pineapples.

It resulted in failure, however, as Hawaii was then an independent republic, and the duty on the canned fruit made the profits too small to encourage a continuance of the industry. In 1898 another start was made and persistently persevered in to put the canned goods before the public, and by widespread advertising the production of the pineapple and its attending industry of packing the fruit has become firmly established and gives promise of following next in order to sugar growing in importance and profit.

Hawaiian Lumber Company, Ltd.

The Koa tree yields the mahogany of the islands. The finer grained lumber is used in the making of musical instruments and in furniture. There is a mill near Hilo which is making a specialty of this mahogany. Within a few miles of the volcano there is a great clump of these trees, and the Hawaiian Mahogany Lumber Co., Ltd., is making it into commercial shape for use as furniture or for the finer kinds of cabinet making. This same company has a yearly contract for the delivery of 3,000,000 of hardwood ties to the Santa Fe railroad. The mill has been kept go-



Honolulu the Beautiful
An avenue of palms
On one of the modern streets
Merchant street, always a busy thoroughfare
A street scene

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Honolulu the Beautiful

Honolulu High School *Oahu College*

ing night and day to supply the demand. A trip to the Koa forest is well worth the while of the tourist, and this royal tree may be seen in all its gnarled beauty in the forest mentioned. An interesting feature of the Koa forest is the 'tree moulds.' When the lava flowed down the mountain ages ago it swept through the forest of trees and made its way round and about the trunks. The trees burned away, but in the process the lava cooled, and there remain many instances of the perfect mould of the tree trunks and of fallen limbs.

Oahu Railway and Land Co.

Honolulu, though many its charms, is not all there is to fascinate the tourist. The side trips are essential to grasp the panorama of color, vegetation life and activities so dissimilar from what the other part of the world has to offer. One of these sight-seeing trips that reward the tourist is over the Oahu Railway and Land Company's route. The tourist is carried along the shores of the historic Pearl Harbor, destined to be the American Gibraltar of the Pacific and the guardian sentinel of the west shores of the United States. It is guarded by mountains cleft by deep valleys prolific in the varieties of color of their tropical trees and vegetation. Beyond, the road debouches into the great realm of the sugar planter, interspersed at intervals with groves of cocoanut and bananas. Along this route are the famed sugar producing plantations of the Honolulu Company, the Oahu, Ewa, Waianae, Waialua and Kuhuku. A trip of three hours over this



Honolulu the Beautiful. The Bishop Museum. The finest ethnological collection of South Sea relics may be found here

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Honolulu the Beautiful

Kawaihao, native church *The Palace, or Government House*

scenic route in its comfortable cars, and the terminus is reached at Waialua, where is situated the famous Haleiwa Hotel, the resort of the islanders, the Newport of Hawaii. The excursion is one that cannot be omitted from the itinerary of the tourist who desires to take even part way advantage of his or her trip to Honolulu. To do so would be to visit San Francisco and neglect the seal rocks and its great park, or Washington without seeing the capitol.

The Haleiwa Hotel.

This hotel is situated on the line of the Oahu Railway and Land Company, and is owned and operated by the company. It is one of the finest of the seaside hotels of Hawaii. It is about 50 miles from Honolulu. It has a beautiful park surrounding it, and the luxuriance of the grounds is something truly marvelous. The tourist should by all means make this trip, as it is one of the show places. Mr. Bloodgood, the general manager of this hotel, is one of the men in the business who has so thoroughly imbibed the idea of whole-souled Hawaiian hospitality that it is second nature.

Alexander Young Hotel.

The tourist is well cared for in Honolulu. He is given all the comforts, the luxuries and essentials that the caravansaries in the leading centers of the world have to offer, and to that is added a table loaded with the dainties, the novelties in fruit, fish, game and food compositions that are particular to the Hawaiian Islands. Chief among the famed hostel-



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Honolulu the Beautiful

L. Tenney Pech's residence *J. P. Cooke's residence*



Honolulu the Beautiful. The date palm avenue to the Cleghorn residence

ries of the group is the Alexander Young Hotel. It is as noted among world travelers as is the Cecil of London or the Waldorf-Astoria of New York. Structurally it is one of the great modern buildings of Honolulu. It is of brick, with a frontage of Colusa sandstone. It is ornate, and its interior is highly embellished. Its apartments are spacious and elegantly furnished, and the features that are a part of the equipment of every first-class hotel are in the Alexander Young Hotel. Its ventilation is perfect, and all rooms have an outside exposure to light and air so essential to comfort in the tropics. Water is furnished from its own artesian wells, and distilled by modern apparatus. In addition, the table is supplied with dairy products, vegetables and fruits from its own extensive farm. Its situation is one that commands an unobstructed view of the natural beauties of the city in whose activities it is the center. Its famous roof garden, where refreshments are served, and band concerts given, and varied other entertainments that present the features of island amusements and recreations, are cherished in the memory of the many thousands of its guests. The Alexander Young hotel is peculiar to Hawaii, and it is typical of the modern caravansary.

In this hotel Mr. Alexander Young has invested approximately two millions of dollars.

Moana Hotel.

The allurements of the Waikiki beach are enhanced by the attractions the Moana hotel offers to the visitor to this world famous shore of glistening sands and tropic bathing. The hotel is only 20 minutes' ride from Honolulu by electric car, and is where the choicest of fish dinners, savory Hawaiian dishes and a modern menu is served for the delectation of



Hilo. Rainbow Falls near the city *Onomea Falls, near Hilo*

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those who seek change amid enchanting settings. The hotel structure is imposing, delightfully situated, and its appointments are modern in every particular. It is a resort that no tourist can afford to omit from his or her itinerary of the islands of which it is one of the institutions particular to them. It is under the same general management as the Alexander Young Hotel and the Royal Hawaiian, being in the hands of Mr. J. H. Hertsche, whose qualifications as one of the noted hosts of the globe are too well known and appreciated to require specification.

Royal Hawaiian.

Memories of the reign of Kalakaua over the island sovereignty flood in upon one at the mention of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. It was the pet institution of His Majesty, and under its roof have gathered at various times many of the notables in the domain of politics, trade, finance and commerce. Surrounded by a forest of tropical foliage, its great wide and encompassing verandas are inviting in their allurements.

The "Hawaiian" is unique among the foremost caravansaries of all lands. In the heart of a city, it is secluded from it in its spacious leaf curtained grounds. Its architecture is redolent of the tropics, yet modern in its appointments and conveniences. It is a novelty among the world's hotels. It is conducted upon the highest plane, and its cuisine is a reflex of the season and what tropic seas and fruitful orchards have to offer. Its manager, Mr. J. H. Hertsche, is also manager of the Alexander Young Hotel and the Moana Hotel, and the entire three institutions commend him for his particular ability to manage each individual one.

B. F. Ehlers & Co.

Honolulu is in accord with the great centers in its trade facilities. Its people are money-makers and generous spenders. A taste for the luxurious is a concommitant of tropic life. Remote from the great continents, its people are in close touch with the conditions of fashions and style that are decreed in Paris, and this gay city of the waves, like all communities on the world's highway of travel, bows to Paris. In fact, Honolulu is a miniature







Honolulu the Beautiful.—The opera house
E. O. Hall & Son, Cor. Fort and King St.
The Stangen-Wald Building, Honolulu

replica of Paris, and out-fashions San Francisco. These conditions warrant the existence of the great and extensively stocked establishments, and the premier of them all is the department store of B. F. Ehlers & Co. They maintain a representative in New York who keeps in touch with the whims of fashion, and what Newport is to wear or the Florida tourist will array himself in is at the disposal of the Hawaii trade as soon as it is offered in New York. In this regard it is well to suggest to the intending tourist to carry only such a wardrobe as is essential for the trip. Upon his arrival will be found on sale clothing and haberdashery more suited to comfort and climatic conditions than can be procured on the mainland. The prices are such as are quoted in big centers. B. F. Ehlers & Co. is a name that goes down in the note book of every tourist as being exceptionally representative of the great trade interests of the island.

E. O. Hall & Son, Ltd.

Business establishments are more indicative of the progress, of the wealth, and better tell the story of a people than columns of wearisome figures. One of these great finger-points to Hawaiian prosperity is the famous old house of E. O. Hall & Son. It was established in Honolulu in 1850 by E. O. Hall and Henry Dimond, whose family name is in large imprints on the commercial story of San Francisco. Its location was on King street and Fort. In 1852 Mr. E. O. Hall alone branched into general merchandise lines in a small store at the corner of King and Fort streets, and until 1860 the business was conducted under the name of E. O. Hall. In 1860 the son of the founder, W. W. Hall, was admitted to partnership, and the trade was rapidly increased. In 1869 it had outgrown the restrictions of the store limits, and upon the same site a two story and basement brick structure was erected. Then came the era of tremendous activity wrought by the reciprocity treaty with the United States. In the activities so created, E. O. Hall & Son still further increased their trade, and took lead as one of the great modern business institutions of the island. In 1883 the business was incorporated as E. O.



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Oahu Railroad Depot, Honolulu



The harbor of Kahului. Present dock facilities, which are to be improved

Hall & Son, Ltd. Mr. W. W. Hall was elected President of the corporation, and was placed in active management of its affairs, which he continued in until a few years ago. Since that time the company has increased its capitalization from $150,000 to $300,000, and in 1900 a handsome new edifice was erected upon the site of the former store. This was ravaged by fire August 6, 1901, and the handsome new three story building, 75x100, that now occupies the site was completed May, 1902. Since then the firm's business has doubled in extent. In 1908 the firm acquired the Associated Garage, one of the largest in the city, and besides have a large two-story warehouse on Allen street on the water-front, and another large warehouse on Bethel street near King. In addition to automobiles and supplies, the house deals in agricultural implements, stoves, household goods, lubricating oils and the like. It is a name prominent in the Pacific trade.

The present officers of the corporation consist of W. W. Hall, president, who has been connected with the house since 1860; Edwin Oscar White, vice-president, a grandson of E. O. Hall, connected since 1880; Edwin Hall Paris, treasurer, who has been connected with the business since 1891; Edwin Oscar Hall, II, Secretary, who came in as clerk in 1905, and Malcolm MacIntyre, auditor, all elected at the last annual meeting, May 13, 1909.

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Kahului.

It is to the operations of the Kahului Railroad Company that the city of Kahului, the second of importance in the group and a trade center of commanding interest. In fact, Kahului's position was created by the corporation; also the chief factor in the development of East Maui. Its lines traverse a most productive and scenic area, a panorama that evidences the source of the island's wealth. Plantations of sugar cane, of groves of cocoanuts and bananas and the other harvest producing interests of the group. This railroad was the first to be constructed in the islands, and was the enterprise of T. W. Hobron,

W. H. Bailey and W. O. Smith, who received a charter in 1881, to begin its construction. It was afterwards acquired by the Wilder Steamship Company, and is now operated by the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company, whose activities are of world note, and its securities of prime interest to the exchanges of the United States and Europe. The company has expended $125,000 in the construction of a breakwater and in dredging the basin, which has made the harbor one accessible at all times and fully protected from the storms of ocean. It is the port of call for the American Hawaiian Steamship Company's vessels, the Watson Navigation Company and Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company, besides the great carriers in the independent traffic of the seas, and hundreds of sail craft. The company's operations are extensive, and embrace sugar growing on a mammoth scale. It is one of the great factors in the trade and activities of the islands, and the names of those connected with its control and management ring with historic worth to the people of Hawaii and are prominent in the trade story of the present generation.

The following are the officers in direct control of the corporation's many interests and ramifications:

Hon. H. P. Baldwin, president and general manager; James B. Castle, first vice-president; W. R. Castle, second vice-president; J. P. Cooke, treasurer; E. E. Paxton, secretary; D. B. Murdoch, auditor; J. N. S. Williams, Superintendent.

Messrs. Alexander & Baldwin, of Honolulu, San Francisco, New York and Seattle are the agents.

Hilo Railroad Company.

The country about Hilo is traversed by the rails of the Hilo Railroad Company, one of the best managed, best equipped roads in the world—in the world, remember—and its scenic features are not equaled anywhere else on earth where railroads afford the means of transportation. For a distance of fifty miles the road is lined on either side by wild roses,



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Hilo. Mooheau Park on a holiday. A cosmopolitan assemblage



Honolulu. The Lei sellers

gigantic ferns, papai trees, bananas and other tropic blooms and foliage in bewildering profusion. No dream can picture the beauty of this reality of bloom and tropical foliage. The road was not constructed solely for sight-seeing purposes, by its builders, although the tourist traffic figures largely in its patronage. It has a big development purpose in wresting from its tropical growth the fertile soil to become the domain of the sugar grower. It has already fulfilled this end in the many thousands of acres planted to cane and rice. The road is the only broad-gauged road in the islands, and is rock-ballasted and equipped with the latest in rolling stock. It is superbly managed, and one feature in its operation is the practice of burning down the ewed growth that borders the road-bed. The latter is rock-ballasted, the bridges are of structural steel, and in every department the element of substantiality is the predominating feature. Along the line are such important points as Waiakea, Olaa, Puna and Glenwood. Besides its railway operations, the company operates the big wharf at Hilo and the warehouse thereon, as also the wharf and warehouses on the Wailoa River. The company has in hand extensions to Hamakua, Paauhau and Hakalau. Its operations are under the direction of its general superintendent, Mr. R. W. Filler, whose efforts to display the glories of scenery and verdure of Hilo to the tourist have made this section of general interest. He is furthermore one of those courteous, hospitable character of men who earn and deserve the remembrance of those favored with his acquaintance.

* * * *

Hawaii from the time it began to occupy a position in the industrial market and the agricultural world through the production of its plantations, has been short of hands to handle the constantly increasing output of its mills and its fields. It has had experience with Chinese, Japanese and Portuguese labor, and of any of these it has never had a sufficient complement to carry on its business in a proper manner.

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Of all the labor imported to the islands,

that of the Portuguese and the Japanese has been the most satisfactory.

Many of the Portuguese have become very wealthy citizens, and have known how to take advantage of formative periods, and, by small beginnings, have gradually amassed small fortunes—and so it has been with the Japanese. Each successive nationality that has invaded the labor field has, of course, brought with it its turbulent and revolutionary spirits, and, at times, there has been a considerable difficulty in restraining the element, but all in all, the labor element of Hawaii has been a most orderly citizenship, and it is safe to say that they are probably a more contented lot than any like number of laborers in any land on earth.

It is undeniable that the Japanese, from the laborer to the merchant, has done more than any other element except the American to bring about the commercial and the agricultural development of the Islands. The Japanese is an orderly, frugal, moral citizen, and Hawaii could give the mainland lessons in how to treat the Oriental. It is because of the intelligence displayed and the lack of intolerance, the thorough spirit of live and let live, the kindness and patience with which they have always been treated, that the Japanese, once domiciled upon its shores, look upon Hawaii as a second home land. Japan is represented in the higher classes by intelligent men, the official representatives of the empire are men of equal mental calibre with any of the foreign representatives, and the editors of the many newspapers, the teachers in the schools, and the merchants are all of them of gentlemanly bearing and splendid attainment.

The Chinese merchants of Honolulu are the best example of commercial honesty that I have ever encountered. They are conservative to a degree, and, in their dealings, display an integrity that the white man might copy with profit to himself and satisfaction to his neighbor. For a long time the Chinese have held the bulk of the trade of the islands in a retail way, but recently the aggressive competition of the Japanese has made great inroads in their business, but the Chinaman may still be called the retail merchant prince in the islands, and ranks next to his American brother in volume of trade transactions.

In conclusion, in regard to Orientals in



Nahiku, Maui. Rubber trees three years and six months old



The great seething pit of the volcano of Kilauea

the Hawaiian Islands, the impartial observer must admit that the Oriental has been a blessing instead of a curse to the isles of the Mid-Pacific. Without him there had been no great works in irrigation and in agriculture, and the blessing had been greater had the numbers of him been larger.

The tourist who goes to Hawaii, the globe-trotter and traveler and the man of family desiring to make his home in Honolulu, need never suffer from ennui. The amusements furnished are as varied as they are excellent in character, and besides all of the out-door sport incidental to sea and land and enjoyable through an unequaled climate, we have the very best of theatrical entertainments.

The management of the Hawaiian Opera House is energetic and capable, and is constantly bringing standard attractions to Honolulu. The Opera House building is a modern and well designed amusement house, and is practical in all its details.

Mr. H. M. Lawson, the proprietor of the Art Theatre and Auditorium, strictly a moving picture house of the first class, has invested twenty-five thousand dollars in the enterprise. It is now in process of construction, and is an invaluable addition to the amusement features of Honolulu. The San Francisco Theatre is an open-air moving picture show, and is one of the most beautiful of the amusement houses in Honolulu. Here the Hawaiian singers hold forth. On Saturday nights there is a band concert given here regularly.

Besides these there are minor theatres, among them a house given over to vaudeville entertainment.

H. R. T. & L. Co.

The service afforded by the Honolulu Rapid Transit and Land Company is equal to the best the great continental centers have to offer. The company operates on twenty miles of trackage, which is continually being extended to anticipate the demands of traffic. The overhead trolley system is in vogue, with power supplied from a modern generating plant operated by oil fuel. The entire equipment conforms to the latest offered by modern invention, providing for safety, durability and comfort. The cars are of large capacity, having signal buttons at each seat.

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The Honolulu Rapid Transit and Land Company's power house and car barn

Besides passenger traffic, the company operates an express and freight service. The company carries on an average of over 7,000,000 passengers a year, and its annual car mileage runs up to $1,700,000. The company's service extends to Waikiki beach, the famous and popular resort of the Hawaiian and tourist, and where the aquarium, the property of the company, is one of the great objects of attraction. Kapaolani Park, the Bishop Museum, the Kahauki Military Post, the Royal Mausoleum, Oahu College and the Manoa and Muuanu valleys are reached by the lines of this company.

The officers are: L. T. Peck, president;



Honolulu Electric Street Car Power Co.'s car barn. The Honolulu Rapid Transit and Land Company

L. A. Thurston, first vice-president; Jas. B. Castle, second vice-president; George P. Thielen, secretary; C. H. Atherton, treasurer; F. W. Klebahn, auditor; C. G. Ballentyne, manager and director, and W. R. Castle, director.

Sugar.

What gold was to California in '49 and wheat became in the latter era, sugar is to Hawaii. Its products are the varied fruits of the tropics, but it is the cane that weighs more heavily in the balance of its trade. From the earliest times of its history the cane grew in the islands, but it was the late Claus Spreckels of San Francisco who opened the highway to its profitable exploitation, and which has made it the richest section of the globe. Claus Spreckels first gained a foothold on the islands in promoting this great industry by the payment of a small annual license, and upon the sugar development that he initiated was reared the colossal fortune that he amassed. He demonstrated that climate, soil and transportation advantages combined to make these islands in the sugar trade an empire of themselves. Claus Spreckels saw far into the future as to the needs of man, and the importance of the group in supplying this particular want to the great populous nations that lined the shores of the Pacific. From his demonstrations in sugar growing the industry has grown into commanding importance; it has eclipsed every other interest and brought the islands into world notice. Millions of dollars of capital are invested in sugar growing, mills, railroads, irrigation reservoirs and canals, shipping and a score of other activities have been called into being by its development. And the future is beyond picturing in figures or statements for practically but a fraction of the possible area has been taken up for cultivation to the cane, and as the wants of mankind press in this particular direction Hawaii offers limitless allurements in the development of this particular industry which is so essential on the dietary of man.

SOME OF WHO'S WHO IN HAWAII.

Alexander Young.

Alexander Young, once of San Francisco, is among those who are foremost in Hawaiian affairs. Going to the islands in the early sixties, his talents in mechanics were put to good service in a partnership formed with William Ledgote at Hilo. In 1869 he became interested in, and general manager of, the Honolulu Iron Works. Here his inventive genius came into play in improving on the crude machines that in that day were at the service of the sugar planter. It was his inventions that gave



Sports of the sea in Hawaiian waters. A 19-ft. man-eating shark and his captors. Young Brothers' dock. One day's catch of five

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Hilo. The Volcano Stables. The commodious four-horse stage starts from here

to the islands their primacy in the development of that great industry. As a result he became a factor in sugar growing, and his interests in the great companies that were formed were extensive. For many years he was vice-president of the Pepekeo Sugar Company, also of the Waiakea Mill Company, and a big factor in the Kahului Plantation Company. Under the royal regime he was a member of the House of Nobles, and a delegate to the Constitutional Convention. He was a staunch supporter of the provisional Government, and a member of its Advisory Council. Under the Republic he was appointed Minister of the Interior, and continued in office under President Dole until Hawaii passed under the American flag. Mr. Young's energies have been directed to the benefit of the territory, and his name and personality are of commanding interest in the story of the islands.



The Lewers & Cooke Building, Honolulu

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F. A. Shaefer.

"Rosebank," the county-seat of Mr. F. A. Shaefer, in the beautiful Nuuanu Valley, the subject of Robert Louis Stevenson's idyll, holds place as one of the sanctuaries of hospitality in hospitable Honolulu. The famous home is of historic value, and its fame goes back to the days of the monarchy, when Robert Creighton Wyllie, the then Minister of Foreign Affairs, lived there. It has sheltered many of world fame in the past, and its present owner, Mr. F. A. Shaefer, the Italian Consul, maintains the unstinting glories of its past. Mr. Shaefer is dean of the diplomatic corps, and one of the most popular



Hilo. The High School

men of the day. Among his fads is the collection of bric-a-brac garnered from the world, and which he treasures at his beautiful home.

Samuel M. Damon.

The name Damon is historic in Hawaii. Associated with the great banking house of Bishop & Co., in which he is the senior partner, Mr. Samuel M. Damon bears in himself those qualities which have contributed to the placing of the islands in the position they hold today. Mr. Damon has been the molder of the financial destinies of the group. He has fostered the development of its industries, and during its critical periods he has been a factor in counseling the policies which restored confidence and forged prosperity. His hospitality as dispensed at his beautiful home at Moanalua is boundless. He is held in the esteem of all. His influence on the island activities is unquestioned, and as President of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association, representing the most powerful interests of Hawaii, makes him a factor of more than local attention.

J. F. Hackfeld.

J. F. Hackfeld is one of the great sugar factors and merchants of Hawaii, the head and founder of the house of Hackfeld & Co. He represents the progressive principle of the islands. He stands for what is making Hawaii the focal center of the Pacific. Those of this stamp are proof against the virus of the tropics; they are awake to realities, opportunities, and they are anticipating the events of the future and the conditions that are to be born out of them. Mr. Hackfeld has a leading place in the activities of the islands, and it is a position in which the duties are above the mere benefit of self. He is filling the place with honor to himself and benefit to those about him. Hawaii is magnificent in its productions. Great in its prosperity and splendidly equipped in its men, Mr. Hack-



The Hawaiian Electric Co., Ltd., Building

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feld is among its corp of up-builders, and his place is fixed in the story of Hawaiian achievements. He is unqualifiedly one of the great men of America's mid-ocean territory.

H. P. Baldwin.

Hawaii has its practical side. Dreams go with the tropics and so do realities. Enchantments of scenery, of climate and foliage and bloom also demand the substantial—and the wealth of these people is in evidence that realities are striven for, and here, like every place where civilized man gains a foothold, opportunities are offered to obtain the substance while surrounded by enchantments. The Maui Agricultural Company has taken the lead in the line of practical development that interests the home-seeker. It is acquiring areas of land and subduing them into tracts suitable for those wishing to make their homes on the islands and engage in the profitable tilling of its responsive soil. The president of this public enterprise is Mr. H. P. Baldwin, who has taken his stand in advocacy of dividing the land and inviting the industrious to the islands to engage in farming occupations. Until recently the territory was held by the large land owners controlling principalities in extent, but that era, like in California, is passing, and the tiller of the few acres is invited to this land of great promise—nay, the land of realization. The change from past conditions is due to the advocacy of Mr. Baldwin, to his persistent battle against traditions and inclinations, and today his principles to make a great model farming community of America's ocean territory, and soon to be State, has the endorsements of Governor Walter F. Frear and the business organizations of the island cities. The plan of the organization of which he is the head is to provide homesteads for the intelligent and industrious class of Americans on the island of Maui. His position in the world of Hawaiian affairs gives assurance that all confidence is to be reposed in his representations and in the integrity of his dealings. Correspondence concerning the



An Oriental performance in a Japanese theatre at Pahou, and Olaa—dancing girls



Ancient Hawaii. Surf board riding. With the ancients this was a common practice, and it has been revived at Waikiki and has become a modern means of athletic enjoyment

price, location and utility of the lands the Maui Agricultural Company has open to homesteads will receive courteous attention.

Joseph P. Cooke.

Mr. Joseph P. Cooke, manager of Alexander & Baldwin, Ltd., is of the younger generation of Hawaii's commercial captains. The institution, whose affairs he directs, ranks among the great sugar producing factors of the islands, and is the possessor of extensive holdings on the island of Maui. Mr. Cooke is of the measure to meet the duties of his station, and is furthermore one of the most active of those engaged in promoting the interests of Hawaii, not from personal gain, but prompted by the impulse to benefit his community and territory. It is such characters who create great communities, and Honolulu is fortunate in possessing more than its rightful share of such men, and among them, active as they are, not the least to be mentioned is the manager for Alexander & Baldwin.

Governor Frear.

Hawaii does not come into the thoughts without bringing to recollection its able and hospitable executive, Governor Walter F. Frear, and his charming helpmate, with his politics or his position on State questions we have nothing to do, but with his qualities as a man, his deep concern in the welfare of the territory over which he is chief administrator, he impresses one with his sincerity, his honesty and intent

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Ancient Hawaii. A war canoe of the days of Captain Cook's voyage

to do right, and worthily perform the duties of his station. His popularity leaves no question of doubt that his efforts are appreciated. Appreciation in these days of cavil and criticism premise that his duties are well done. As a social factor, Governor Frear and his wife have and are doing much for Hawaii. The doors of the executive mansion are hospitably ajar at all times, and the bounty of host and hostess is without limitations. The magnificent grounds are famed in social story, and the reception to the Japanese Admiral, Ijichii, given in this park garden of tropical glory, was one of the notable events in island history. Loyal





Eating the roast pig and other dainties *Roasting the pig over the heated stones*

The Luau and the Pig

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to his flag, sincere in his purpose and hospitable to his fellow man, Governor Walter F. Frear deserves well of Hawaii and justifies the warm recollections of himself and wife that the fleeting visitor to the islands will ever entertain of them.

John A. Scott.

John A. Scott, manager of the Hilo Sugar Company since its organization in 1884, is one of those from whom the conditions in this particular industry of the islands have called forth supreme administrative and inventive faculties. Mr. Scott not only directs the mill workings, but also the field operations of the company which cover an area of nearly 8,000 acres. He is the inventor of a special plow for splitting up of rattoon stools, and also of several mill appliances such as an automatic juice strainer and a feed apparatus for furnaces that are in general use by other mills. Mr. Scott is originally from Canada. He went to the islands in 1879, and identified himself with the Spreckels operations in the equipping and erecting of the Hakalau mill.

C. C. Kennedy.

C. C. Kennedy is one of the factors in Hilo. He is the manager of the Waiakea Mill Company, which controls 95,000 acres of the most fertile sugar lands in the group. Of this area the company has 5,200 acres in cultivation. The country here is particularly favored in soil, and that it is supplied with plentiful rainfall to render artificial irrigation unnecessary. Over this great area, with all its activities of field and mill, Mr. Kennedy exercises jurisdiction. He has solved many of the great problems of labor and cultivation as well as mechanical. Among the latter is an automatic loader of cane, which it gathers from the field and conveys into the wagons and sleds. He has, moreover, put into practical practice a plan of "community of interest" between the company and the toiler, which has attracted many industrious families to locate at Hilo. They are given the land, houses are erected and seed furnished as advance capital by the company, and the industrious from this start have and are reaching the plane of independence.

Robert W. Shingle.

Among those to whom the Overland Monthly is indebted in the collaboration of this recounting of Hawaii is Mr. Robert W. Shingle, of Honolulu, the President of the Waterhouse Trust Company, one of the important financial organizations of the islands. Mr. Shingle ranks as of the "new blood" that went there, and taking conditions as they found them, created



Natives picking cocoanuts

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opportunities for themselves and opened the way to others to profit. Going to the islands as a newspaper man, trained in the school that gives keen insight into the conditions, he saw at once that opportunity lay there, and he grasped it. He reaped reward in success, and his popularity is without challenge. Mr. Shingle is active and sincerely and wisely so, in promoting the interests of Hawaii. He is identified with interests that are advancing its growth. He has made Honolulu his home for aye, and in testimony of this decision has recently settled down in the ways of domesticity. His charming bride is a daughter of Samuel W. Parker, whose name figures in the history there under the three regimes.



Ancient Hawaii.—An idol of the olden time

Seaside.

Beyond the beauty of location on Waikiki Beach and luxury of accommodation,

the Honolulu Seaside Hotel is crowned by the spell of history. Over a century ago its beauty of location appealed to the eye of the warrior king Kamehameha I, the William the Conqueror of Hawaii. It was the identical site, the hotel now occupies, he chose for his Heiau, the ancient temple of the kings, and during all the intervening years the title to the property has been retained by his descendants, and today vests in the estate of the late Princess Bernice Pauahi Bishop, who was the last of the blood of this famous dynasty. fronts the beach, famed the world over where bathing in the tempered water is one of the many delights to allure the tourist. The cottages have harbored many of fame, and one of them, named the Alice Longworth, is in honor of the President's daughter, who made it her home during the memorable visit of the Taft party. Manager Archibald J. Stout is of experience in the art of hospitality and under his direction the Honolulu Seaside Hotel maintains its place as one of the ideal tourist resorts of the globe.



E. O. Hall & Son, Ltd., 1909. Established 1850. Incorporated 1883
E. O. Hall 2d Secretary E. O. White, Vice-Pres. E. H. Paris, Sec'y and Treas.
W. W. Hall, President

Amid its tropical settings and foreground of sea, the location is ideal and carries one far from the realm of reality. The hotel is composed of a grouping of foliage draped cottages, and the grounds are beautifully laid out in lawns and growth of palms and tropical plants. The hotel con-

Honolulu has many inviting hotels where the traveler is afforded accommodations equal to any the world has to offer, and among them is the palatial Pleasanton with its spacious gardens in the heart of the residential section. It was formerly a mansion of one of the city's magnates. Its



Kahului Harbor, Kahului, Maui. A busy day. Steamers in port from left to right, Kukui, U. S. Light-house tender; Leslie Baldwin, K. R. R. Company's tugboat; S. S. Claudine, inter-island passenger steamer; S. S. Matson Navigation Company's steamer

conversion to present uses gives to it an atmosphere of elegance and refinement at the same time home-like. The grounds contain an area of five acres set to tropical growth. A plunge and swimming tank, one of the finest tennis courts in the islands, as well as other outdoor recreations, are offered the guest. The hotel maintains its own stables, garage, laundry and other modern day utilities. The Pleasanton is famed for its great, wide lanais, or piazzas, which shelter from the tropic sun, and are cooled by the tempered breezes. Its location opposite the Oahu College grounds, and in close communication with the center of the city, as, also, the lines radiating to the great show places of the island, give it an individuality peculiar to itself. Mr. M. Macdonald, the proprietor, holds high rank as an administrator in hotel affairs.

He also conducts the Macdonough a half block distant from the Pleasanton. It is a handsome and imposing structure of the Colonial type embowered in great overspreading palms. Its rates are less than at the Pleasanton, and its comforts and luxuries are in keeping with its proprie-



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Railroad building, Kahului Depot

tors' notions of liberality and hospitality, which are more than generous in the measure of return.

Hilo Breakwater Notes.

The United States entered into a contract in the amount of $400,000 with Delbert E. Metzger, on June 12, 1908, for constructing a breakwater at Hilo Harbor, Hilo, Hawaii, the price being $2.48½ per ton of 2,000 pounds of stone put in place.

The specifications call for a jetty of the rubble mound type, but as it is being built, it resembles more a huge sloping wall of carefully laid masonry. It has a uniform top width of 15 feet, eleven feet above mean lower low water, the slopes being one on one on the harbor side, and one on one and one-half on the sea side, so that it is 42½ feet wide at the water line, at mean lower low water, and two and one-half feet wider than this for each foot of depth of water.

No stones can be used in the slope walls, for a thickness of ten feet, weighing less than two tons each, and across the top and down the sea side slope, to a point three feet under low water, it is paved with stones weighing over eight tons each, set so that their longest dimension is perpendicular to the slope. The stone used below three feet below low water must weigh 130 pounds per cubic foot, or more, and all stone above this plane must weigh 150 pounds per cubic foot. This specified weight for the stone sent the contractor nearly thirty miles, to Puna, on the east point of the island, to open a quarry, for while the whole island is virtually built of flows of lava rock and the breakwater itself rests on a reef of it, there are comparatively few places on the slopes of Mauna Loa where rock of this weight may be found in large quantities.

It was late in October before the actual work of putting stone in place in the breakwater began. Nearly four miles of railroad had to be graded and built across lava flows in order to make connections with the tracks of the Hilo Railroad Company, over which the stone is hauled. Track materials, cars, cranes, derricks, locomotives and quantities of other machinery and equipment had to be ordered and shipped from the Eastern parts of the United States. Some of the machinery had to be specially built, which, of course, took time. Hundreds of details had to be carefully planned, and then carefully



Residence of Manager of Kahului Railroad Company

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Tamarinds *Mango* *The Pineapple* *Guava* *Papaia*

A Group of Hawaiian Delights

looked after, for the absence of perhaps one small machinery part of the entire plant might have meant months of delay. Considerable development work had to be done at the quarries, water had to be provided, buildings constructed, and besides the usual large amount of preliminary work necessary to the undertaking of a construction work of this magnitude, many preparations had to be made on account of the great distance from the larger markets. Powder and blasting supplies had to be purchased in carload quantities.



D. E. Metzger, Hilo, contractor Hilo Breakwater

Since October, the work has steadily gone forward, with the exception of a delay during the month of January, due to an accident to the crane at the breakwater. At the present time, the jetty is built out into the sea a distance of over 600 feet. It is estimated that the present contract will complete about 2500 feet, or a little over one-fourth the projected length. At the present time it requires about 65 tons of stone to build one foot.

The U. S. Engineers' plan, covering the entire breakwater, estimates the cost at $1,700,000, and calls for a length of 9,700 feet, beginning at the shore, at a point about two miles east of the main part of the town of Hilo and extending out across the opening of the bay upon a submerged reef, leaving a deep channel entrance beyond its end over a half mile wide. When this projected breakwater is completed, it will enclose and protect from the Northeasterly swells a body of water approximating 3,000 acres, and make one of the finest and roomiest deep-water harbors in any ocean.

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Honolulu's Chinatown—A picturesque section

The submerged reef upon which the breakwater is being built runs in the shape of a crescent, in a position reversed to the crescent of the bay. It is nearly half a mile wide, and the breakwater is located along its inner or harbor side. The average depth of water over this reef is about 23 feet, with occasional pockets of 40 or more feet depth. Inside the reef, the depth of water is in most part over 32 feet, with sand bottom and easy dredging.

The contractor has three years' time in which to finish the work covered by the first appropriation of $400,000. At the present rate of progress he would finish in about twenty-four months, well within the time allowed. He is not satisfied with this, however, and has ordered additional machinery which will allow him to increase the present rate at least fifty per cent, and perhaps double it. A new crane of 75 tons lifting capacity, with a 57 ft. boom, will arrive about the first of July, and will be installed at the end of the jetty. The system of building employed finishes the work as it progresses, the crane working on the top of the finished wall on a single track, and being served with loaded cars, one at a time, by a switch engine.

The Honolulu Stock and Bond Exchange is one of the accredited financial institutions of the world, and its listed securities of island corporate activities are of interest wherever money changes hands. The Hawaiian Trust Company, Limited, in its brochure entitled "Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds," is replete with information containing the array of securities offering in the islands, together with the capitalization, assets and liabilities of the corporate interests. The Hawaiian Trust Company, Limited, is under the direction of those prominent in the great interests of the island territory, among whom may be mentioned E. D. Tenney, C. H. Cooke, J. R. Galt, George R. Carter, C. H. Atherton and S. G. Wilder.

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HAWAII

BY JOHN A. HENSHALL

Hawaii! 'neath thy sapphire sky,
Surely 'twere Paradise indeed
To live, unheeding of the cry
Of this repellent, hideous greed
Which fattens on the weaker's shame
And makes of friendship but a name.

Barred by two thousand miles of wave,
A unit of this striving horde,
In dreams thy crystal waters lave
My feet, and then some mystic chord,
Some strange and subtle impulse, strings
My heart with fond imaginings.

No stranger e'er partook thy bread
But oft turns back on Memory's scroll
Where Waikiki and Dimond Head,
Outposts of Earth's supremest goal,
Stand forth and beckon him away
From feeble strife for golden clay.

No sojourner within thy gates,
E'er loitered through thy star-spanned nights,
But rails at the untoward Fates
That tore him from such rare delights—
But ponders, as Life's eve draws nigh,
O'er sleep beneath thy peaceful sky.

Fair island of the Southern seas,
Though in a land enwrapped in snow
I wander, and the bare-limbed trees
Stand spectral, and the cold winds blow—
Some time my ship will leave, some day
To Paradise I'll sail away.

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A FICTITIOUS HISTORY OF THE WORLD

BY LIONEL JOSAPHARE

CHAPTER III.



HE WAR, undertaken precipitately and ending with the expected victory, was not followed with spectacular rejoicing, save in devouring the motive of the invasion. It was viewed as a hunt. That it brought about an entire tribal change of residence was not important. The tribe had possessed no houses or tents; not even a skin against a stick. The art of stripping hides was not yet known. Carcasses were divided and baked in the skin after the singeing off of the hair. The people took to caves as birds to a twig. They excavated cliff homes out of the way of prowling beasts. In all this was a mere livelihood, a dawn-to-dark animation. Supremacy in food-gathering was the only pride.

But fortunately Ugwuf had a progressive mind. Pobolo informed him that the cattle was not likely to wander far and that it might be well to conserve the herd from the greedy population. This would fulfill two objects: firstly, the cattle would breed and give milk; secondly, there would always be food for the king when he should be indisposed towards the chase. Ugwuf approved the idea. He bade the commoners slaughter one cow for every four adults. The remainder were to be under the royal prerogative. After the feast, about fifty head of cattle survived. Of these, Ugwuf presented his adviser with ten.

A further honor was awarded to this politician. In consideration of his services, he was permitted to wear about his waist a twisted fibre, like the chief's, but without the dangling spearheads. Pobolo was vain of this cord, and was frequently seen standing with his thumbs stuck into it, and arms akimbo. In point of authority, he was the second man in the settlement; but in popularity, the busiest of all. For Ugwuf was oft haughty after the chase and left to the statesman power over the allotment of meat. Pobolo ordered this man to sever the animal, that one to take a portion, and so forth. In going about his homely statesmanship he was plump-mannered, grandiose and exceedingly happy.

But there came a time when the worries of State offset its pleasures and the circumstance of his waist-cord. Intrigue and blight was found in his fairest glory.

He had a pretending rival in the affections of the chief. This was Lean-face, the name having been conferred by Pobolo in a splendid bit of statecraft. Lean-face was not only spare of cheek but contracted in belly and scrawny of limbs. Pobolo frequently ridiculed him to the chief.

"Behold this Lean-face," he would say. "Has he not the widest mouth you have ever seen champing a cow-bone. I think Ugwuf ought to kill Lean-face for having such a wide mouth."

This remark Ugwuf did not fancy as up to Pobolo's standard of astuteness. He could not quite agree that a man should be executed for breadth of mouth contrasting with leanness of cheek. It caused him some reflection; but in the end he spared Lean-face.

Lean-face would often come to listen when Pobolo spoke to the king. In those days there was no privy council room. Any one might approach and hearken to the deliberations of Ugwuf and Pobolo. Among this audience Lean-face was the most attentive. He stared at Pobolo,

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whose method did not seem diffieult. So he tarried onee until Pobolo had withdrawn, and then suggested ideas to Ugwuf. But these were too visionary for the stern-browed, simple chief, and Ugwuf grunted "No." Many times Lean-faee availed himself of this audienee. Ugwuf always denied him in the end.

For instanee, Lean-faee wished to have the dead buried in the ground instead of being thrown over a cliff. The plan was a safe-guard against their eoming back. For some reason, the Lakemen disliked the thought of the never-wake-up men returning. After a short period of bad-sleep they beeame so ugly as to arouse dread of what they might do, if aetive.

Another of Lean-face's wistful innovations was the marking of a sear in the form of a spear-head on the shoulder of every tribe member. This also made no impression upon the ehief. So that Lean-face was in despair of sharing the royal friendship.

He longed for ten eows like Pobolo's; for, like Pobolo, he was loth to go forth and hunt. Often he would gaze into the distanee and dream. The sounds of animals gave him strange faneies. He was wont to wander off alone and wateh the play of animal life from a tree. It made him indolent, indolent as the fat Pobolo, whom he envied but eould not displaee in the attention of the ehief. Besides this, he was just as frequentive a talker; yet few would listen to him. They did not understand. They knew of naught save food and the methods of traeking it. When Lean-faee spoke to his eompanions, looking them in the eyes, they seowled uneasily as in the sunlight, and turned away their heads. They had aeted the same way towards Pobolo at first, but now the latter was so prominent that he had but to blow upon a marrow-bone, and erowds would seuttle to do his bidding. Lean-faee yearned to blow upon a marrow-bone and faseinate a erowd; and still earnestly did he wish for ten eows. Moreover, Pobolo's vexation would not have been unpleasant to him.

In the latter eoneern, Lean-face interviewed a number of tribesmen. They either eould not understand or eonsidered a plot against the statesman impossible. It made the slim one dream more and more of bringing distress upon his fortunate rival. To attaek him was dangerous. Somehow he feared to set upon Pobolo more than on any other man. He was not given to deeds of strength anyway.

One day, as he was thinking of some aceompliee, he bethought himself of the great Wah-wah. Wah-wah, it was said, had invented fire. Lean-face revered him for that. It indieated superiority. Many times had he been in Wah-wah's cave. No one had ever beheld Wa-wah in the never-wake-up. It was related that upon the burning of the forest he had entered the flames and disappeared. Many therefore believed the man still alive. Only the very old remembered him and his conflagration and the woman Ainu, who taught fire to Botu—or pretended to remember.

From sueh hearsay, Lean-face esteemed the inventor or fire as the only person worthy to aid him in the present eause. He resolved to journey to Wah-wah's eave, for peradventure the hero had been away on a hunting expedition when hitherto looked for.

So Lean-face said naught to his asso-eiates, but, with a pieee of meat upon his spear, set out for the mysterious eave.

He traversed the hills and forests, watehful of beasts of prey, now and then proeeeding from tree to tree, leaping from one to the ground and springing up another, when observed by the larger animals. In this tree-jumping he would east his spear and meat before him.

At last he arrived near the opening in the eliff. The mountain was hot; the rocks glistened. Lean-face peered eautiously into the eave. Bones of animals were seattered about, indieating a habitation. No human being was to be seen. The intruder searehed about, and, in a eorner, found a long flint-knife fitted with a handle and somewhat in the shape of a broadsword. He examined it curiously. On one rough-flaked side of the blade, crudely represented in the faeets of the stone were the heads of a man and a woman, with bodies vaguely suggested. It was perhaps the work of ehanee, yet the shadows of both faees in the chipping of the flint were almost perfeet. The man was in three-quarter visage; the long-haired woman in profile. At first, Lean-

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face did not recognize the human likeness, yet continued to be interested as some instinct of artistic appreciation roused within him. When his artless eyes achieved the art of recognition, he was abashed.

In the presence of this mystery, he called: "Wah-wah!"

Then—

"Wah-wah," faintly echoed from the cave.

Lean-face was startled. He stared, but saw no one.

"Wah-wah!" he cried again.

"Wah-wah," came the echo.

The Great Man was evidently near, but invisible. Lean-face prostrated himself in fear. His whole body and mind had been stunned and felt the vibration as a gong. Now it was the unlimbering of his forces; then it was an alarm. He betook himself to his feet and scrambled down the cliff, forgetful of his spear, but unwittingly agrasp of the discovered sword. There was something new and wrong in the face of things. Inanimate objects, or parts of them, seemed to take on human shape. When he attained the valley, even the sunlight had a sinister aspect. Over the field of his former settlement he scoured, and did not relax his speed until well-nigh out-breathed. Therewith he walked as fast as possible, running with every little renewed vigor, and, after many frights, having lost his way twice, was back among his comrades.

They were lying around and about, in groups and singles, as if strewn out to dry; in truth, they were merely digesting their food. Withal, they accorded him that attention, interest, curiosity, rhapsodic speculation that proceeds only out of abject idleness.

Lean-face said not a word. He felt that he dominated the scene, and did not wish to elucidate matters with undue haste or loss of dramatic effect, which instinctively was in him. Depositing Wah-wah's sword reverently on the sod, he lay on his stomach before it. In recollection of the sensation of hearing Wah-wah's name in the cave, it was now becoming to exhibit such attitude in the presence of the sword. This business satisfied both his own superstition and that of the spectators, who now came, curious.

For some time Lean-face lay in the one position, until news of the odd event caused the approach of the king and his minister of State. Ugwuf looked on disdainfully, while Pobolo poked the prostrate man with his foot. The magnitude of the worshipped sword aroused Pobolo's covetous faculties. It looked just such a sword as he would desire for himself. However, if acquiring it were impracticable, he would get it for Ugwuf; upon some excuse, deprive the detestible Lean-face of it.

"Where did you get that?" he inquired ferociously, being eminently able, in spite of his corpulence so to inquire.

Lean-face arose, holding the blade in both hands and gazing at it ecstatically.

"Where knife?" growled Pobolo, his form of speech recrudescing in rage. "Lean-face gorilla, where get knife? Where knife? Quick answer!"

Lean-face replied, "I got the knife from Wah-wah!"

Ugwuf moved his feet uneasily. There was but one thing that he feared, he did not know why, and that was the almost extinct name of Wah-wah.

Pobolo also was down-cast. The name of Wah-wah was about the only matter that the tribe had saved from the past, besides its few arts. Yesterday might have been a battle; today, an invasion of wild beasts; tomorrow might see a new chief. The next day, the tribe would be found frolicking beneath the trees. These men slaughtered and lay down to sleep, murdered and went to dinner. Blood of beast and man dried in the sun, and there was no profounder death than the past. There was neither means nor use for remembering anything. True, one might tell another, but that other's memory was a poor docket for facts. Or he might narrate the death of one upon the tusks of the boar and receive but a grin in response. And yet, out of all such oblivion, like unto the moon that sometimes was away but ever and again reappeared out of the horizon, returned the name of Wah-wah, who had invented fire. There had been many chiefs; there had been many deaths; there was one Unforgotten.

"Where is Wah-wah?" gently asked Ugwuf of the Conquering Spear.

"In his cave," answered Lean-face.

"Are you telling true that you saw him? Good speech?"

"I am telling this: I called out to him and he spoke from far away. He was so far away that Lean-face could not see him, but Lean-face heard."

At this point, Pobolo was constrained to regale himself with laughter. "Now, who ever heard anybody so far away? It is laugh-laugh to listen to this Lean-face talker. He is like one who jabbers in his sleep. He tells what is not."

"Then he came near—next to me," resumed Lean-face. "But I could not see him, even though it was daylight."

Pobolo walked in a circle and laughed. "This must be the way monkeys talk," he said to Ugwuf. "Monkey-talk," he repeated. "Let us kill this Lean-face lest he talk more."

"Wah-wah said he is my friend. He will fight with his fire when he is angry," stated the traveler.

Pobolo was perplexed; Ugwuf, agitated.

"What more did he say to you?" interrogated the latter.

"Many things," replied Lean-face. "But he said not to tell people all at one time. I tell soon. Look here!" Lean-face pointed to the flint, while the others crowded around. "He made this for me, quick, like birds fly. Wah-wah said, 'Look!' And I looked, but did not see. And then he said: 'Look again!' and I looked and saw this knife. And I said, 'Good Wah-wah, show me yourself.' And he said, 'No; not now. But look on the knife, and you will see Wah-wah and Ainu like looking in the water. On the stone will be little shadow-persons like look-in-the-water persons. But the shadow on the stone never go away."

The king looked. Forthwith, as had Lean-face, he saw nothing. When he saw, he drew back.

Long-face continued assuredly: "Many things Wah-wah told me. This much I tell now. He said about fire, 'Fire is not treated well; so Wah-wah is angry like fire and fire is wild like lion.' He said, 'You, Lean-face, must always keep fire, because I like you, and it is my fire. Never let any man say that the fire is not Wah-wah's fire. Every time the moon is round like the sun, men must bring Lean-face meat, to use Wah-wah's fire.'

"Wah-wah also said, 'Pobolo is good, but not good as Lean-face. Whatever Lean-face speaks to Ugwuf, Ugwuf to do before Pobolo speaks. If Lean-face does not speak, then Pobolo to speak; but not of the same things. Pobolo speaks about many men; Lean-face tells of only one, which is Wah-wah!'

"Wah-wah also said, 'Lean-face to wear cord around waist with leaves of trees, to show how Wah-wah came with fire.'

"Wah-wah also said, 'Whatever Wah-wah says is to be done first, and other things afterwards.'

"And Wah-wah said many other things, which Lean-face will tell when it is good."

Then quoth Pobolo, "The next time you speak with Wah-wah, Pobolo will go and speak with you."

Lean-face looked very sad. "No," he asserted; "Wah-wah is angry from his teeth to his hands. He would put you to the never-wake-up sleep. By and by he may become kind and Lean-face will ask about you."

Pobolo was quiet.

"Then," inquired Ugwuf, "if we do all that Wah-wah says. will he be friend of us?"

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Lean-face.

"It is well," said the chief.

"And Wah-wah said, 'Lean-face shall have ten cows from Ugwuf.'"

At this there was silence. But the chief seemed willing to maintain his compact of friendship with the absent one, and repeated, "It is well. Lean-face will wear the cord of trees and come take two handsful of cows," by which latter he meant ten. "Ugwuf likes Wah-wah and likes to do as he says," added the chief.

"Ugwuf will be the better for it," replied Lean-face.

CHAPTER IV.

The moving grace of human nature is to be as unnatural as possible. When the trait is developed selfishly and for one's own peculiar amusement, it is eccentricity. When the artificial is successfully forced upon others, making them revolve around the new center of thought, the result is leadership. This is the demand for power. It takes form variously, under many pretexts and precepts, for instances, in the father of a family, the employer, the school

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master, the exalted master of a secret society, the judge, the jailer, the general, and the king. Now and then the satellites move away, yet reorganize themselves in other orbits with a different name in the center of the system.

Royalty is the soul materialized in gold and purple. It is an extension of the inmost self upon the wills of others. The performance is so beautiful that the others forget their spiritual subjection in admiration of the imperial weapons. This is as it should be. For there must be one acknowledged supreme in order to suppress the turbulent supremacies in others. Besides, if a man would not endure being a servant, he must go and be a king. The only way to escape all is to subjugate all.

"I am king," say I.

"You are king," say they.

"Nay; I am not king because you say it, but because I will it. Therefore, I shall be a despot, inflicting you with continual evidence of me royal."

It is thus that he thinks. It is thus, knows he that understands the entrails of the soul.

There is one king; yet there are many tiny images of his power. For we give devotion to riches, influence, patronage, credits, reputes, fames, honors, notes. And some among these arise to assert, "My kingdom is greater than the king's."

In Ugwuf of the Heaviest Spear was the reign of the arm. The arm was crowned before the diadem was removed to the head. Muscle wore its armlet before the jeweled symbol of authority was raised upon the brain. Ugwuf collected as many privileges as his rugged head could devise. He mastered well the rudiments of the age.

His will and its execution slept and flew in his spear. Then came Pobolo, who had only words for his weapon. Ugwuf by force, Pobolo maintained himself by wisdom. Ugwuf had strength; Pobolo directed it. The latter's greed for authority was satisfied with its own means of acquisition. Ugwuf called Pobolo his Fat Speaker. Unto his Fat Speaker he was the Ignorant Fighter.

Now, with the division of these matters between the king and his minister of State, it seemed as if there were no other glory left for the all-as-rapacious Lean-face. But this advanced mind soon discovered a basis of supremacy great as, or greater than, any known; to wit, the unknown.

Every one beheld Ugwuf's courage; they came to know Pobolo's sagacity. And now, as against these, appears Lean-face with his dependence upon matters which none of them could behold or know. It was at first puzzling, even to Lean-face, that the more the tribe was puzzled the more it was delighted; the less it knew the less it doubted.

Devoutly interested in these traits, Lean-face was the first to touch with subtle finger the fonder places of the human heart. Ugwuf signified force; Pobolo had made words forcible; Lean-face made words fascinating.

As he was interested in the innovation, constantly he applied new tests and satisfactions of it. He interfered with every habit of the tribe, and gave it customs instead, conformable to some plan or virtue or emolument.

When a child was born, it was Lean-face who was asked whether Wah-wah welcomed it to the use of Wah-wah's fire. When a tribesman died, Lean-face assisted at the burial, for it was Wah-wah's will that the dead be inhumed; otherwise they would return and annoy their brethren. Everything belonged to Wah-wah, for he had the power of destroying everything. He had invented fire that could burn up the forests, frighten away the game and consume the fruits, as once it did. Mountains had been mountains before this falsifier came into power; now they were the abode of Wah-wah. Lean-face had turned the world into a stamping ground for the imagination. He falsified the earth with thought. He gave mind its first apple to eat.

He loved to intimidate his assembly. The king could make them cower by pointing his spear; the statesman, by threatening to inform the king. The friend of Wah-wah could terrify his fellows by telling them of extravagant acts which they begged him not to perform.

One of his actual feats had a beneficial effect. Taking the head of a cow, he scraped out the interior and walked about with his own head within. The result

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was a panic. He spoke through the cow's mouth and pretended to gore with the horns. The spectators fell to earth and writhed in fear.

To remove the mask, Lean-face returned to his cave, for he knew enough of illusion not to become himself again in their presence.

Subsequently he was minded to go further than that, by scraping the flesh from the whole carcass. He set his woman to the task. When she had divested the meat from half of the skin and hair, Lean-face, observing the thick texture of the hide, reflected that it could be stripped from the body instead of gouging out the interior. The flaying was readily accomplished. Then he slew the woman that she might not divulge the secret process and the manner of its evolvement.

With this novelty, he went to the king.

"Wah-wah came to me in the night," said Lean-face, "and showed me this: to take the hair from cow. See all hair. Wah-wah says, when Ugwuf fights, Ugwuf wear cow's head and hair. It is good to take food from enemies when Ugwuf is hungry and does not like long fight. Everybody run fast away."

The king, who had been growing suspicious of Lean-face's arbitrary methods, now underwent a renewal of faith and gave the theologian full rights to experiment on the royal herd. Ugwuf was about to engage in another war; for he and his subjects had done more eating than breeding of the useful fool-beast, and scouts were out to observe if there were any more cattle in the distance. Moreover, while the pasturing of the cattle had not yet resulted in acquiring useful arts therefrom, it had made the possessors indolent. The peaceful breeding of meat was not to Ugwuf's liking, as the rising powers of the statesman and the priest were removing the glamour from the royal spear. Ugwuf thrived on war.

However, this was not Lean-face's only achievement. It was his custom on overseeing the burial of the dead, to deposit a little wheat on the mound, in order that the dead might eat, if it had a mind to. Prior to that time there had been no planting of cereals, which grew wild, and no connection was remarked between seed and stalk. It was while inspecting one of the graves, to ascertain if the corpse had made use of the offering, that Lean-face beheld grass sprouting from the seed. It was sometime before he experimented himself into the satisfaction that this phenomenon would take place as often as desired.

When ready to inform his followers of the fact, he told them he could and would cause wheat to grow wherever they pleased provided they would bestow upon him a portion of the crop. This they were eager to do. And thus Lean-face gave the first agricultural impetus.

But he was destined to render humanity a more adorable pursuit than the stripping of hides and the planting of seeds. It was he who first removed love from the spoils of war and brawl.

There was a young man wont to visit him with drawings of spear-heads on bone. He worked with a flint-point and rubbed in the line with black ashes. He practiced his art until able to sketch animals and even men. Hugely susceptible to all of Lean-face's imaginings, unto him the sponsor of the unknown would assert his most cherished thoughts. So talented and sympathetic was the artist that sometimes the prophet confided to him the fact that everything known and unknown was not within Lean-face's knowledge. Now and then he spoke to this soulful Wansakalompo in the form of questions.

"What makes the sun come up and go down?" Lean-face once asked, not to be answered, but to confess his own ignorance.

And when Wansakalompo replied, "The sun makes himself go," the priest respected him for a deep thinker.

"What kind of people live in the water and look up at us when we look in the water?" asked Lean-face.

"Dead people come back and look at us from the water," Wansakalompo averred meditatively.

"But how do water people live in the water?"

To which Wansakalompo: "Live man is warm; dead man is cold. When a man dies, his warm goes everywhere."

"But when you, Wansakalompo, look into water, the waterman looks the same as Wansakalompo. How do you think that?"

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"I think there are two of me, and one of them goes out of me into the water and looks up and sometimes follows me in the sunlight. It cannot speak, but it wants to speak. It has the want-to-speak behind its mouth."

Even Lean-face's draught on the spiritual had been based on physical grounds. He insisted that Wah-wah was still alive. It was the soul of the artist that divined a rarer spirit. In so much that Lean-face admired him the more and admitted (to himself) that many ideas could be learned from him.

One day Wansakalompo came in a confusion of ferocity and despair. He did not speak until the friend of Wah-wah questioned.

"You know," replied the artist, "I have had only one woman. That woman is young, and I like to have her. She sweeps her hair often with the dried fish-bone. She speaks with red lips, reddest of all the women; and Red Lips I named her. She likes to dwell in my cave."

"Yes," responded Lean-face. "And what?"

"Now," said Wansakalompo, "Ugwuf takes her. To-day I passed near Ugwuf's wide cave, and Red Lips called out to me, 'Wansakalompo, come take me back.' I began to do that, when Ugwuf raised his spear. I raised mine, and all about me fell the spears of his men. I jumped behind a rock, and then, it is hard to tell why, but perhaps because I thought of you, my best friend, that I shouted loud: 'Help me, O Wah-wah!' And all the men settled back afraid. But they had hurt me here, and here. Tell me, Lean-face, that speaks with the Great Wah-wah, tell me how I can get back Red Lips, my beautiful woman. If you do not tell me, I shall let myself know the way of fighting, though I cannot fight so many, and perhaps will be cut open and bleed to die and look up at you from the cold water."

Lean-face studied the matter in silence. He foresaw that interfering between Ugwuf and a woman would be a dangerous task. He doubted whether the vicarious word of Wah-wah would be revered in that regard. On the other hand, Wansakalompo was a comrade above the ordinary. With thinking he was pleased as with food, in language he was choice with many words. He did not talk with a grunt. So Lean-face resolved his mind, bore with him the sacred sword of Wah-wah and proceeded to the king, leaving Wansakalompo to wait.

Approaching the king, Lean-face spake in sudden sorrow: 'Ugwuf, Great Ugwuf of the Flint Belt, First Hunter in the Mountains, and Chief Killer of Enemies, Lean-face is going away."

"Why?" asked the king.

"Sometimes," declared Lean-face, "when I tell Ugwuf to do, he does. Ugwuf acts my words not because of me, but because Ugwuf and Wah-wah know it is good. Now, I have to say what Ugwuf may think not good. When I say to Wah-wah, Ugwuf will not do; he will be angry with fire. And I will say, 'Burn me up, for I cannot speak to the king of what he will not do.' So now I leave, and Ugwuf himself can deal with Wah-wah. It is too much for me. Farewell."

With that he was departing, but the king recalled him. "Tell me what I will not do," he commanded.

And Lean-face resumed: "It is too much for me. It is too near to Wah-wah's best thoughts. He should tell. But, you to know before he comes, I say it —not for me to tell, but for you to know. This: When Wah-wah lived with Ainu, he liked her. When he was gone, Ainu had a son. When she lived with Botu she had a daughter. Now, Wah-wah's son caved with a woman who gave forth a son; and Ainu's daughter gave forth another daughter. And the son's women bore sons, and the daughters bore daughters for their men. So it was until now. When Wah-wah gave me the sword, he said: 'This picture on the sword is Wah-wah, and this one is Ainu. Sometimes, Lean-face, you will find the son's many-son and the daughter's many-daughter, living near you. Whenever you do, remember to give them this sword, and let them live together and with nobody else. For Wah-wah says it is good that he always have a many-son alive."

"Well," growled Ugwuf, "how is this to me? Have you found these two?"

"The many-son is near my cave."

"And the many-daughter?"

Lean-face did not answer.

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"And the many-daughter?" repeated the king.

"She is in your cave."

"I have many women; take the one you wish," said the king.

Lean-face clasped the hand of Red-Lips.

"Wah-wah always takes the best," sighed Ugwuf.

And Lean-face led her away.

Soon he brought the couple to the public fire. The tribesmen squatted around them.

"This is the sword of Wah-wah," exploded Lean-face, transported with the magnitude of his emprise. "Wah-wah looks at Wansakalompo and Red Lips, and says, 'These two are of him and Ainu. He watches over them. No other man shall take Red Lips or fight for her. She is to be for Wansakalompo even if he does not fight; even when he is too old to fight; for Wah-wah will flatten with a rock any one who steals Red-Lips."

"Wansakalompo, you know this?"

"Yes."

"Red-Lips, you know this?"

"Yes."

As token of this marriage, he bestowed upon the artist the sacred relic, and the two went wondrously to their cave.

(To be Continued.)

A VISION OF HELEN

BEFORE CHAERONEA

BY ETHEL TALBOT

There came a breath as of flowers,
And over the ships and the towers,
Over the sleeping host
Came a strange, beautiful ghost.
Her eyes were like burning flame,
Burning with sorrow and shame.
    Her voice like wind in the trees,
And she wandered on through the night
A wailing presence of light,
    Over the ships to the seas.
But one of the host awoke,
His thin voice trembled and broke—
He said: 'Tis to burn and destroy,
He said: It is Helen of Troy.

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A BEAT ON EL CORREO

BY WALTER ADOLF ROBERTS

DON LUIS ROMERO pushed back the papers on his desk and turned ponderously to face the young man who was seated at his elbow.

"No, Caballero," he said. "It cannot be. Can you not see it for yourself? You are an American—I am a Puerto Rican. Inez should marry one of her own people. But, I could pass that by were it not for the newspaper. Your business day by day is to oppose me, to get—what do you call them, the 'beats?' How can you think that Inez could become the wife of a man who is paid to damage her father's business?"

"But, Senor," protested the young man, dismayed, "how can I do *El Correo* any harm? The Gatherer is an American newspaper; yours is printed in Spanish. We have a different class of readers. The news that I report is read only by the American residents."

His eyes were cast moodily down, and he missed the twinkle that for a moment lit those of Don Luis.

"Ah, bueno, Senor Grant, but you Americanos, you are teaching my people your language. It will not be long before our own children forget their father's tongue. But I will say no more. You have been in San Juan three months, is it not? As yet you have not had much time to injure El Correo. Within a month I will see you again and then we will decide the matter. It is useless to say more. Adios, adios! See, I bear you no ill-will. Here is my hand."

Grant was at first inclined to ignore what he regarded as a piece of hypocrisy, but thinking better of it, he took Romero's hand, and drawing himself up very stiff and erect, walked out into the street.

It was with reflections that were none the pleasantest that he went about his work for the remainder of that day. Was ever a man called upon to endure such injustice as this, he brooded. He loved Inez and Inez loved him. His people at home were wealthy; he was chief reporter on The Gatherer, and well able to support a wife. Surely in this languid Southern land the last thing he could have expected to encounter was a commercialism demanding more than this. Yet from Don Luis had come what amounted to a demand that he desert the life's work he had adopted and turn, he supposed, to planting, or anything else that would be certain not to harm the circulation of El Correo. He might marry Inez and take his wife home; but no, Inez had told him that she could never stand the Northern winter. They would have to find some other way.

But from Inez, when he broached the matter that evening, he received small encouragement.

She had stolen out to meet him in their old trysting place, a garden seat that was almost hidden by clinging white jasmine, and was so deep in the shadow of a blossom-laden orange tree that the eyes of even the keenest of duenas could be trusted to pass it by unnoticed.

"Vida mia," he whispered in reply to the thousand sweet Spanish names she had murmured with lips against his ear. "You will not let anything come between us, little one! But what will you say when I tell you that your father has refused his blessing?"

She drew back slightly from him, and with head on hand listened to the recital of the morning's events.

Then her laugh rang out musical and clear.

"That is not much," she answered him. "We will not cease to love, but we will wait the month and then we will see.

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Is not that what you say: 'We will see?'" Nor could he get from her another word of encouragement though their little tendernesses lasted long into the quiet West Indian night.

"She does not understand," Grant told himself bitterly. "She thinks that I will give up my work, but that I will never do. We can find some other way."

It was two days later that McPherson, the Scotch editor, gave the young reporter the most important assignment that had come his way since his conversation with Don Luis. At Madreluna, a town in the mountains seventy miles away, there was a mass meeting to be held in connection with the nomination of a delegate to Congress.

It was Saturday, and Grant had barely the time to catch the last train that would run to Madreluna until the following Monday. In the car with him he found Diego Romero, a nephew of his prospective father-in-law, who wrote for El Correo, and who had been sent to report the mass meeting for the Spanish newspaper. Professionally they knew each other, and it was not long before they were fraternizing over a couple of black native brevas.

"So El Correo does not intend to be left this time," remarked Grant.

"No, but this is easy. There is no 'beat' for either of us in this, amigo. The people of Madreluna are not very original. They will probably clamor for Francisco Vaz. He is what you call a safe politician. Garcia has no chance, and even if they do the unexpected and swing over to the negro Alvarez, the best we can get in tomorrow's paper will be a telegram."

"I suppose so. There is not the opportunity in this that there was in the murder case at Ponce, eh?"

Romero flushed with chagrin as he remembered the defeat he had suffered a month before when Grant had succeeded in obtaining for The Gatherer the details of the most sensational murder that had been committed in years. He had sought those details himself, but had failed miserably and had called down on his head the full vials of his uncle's wrath.

"Very well," he said irritably. "You do not choose to forget old stories. It is true. I have a score against you and I am willing to wager fifty dollars that I'll go a long way towards wiping it out to-day. If I do not have the better story of the two in print on Tuesday morning I'll acknowledge you to be my superior with pleasure. Is that a bet?"

"Done!" cried Grant, and as the puffing, sweating locomotive drew up at the Madreluna station they shook hands over it, and with a new interest created, stepped out on to the platform.

In the town hall that afternoon they sat together at the reporters' table and listened to the fiery eloquence of the local politicians. The negroes far outnumbered the whites in this mountain district, but they were inclined to be submissive. Spanish rule had not been of the kind to teach them that their votes had much weight, and the endorsement of the white planter Vaz seemed certain. As the afernoon wore on, however, a negro lawyer rose to address the house. He was persuasive of tongue, and in a short time had the attention of the colored voters attracted to his programme. He recommended the endorsement of Alvarez—"the only man who could faithfully represent a community like their's in the great forum of the nation." The proceedings began to look exciting, and the reporters saw visions of a half page story in place of the single column they had anticipated, for even the endorsement of a negro would cause a big flutter in the island. Half an hour later the mass meeting recommended the candidacy of Alvarez by a large majority.

Shoulder to shoulder Grant and Romero pushed their way through the crowd towards the telegraph station. Every journalistic instinct in the former was aroused—the memory of the old days in New York came back to him, and with every nerve a-tingle he swore under his breath that he would score a "beat" on El Correo that would make every newspaper reader in Puerto Rico sit up and take notice. Ah, if he were only on Park Row now! He felt that it would be easy to have an extra in the hands of the newsboys before the sleepy West Indian had finished writing his introduction. But here in Madreluna, what could he do? They would wire practically the same news back to San Juan, and for full de-

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tails the public would have to wait until Tuesday morning. The last train had left for the capital hours ago, nor would there be another before Monday.

Suddenly, however, an inspiration came to him. It was the sight of Romero lounging towards the hotel after they had despatched their messages that offended his sense of the fitness of things to the endurance limit.

"Does that fellow deserve to be called a reporter?" he asked himself indignantly. He would doubtless take a siesta until supper time, sleep until ten o'clock the next morning, write his report some time during the day, and kill the time with cocktails and cigars while he waited for the morning train. Surely there was some way of getting to San Juan first! Yes, by thunder, he had it. It was seventy miles over a rough road, but men had ridden that distance on horseback before, and why could not he?

His mind once made up, Grant laid his plans craftily. Passing Romero in the hall, he hailed the West Indian pleasantly.

"Hola, Amigo! I am going upstairs to write. You know my plan. I never wait until the first impression has had time to wear off."

"Bueno, bueno! I will wait until tomorrow. Where is the hurry? Sleep the night, say I, over even the smallest matter."

At supper, however, Grant again accosted his rival. The closely written report lay against his breast, but he blandly remarked:

"The afternoon was too warm, and I did no work. I shall not be able to play cards with you to-night, as I shall remain in my room and get my story ready."

Romero protested. He had looked forward to a quiet evening over the cards, and failed to appreciate the American's uncalled-for energy. Grant, however, was obdurate and retraced his steps to his room, leaving strict injunctions with the hotel attendants that he should not be disturbed before the next morning.

It was while he made his final preparations that a new aspect of the case presented itself. What would the editor of El Correo say when he found his paper so badly left behind, and all on account of the man who sought his daughter's hand. Would not his chances of winning Inez be ruined forever? Grant's resolution was shaken. For the space of a few minutes the lover and the reporter struggled for supremacy in his mind. The result was a victory for the latter accompanied by a concession to the former. He would ride to San Juan with his story, and Inez, why Inez would admire his dash so much that she would marry him with or without her father's consent.

A quarter of an hour later Grant slipped out of the hotel and made his way to a livery stable at the further end of the town. Here he hired a mountain pony that could be depended upon for endurance.

The southern moonlight shone softly down upon him as he rode out of Madreluna. He went slowly at first, for the roads were bad and he had twenty miles to cover before he would leave the mountains behind him and settle down to the fifty miles 'cross country dash that would bring him to San Juan. The road was crowded with parties of native men and women returning from the mass meeting or from the weekly market that is a feature of all the smaller Puerto Rican towns. They were chatting merrily, and never failed to hail him a pleasant "Buenas Noches" as he passed. Later the travelers he met were more silent. The solemnity of the tropical night had exerted its influence upon them, and the only sounds that passed their lips were an occasional Spanish strain, sung quaveringly to keep away the ghosts.

At Santa Catalina, a little village on the shoulder of the mountain range, he stopped and rested his horse. The main building was a retail store, in which one could obtain any small need from a drink of rum to a pair of shoe-laces. Grant did not leave the saddle, but drew up in front of the store and sat there with the reins hanging loose on his mount's neck. Horse and man and building were buried deep in the shadow of a clump of bananas. The broad leaves swished slowly from side to side, and ever and anon a moonbeam struck down upon them, danced unsteadily from side to side and disappeared. From every direction came the croaking of a multitude of tree-frogs, varied now and then by the hoot of an owl or the

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shrill screeching of a cricket.

The proprietor of the store lounged to the door and opened it. Grant hailed him and enquired if he were on the right road to San Juan.

"The road to San Juan!" exclaimed the man, astonished. "Yes, but does the Senor ride to San Juan tonight? Does he know that it is more than fifty miles away?"

"Yes, he knows it," bantered the reporter gaily. "He has promised an adorable Senorita who lives on the Calle de Buena Esperanza that he will kiss her before the sunlight has dried the dew tomorrow morning."

"Of a truth, the Gringo is mad!" muttered the philosopher of the hills solemnly. "That one should ride fifty miles to please a foolish girl! There are kisses to be had in Santa Catalina, Senor."

"There are none I would exchange for the one I seek," shouted Grant, as he dug his spurs into his horse's flank and rode on.

He did not draw rein again until the last slope had been descended, and in the brilliant moonlight he saw the savannahs rolling away into the distance.

It was then past midnight, and for the sake of horse and rider he decided to break the journey for an hour or two. Some twenty feet from the side of the road an enormous silk cotton tree reared its head into the sky. Between its buttressed roots he knew he would find shelter, so making his way to the spot, he hobbled his horse and threw himself down on the ground to sleep.

Three hours later he awoke, re-saddled and pursued his way.

The air smote keen and fresh on his face. A breath of life, of youth, in these clear morning hours greeted every sense. It was magnificent, exhilarating, as mile after mile he sped on. The sun rose and shone brilliantly down upon the fields of sugar cane that flanked the road on either side. Behind him lay the mountains, great masses of blue against the sky.

As the day crept on, the dew that had lain heavily on the grass evaporated, and the heat rose upwards as fiercely as it beat down from the cloudless sky. Horse and man drooped visibly. But only thirty miles had been covered. There were forty miles more to go, and he must have ten miles more behind him before he could afford to change his mount.

At a little wayside tavern he at length paused for the double purpose of eating and obtaining a new horse. The former was easy of accomplishment, but the latter delayed the reporter longer than he had anticipated. The proprietor had a horse, but he was not willing to hire it out. He might never see it again, he averred. Who could tell what a crazy Americano would do, who rode towards San Juan this hot Sunday morning when he should be attending Mass. The sight of ten good American dollars, however, overcame his reluctance. That, anyway, was nearly half the value of his shaky steed. So he transferred the saddle from the weary pony and Grant rode swiftly on.

The sun was still high in the sky when he galloped over the San Antonio Bridge into San Juan. Down the street he sped, scattering the crowds of dirty beggars and half-naked children, until at length he drew rein before the office of The Gatherer.

McPherson, the Scotch editor, was lolling back before a window as Grant dashed in. His lips parted in an exclamation of surprise, but the young man, drawing the report from his breast pocket, threw it on the desk and spoke first.

"We beat El Correo by a day," he cried. "Diego Romero is still in Madreluna, and cannot get ahead of us now."

A slow smile passed over McPherson's face.

"Young man," he said, with eyes that twinkled humorously, "I did no' tell ye to be here on the Sabbath day. Our friends in San Juan would no' have been deesappointed."

"I learned my business on Park Row, sir," answered Grant, simply.

* * * *

The appearance of The Gatherer the following morning with a full account of the proceedings at Madreluna caused a mild flutter among the English-speaking residents of San Juan. Nor did it pass unnoticed among the Spanish population. True, the news was not of immense importance, but a beat was a beat, and all newspaper men were naturally eaten up with envy. It was with a swagger of sat-

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isfaction that Grant covered his daily route in search of news. His heart, however, experienced a strange sensation of instability when a few days later he encountered Don Luis in the vicinity of the office of El Correo. He had met Inez secretly, of course, and had enjoyed to the full the sweet mead of praise and admiration to which he had looked forward from the first as his greatest reward. But an encounter with inamorata's father he somehow wished to avoid.

He turned to make his escape, but Don Luis perceived him, and with an elaborate salute so clearly indicated a desire to speak with him that Grant found himself obliged to cross the Calle with the best grace possible, and walk with Romero towards the latter's office.

"Did you know," said the editor, easily, "that Diego writes no more for El Correo?"

"I am sorry to hear it. We wagered fifty dollars on that little affair at Madreluna, but I did not mean to compass his ruin."

"He compassed his own ruin. Do you think, Senor, that I too could not have ridden to San Juan, or that I could not have suggested to my esteemed relative that he should do the same? But no, El Correo needed an assistant editor and I a son-in-law. There were two applicants for the latter position and but one for the former. But, to myself I said: 'He who gets one gets both.' What do you say, you Americanos—'Let the best man win?' Well, Puerto Rico is American now. That will do for all of us."

Grant flushed with rage as he learned for the first time of the rival he had had in Diego Romero for the hand of Inez. Then, as he realized the full meaning of Don Luis's words, he turned and faced the latter.

"But I—I," he stammered, "I did that for which you most condemned me. You cannot think me capable of helping you on El Correo."

"Your knowledge of Spanish, Senor, is excellent, for an American. That I always knew, but I did not know of what else you were capable. I do not think you will want to "beat" El Correo another time; and Inez, well, I will reconsider what I said about waiting for a month before deciding. Inez is old enough to decide for herself."

TWILIGHT IN THE HILLS

BY MARY J. ELMENDORF

Like sudden shadows from a summer cloud
On shining seas of wheat, Dusk trails her wings
Across the mellow West and open flings
The purple wickets of the night; dark-browed
And circling, lie the hills, wrapped in their shroud
Of blue till Morn her golden scabbard brings
To sheath the crescent moon that slowly swings
Adown the quiet sky. With peace endowed
And Grace, as Somnus' wand with slumberous dew,
The hour whispers my soul and day-cares die;
The simple harmonies of Nature claim
An elemental strength, sweeping my view,
While human limitations fade, and strong and high
The smouldering heart within me leaps to flame.

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THE REHABILITATING OF BUCK SMITH

BY WALTER ARCHER FROST



IT WAS ABOUT an hour past sun-up when they reached San Peto and delivered up the herd.

The last three days had been the worst ones in the drive, for the thermometer had stuck around 120, and the desert dust had risen in suffocating clouds from the feet of the 4,000 steers. So, when they were paid off, they made a break for the nearest thirst-morgue and pretty generally went to work.

Buck left them for a moment to get a cup of coffee in a cafe, for, he said, that laid a good foundation, and then he'd join them. They didn't want any foundation, they said, and he told them they didn't need to wait.

At the cafe he got his coffee, and then a man invited him to try a strictly local drink.

Buck said he didn't care how local it was, provided it was wet. It was very wet, and he approved of it. "My name is Buck Smith," he said, as he sat down at one of the tables, "and you can bring me about six of those."

When the six were gone, Buck came to the conclusion that money was worth only what it would buy, and he bought, on that basis, the strictly local drink.

After an hour, he made the discovery that the whole shop was his.

After another hour he leaned back in his chair, threw more money across the bar, and confessed that he owned the town. And at the end of the third hour he became conscious that he owned the world.

Each acquisition had given him new dignity, and he haughtily turned his back upon the crowd. It occurred to him that, even them, their manner bordered on the familiar; he frowned until he became utterly unapproachable.

Then he raised himself impressively from the table and three chairs which had supported him, cast one Jove-like glance at the common herd before him, and went loftily out to regard the common herd outside.

Being in absolute possession of the universe, he thought that he ought not to confine his attention to one place, and he therefore moved; and, as he moved, from the almost inconceivable altitude of his superiority Buck Smith looked down.

A circus occupied one of the sun-baked squares, and he strode thither, scurging every one and everything with scornful glance.

The largest crowd was before a table, behind which a man was seated, "working" the shells; that is, the operator placed first one shell and then another over a single pea, and the on-lookers bet against him as to the shell which he allowed to stay over it.

Buck Smith observed that, almost invariably, the operator won. At this, he threw back his shoulders until his chest was nearly horizontal with the ground, and frowned even more majestically: poor, dull-witted simpletons that they were, these people could not see the trick. Since all people were his slaves, their loss was his, and he commanded them to desist.

But they answered him lightly, and some, who had seen him at the cafe, went further: "Shut up! Get out! Go and sleep it off. You're plumb drunk, Buck Smith!"

"Drunk!" And "Buck Smith." That showed him that they were drunk and that their names were Smith. But he was increasingly surprised that no one seemed aware of who or what *he* was. Then, suddenly he understood it! It was not un-

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common for rulers now and then to go among their subjects incognito, and that was just what he was doing now. He would tell them later, but for a time he would keep his disguise, and it was absolute. As their ruler, he was, however, incensed against the man who was deceiving them, and he decided to expose the operator's foolish game before their eyes.

Striding grandly to the table, he cast down a handful of bills: "The pea is beneath that one," he thundered, regally indicating a certain shell. The operator looked at him. "Are you sure," he laughed. "It is there," decreed Buck Smith. "It can be only there," and he hurled down another roll of bills.

"Any other bets?" asked the operator. Then, no one answering: "It's a pleasant day, but some rain wouldn't hurt a bit." As he spoke he raised the shell Buck Smith had bet on, and there was nothing under it. With a swift but easy motion he gathered in Buck's bills, then, as he threw the shells leisurely, he drawled again: "Come on and make your bets!"

For a moment, Buck Smith stood stunned, and even raised his right hand to his head. He would have spoken, but he didn't know what to say. King though he was, he had bet on the wrong shell; it was astounding, but his eyes had been deceived just as those of his subjects had.

But, though he had been deceived, one defeat did not conquer him, and he decided to remedy his mistake: he would watch the operator's movements carefully, evolve a system, and that perfected, bet once more, and this time make the man's humiliation complete.

Quite on the spur of the moment, he threw his arm around a near-by pole of the main tent, still further supporting it by leaning against it with his chest; this minimized the effort of standing and gave his eye a rock-like steadiness, and from there he followed every pass that the operator made.

He saw that it was quite simple, after all: the man pushed the pea to the left with the shell he held in his right hand, and to the right with the shell he held in his left; after every third push with his left hand he caught the pea with the middle shell and made believe that he had rolled it from that to the shell that was at his right, but it was always left under the middle shell; that is, almost always, for sometimes the operator varied it, and it was in pursuit of this variety that Buck Smith's "system," almost completed, was at work.

At last he solved it: the last six passes that the operator made were only feints, made to mislead the eye. Buck knew it was six, for he had counted them a great many times. That was the number of fake passes, so all he had to do was count back six, and he would have the shell that held the pea. Counting back that way would be confusing, but, after a while, he had solved that, too: all he had to do to get the right count was to stand rigid and shut his eyes.

He could not lose now, and he was just about to bet, when the operator again addressed the crowd: "Just to show you I ain't working a flim-flam game, I'm going to turn my back, and when you've picked your shells, just sing out, and I'll turn around."

Good as his word, the operator turned. As he did so, a wiry man in the regulation cowboy rig slipped through from the outskirts of the crowd to the table's edge, lifted first one and then another shell, until he found where the pea was, then covered it again, and as silently resumed his place.

A noiseless laugh went up from those who saw it. But there was nothing said.

"All right, pardner," some one called out. The operator faced them again. "I did what I said I would. Now make your bets."

There was no hesitation this time, for every man bet on the shell under which they had seen the pea lying; that is, the second shell to the left.

Buck bet on that one, too, though his "system" had said that the pea was under the *third* shell to the left. The miscalculation was his own fault, he knew; he had opened his eyes too soon.

"Any more bets?" droned the operator. There was a heavy silence, during which he turned to raise the shell, and a groan of surprise went up, for the pea was discovered not under the second, but under the *first* shell to the left.

The crowd pressed forward, then sagged speechlessly back, apparently the most puz-

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zled of them all the wiry man who had slipped through from the outskirts of the crowd.

Buck Smith was baffled; his knees shook and he wondered when his head had begun to ache. He turned away blindly, his senses reeling so that he did not feel them shoulder him this way and that as he staggered through the crowd.

It was not the loss of the money which preyed so upon him; it was the shock to his station and prestige; what sort of a King was he, if he fell by the same trick that had deceived the common herd? Who would do him homage! How would he—— His elevation was now less lofty, but he still knew who he was.

With no definite direction, he walked down the dusty street. The by-standers jeered him, and he was still further discouraged by the fact that no withering retort occurred to him.

"What's the matter," he wondered, unconscious that he spoke aloud. A cowboy who had been racing toward him forced his horse back upon its haunches, simultaneously anchoring it by throwing its reins forward over its head. "The matter with you, Buck Smith, is just bad alcohol. I've been hunting for you two hours," the big cowboy said.

Buck met the speaker's eyes blankly, then tottered, and the other sprang forward just in time to catch him in his arms: "Poor old Buck, you don't know even Dead River Colby, your old pardner. Straighten that homely phiz of yours, you damned Greaser," continued Colby to a strolling Mexican, who was looking on amused; "just as he is, he's twice as much man as you. Hide now, or I'll wake him and tell him where you are!" The man obeyed, and in a cloud of dust, Dead River's buckskin carried Buck and his pardner into privacy.

It was three hours later that Buck Smith awoke: "Look here, old horse!" he said to the attendant Dead River, "I've sure had the all-firedest dream."

"Don't bother giving it to me again. I know all about it, for you talked some for about the first hour you was asleep. I know about how it was. Got that way onct myself; it was somewhere round this part of the country, too; comes from the dope they sell down here. You're going to shake this locality with me, and we won't come back again. We'll slide out in about half an hour from now. In the meantime we're going to round up that confederate you told about."

"Confederate?"

"Of course," said Dead River, calmly, "that chap who stood in with the man that worked the shells, showed where the pea was, I mean, when the operator's back was turned."

Buck stared. "Say, I must have been pretty bad off not to have thought of that!"

"You were. It wasn't such a bad game, though, and it seems you wasn't the only one who didn't see through it. Come along. If we get a wiggle on we ought to be able to locate that wiry chap."

It was a much-relieved Buck Smith that followed Dead River down the street, and they found the crowd still there, the operator still mechanically encouraging them to "make their bets."

"Presently," said Dead River. Then, in a whisper to Buck: "Just squint your lamps around and point the fellow out!"

"That's him," Buck replied, and in another moment they were beside the operator's ally.

"You're covered," breathed Dead River. "We've got you spotted, and you are going to go up there again, as soon as that fellow's back is turned. You're going *now*," and as he spoke, he pressed the muzzle of his Colt against the other's side. "Get a move on, and find the pea, but this time you know you're going to let it stay where it is!"

The crowd understood, though they said nothing. As soon as the operator turned his back, the wiry man, now white-faced, and wearing his cowboy clothes more awkwardly, went to the table and began to lift the shells.

"Go careful," warned Dead River. The man swiftly raised all of them, and not one shell held the pea.

"Of course not," said Dead River, "but you've got half a dozen in your pocket. Get busy now and *stick one under each one of the shells*. There, you can trot back now, and stand in front of my pardner. He'll cover you, remember. I'm going to stay here and keep an eye on your brother in the chair."

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The operator turned slowly; he may or may not have guessed, but there was little color in his face.

"Have you all picked your shells, gentlemen?"

"I guess so," replied Dead River, pointing to the table, which was covered with bags of dust and rolls of bills. "Yes, we're all ready. It's up to you. Now go ahead!"

It is not likely that the "shell" game was ever worked with such results before. Even then the operator might have balked, but after one look at Dead River, who stood directly before him, grim, clear-eyed and truculent, the man lifted each shell and every bet was paid.

"It's just that I 'saw' you and went you two or three better," Dead River Colby explained. "And now it ain't necessary for you to stay here any longer, as I look at it. But say, don't never come up into Arizona, for that boy," indicating Buck Smith, "and I'll be there!"

Buck turned. "Back to Arizona, is it, Dead River?"

"Yes. You see I've got some money, and it looks like this deal had rehabilertated you. And they's a nice, tidy ranch up there I happen to know's for sale."

ISHMAEL

BY MYRTLE CONGER

Of all the plans I've ever made,
Not one has ever come to pass;
For always mine that wanton slip
That hangs between the cup and lip.
And though the price I've always paid,
I never yet have clinked the glass
Nor, of the wine, have had a sip.
E'en though I feast the merry horde,
Yet, hungry, I must leave the board;
And oh, I know that, joyously,
They quaff their wine, forgetting me.

I never yet a hope have held
Within my secret heart of hearts,
And watched for its first blossoming
But that it died before the spring,
And all my cherished hopes dispelled—
Despite the care of all my arts,—
And left behind a hopeless sting.
And, ever others gather flowers;
While I find only wintry hours;
For me, each joy slips, mocking, by;
And every hope blooms but to die!

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IN DAYS OF GUN PLAYS

BY WILL F. GRIFFIN



T WAS DOWN in Tombstone. The day had been blistering hot, and we were sitting in front of the Grand Central Hotel enjoying the night air.

"When it comes to rapid gun plays, I makes just two exceptions to my old friend and bunkie, Bill Cummings," said the Major, as he dropped a pinch of tobacco in a slip of brown paper and deftly rolled a cigarette. "Them two are Wild Bill Hickok and the Apache Kid.

"Of course," went on the Major, "there may have been others, but if so I never met up with them. Gun plays ain't fashionable nowadays, so I reckon you-all don't know much about them. But it don't require no mental effort on my part to recall the time when a man had to be mighty careful what pocket he carried his tobacco in. To reach for tobacco in a hip pocket looked suspicious, leastwise in the midst of an argument. I recalls more than one man who had to quit the trail from an overdose of cold lead because of just such carelessness.

"In the old days of Abilene and Dodge a man wasn't expected to do much with his hands in a bar-room outside of reachin' in his *front* pocket for the price of his obligation at the bar. Beyond that he was looked on with suspicion, unless, of course, he was known as a peaceful character, as was my friend Bill Cummings, drunk or sober. Sober, Bill would sit quietly in a corner of a dance hall and take in the proceedings with all the enjoyment of a ten-year-old kid. Somehow, the scratching of the fiddles always had a peculiar influence on Bill. He didn't want to dance, didn't want to drink, and didn't care for no rough house. He just wanted to sit in an out-of-the-way corner and let the music soak into his soul. And as for talkin', Bill was a second cousin to a clam. I used to think sometimes he was tongue-tied. But he wasn't. Not a bit. It was just his way.

"In his cups he differed from the sober Bill just in one respect. He always imagined somebody was insulting his friends. He would take all sorts of insults about himself and smile 'em off in a weak-fashioned way; but the minute Bill imagined any of his friends were gettin' the worst of it, his eyes would begin to glisten. Likewise his trigger finger would get itchy. 'Trigger finger' ain't quite appropriate in this case, because there wasn't any trigger on Bill's gun. To have to pull a trigger in a quick gun play was too slow work, so Bill had that obstacle removed. You-all recalls that the Apache Kid got wise to that time-saving scheme some time before the sheriff caught him with his guard down. You know how it works, don't you? You merely pulls the hammer back at the same time you pulls your gun, then when you get your bead you let her flicker. And right here let me say that Bill's long suit was in having the hammer back before the muzzle of his gun was out of the holster.

"Bill was what you-all from the East would call a bad man, but he never picked a fight in his life. None whatever. And as I before remarked he would go to the limit before making any resentment, especially sober. And then if he made a gun play, nine times out of ten it was in behalf of his friends.

"Him and me drifted into Dodge one night just about the time when the evening was getting ripe. We had been on the round-up with the Circle Bar outfit, and had two months' pay in our pockets. Like all self-respecting cow-punchers whose throats had become clogged with alkalai dust, we had a wild yearning to let our lips slip over five fingers of the villainous stuff that was supposed to make a man feel like a mine owner and forget his troubles. We ties our cayuses in front of the Green Light dance hall, and

straightway proceeds to let the barkeep in on the secret that we have got coin in our jeans and a burning thirst. In two minutes that barkeep had on a clean apron and had forgotten that there was anybody in the house but me and Bill.

"In about fifteen minutes we had seven adult potions of raw alcohol, glycerine and burnt sugar stowed under our belts, and, personally, I wasn't avoiding no excitement. As usual, Bill was quiet. I leaves him standin' at the bar, while I goes over and proceeds to advance some superior and unasked for knowledge about a faro game running directly opposite the bar on the other side of the room. I stands there fifteen or twenty minutes, making casual remarks, when I am informed quietly but firmly by the dealer that my opinions and presence are not exactly essential to the welfare and pleasure of the game. At which I laughs sneeringly and remarks that he ain't dealing a square game. All this time Bill is standing at the bar with his back to us, talkin' with a friend, apparently with no interest in the doings. It was right here that he shows his dexterity with his shooting iron. No self-respecting faro dealer in those days would take a remark like mine without resentment, and the words were no sooner out of my mouth than I hears a click and sees a gleam of blued steel pointed in my direction. But quick as he was, Bill was quicker. He had been watching the proceedings in the glass behind the bar. Before Mr. Dealer's finger could press the trigger there was a report and a puff of smoke from where Bill was standing. A pistol fell to the floor, and a right wrist was shattered.

"Before I could realize what had happened Bill was tugging at my left sleeve and whispering 'vamos' in my ear. We sneaks out *muy pronto,* and mounts our cayuses. But we don't take the regular trail back to the outfit that night. No sir-ee. We takes a round-about way over the range.

"He was sure quick with a gun, wasn't he?" I said. "Whatever became of your friend?"

"Bill's a quiet, white-haired old man now. Remember the bartender in the hotel who waited on us just before supper?"

I nodded.

"That's Bill."



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TO THE DREAMERS OF DREAMS

BY HARRY COWELL

Oh, dreamer! there is work to do,
  And yet I pause to ask of thee:
Is any land where dreams come true?

Thy days, for all that days be few,
  Thou spendest but in reverie.
Oh, dreamer! there is work to do.

Thine eyes upon the distant view
  Are fixed—what Blessed Isles to see?
Is any land where dreams come true?

Dost mind how thorns and thistles grew?
  How bread sweat-bitter came to be?
Oh, dreamer! there is work to do.

The hours they fly not as they flew
  In Eden over hearts sin-free.
Is any land where dreams come true?

Because of what they lost, the two
  That dreamt of godlike destiny,
Oh, dreamer! there is work to do.
Is any land where dreams come true?



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TINSEL PATRIOTISM

BY BARNETT FRANKLIN



E ARE a country-loving people, we Americans, and the great majority of us is possessed of a goodly quota of patriotism. Which is a glorious thing. I would be the last person in the length and breadth of the nation to find fault with such an excellent condition of affairs. I believe in patriotism as well as the next fellow, and the fellow after him. There is no more loyal admirer of his own United States, or of its banner and what it stands for, than my humble self.

Which little explanatory paragraph is here above set forth in order to place myself right as to what follows. The true patriot inspires my most sincere and unbounded admiration. I believe in him. He is a big unit in that which goes to make up the bone and sinew of the nation. However, there is a form of patriotism that jars my generally reposeful soul and sets it on edge—if such a thing as the latter is possible. Patriotism that is born of the heart and the emotions is, to repeat, the finest sort of an asset for a true citizen, but there is another brand. I refer to what I have elected to term "tinsel patriotism," a patriotism that is not even skin-deep, that is superficial and ungenuine. Tinsel patriotism is indulged in by certain kinds of people at all places and at all times. We find exhibitions of it at political meetings, where it is generally brought out through the power of some cheap demagogue, and we meet with it most everywhere.

But it is chiefly in the playhouse that I have seen the tinsel patriot at his worst. The theatre-going patriot is the most zealous of the lot. He dearly loves the flag, which is right and proper as should be, but the tinsel patriot is afraid that you are not aware of this love of his. Perforce he must enlighten you. And he is not modest about his ways and means, either. It is a disease that is practically incurable—not that we care so much about that, but we do wish some of its manifestations were.

To the tinsel patriot Old Glory is the star performer behind the footlights. Select any week's bill in any vaudeville theatre in the land, and a good many of the musical comedies, and you will bear me out. All that is necessary for a histrion to do in order to gain favor in the eyes of the tinsel patriot is to wave an American flag excitedly. The tinsel patriot will at once work himself into a patriotic frenzy. His palms come together with resounding beats and his hat is metaphorically in the air. He screeches and whistles and stamps and screams his delight. And—he is eminently convinced that the performer is a great artist. The tinsel patriot is *sure* of it, in fact. It does not matter that the man's act has been as bad as they make 'em—that he has given a suffering audience, we will say, twenty minutes of theatrical torture in the shape of some readings from Joe Miller's historic jest store—the fact remains that he has coyly introduced the flag into his act. Wherefore, instead of leaving the stage at the conclusion of his act with the audience in a state of icy indifference, he leaves them in a burst of applause and enthusiasm. An incapable, incompetent thespian has saved his scalp through the use of the good old Stars and Stripes. That gentleman may not be an entertainer, but circumstances prove that he has something else under his hat besides hair. Unless you happen to be a tinsel patriot yourself—and therefore look upon this screed of mine as being conceived in a sense of real treason—you too have noticed numerous instances of tinsel patriotism. There is no question but what you have.

The other day at a vaudeville show a couple of foreign acrobats did some stunts

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in mid-air that were as remarkable as any seen upon the stage in these days of startling things. The men coquetted with grim death—or, at the very least, a dislocated wish-bone—every second they were on the stage. They turned weird twisters and somersaults and did all sorts of seemingly impossible things in the ozone, and all the time they wore on their faces samples of the kind of blandishment alleged not to wear off. But the members of that audience blinked nary an eyelash. They were blase souls who had seen exhibitions of this kind weekly. It took something out of the running to wake them up, I can tell you. They required something really dextrous, as it were. A number of people visibly yawned and commenced studying the almanac jokes in the theatre programme. And then something happened. The act drew to a close. The acrobats balanced themselves on a slack wire and drew two bright flags from their bosoms and waved them at the audience. The applause was deafening. The blasé folk went wild. The students of programme humor woke up. Into that congealed atmosphere was interjected in the flash of an instant such a degree of warmth that one instinctively reached for a handkerchief to wipe away the perspiration. The acrobats had scored by the use of the unfailing device. They had hit the superficial emotions of a number of people, and received their reward. That happy little stunt of theirs had lifted them from the ranks of mediocrity to the topmost class.

I have seen instance after instance where an act was saved from flat failure simply by a use of the flag expedient. And some of these acts—a great many of them, in fact—were of a very high standard and should have been successful because of their intrinsic merit. They needed the flag, alas, to corral the proper proportion of applause, and that is the way the worth of most acts is measured in vaudeville by the manager. And a good many of the acts were bad, hopelessly bad, and it would have been merciful for both audience and performer if the "hook" had been used at the start. But again the flag saved them. A single reference to the "Star Spangled Banner," or a dance step executed to that glorious air, was all that was necessary. The tinsel patriot had another inning.

Tinsel patriot, O tinsel patriot, have you ever considered what a sublime idiot the performer with the flag is making of you? Did you ever stop to figure out that it is far from being a matter of patriotism with him? That when he Yankee Doodles it is not because he is swelling to the larynx with pent-up enthusiasm and must get it out of his system or expire, but because he is a business man? That is the reason, my friend, that is the reason. He is using you, brother, and he has a weather optic on the money drawer in the box-office all the time you are draining energy cells and making an inane spectacle of yourself. It is not a case of spontaneity with him, no matter how much so it may appear. It is part of the acting game, Mr. Tinsel Patriot, and apparently you never have considered that he does this at every matinee and evening performance in the week, with just exactly the same show of simulated sincerity.

I have known of innumerable cases of foreign performers giving notable acts who couldn't scare up tuppence worth of approbation for their efforts until they had shelved the incidental music they had brought from across the Atlantic and instructed the orchestra leader to accompany them to the strains of "Marching Through Georgia." Also they lugged in our old friend the flag. Then they "made good," as they have it in theatrical parlance. But, Mr. Tinsel Patriot, have you ever considered for the fraction of an instant what these foreign artists think about the whole proposition? I'm afraid it is not complimentary—but whatever they think, alack, I fear me is perfectly right. The least they do is to merrily, merrily laugh.

The Government has seen to it that the flag may not be used for advertising and similar purposes. Here is another field for legislation. Why should not the Government take a look at the theatres, where Old Glory is put to quite as cheap a use. A censor would find much to really condemn in its use in costumery and otherwise. But, at any rate, let us be rid of the tinsel patriot. He jars and jars considerably. And he is thoroughly as obnoxious to the REAL American patriot as to the man from a foreign land. Where, oh, where is the Fool-Killer?

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A scene from Mrs. Fiske's "Salvation Nell," as produced at the Valencia Theatre, San Francisco

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Mrs. Fiske as "Salvation Nell" in Edward Sheldon's play of that name



Holbrook Blinn, a Californian who has achieved success upon the stage, now with Mrs. Fiske

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A scene from "The Blue Mouse," as produced at the American Theatre, San Francisco

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Miss Elsa Ryan, the captivating "Blue Mouse," in Clyde Fitch's play of that name

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THE SUBJUGATION OF BLACK KETTLE

MOKH-E-TAV (BLACK) E-TO (KETTLE.)

BY FRED A. HUNT

VE-HO (WHITE MAN.) MOKH-IS-TUN-E (PENMAN OR WRITER.)



N 1868, Camp Supply was established in the Indian Territory; its location being some eighty miles a little east of south of Dodge City, Kansas, and at the union point of Beaver and Wolf Creeks. These two creeks, at their affluence, form the North Fork of the Canadian River, which empties into the Arkansas river at Webbers Falls, after traversing the entire extent of what was formerly known as the Indian Territory. At Camp Supply, Major-General Philip H. Sheridan ("Little Phil") established his headquarters and thence supervised the military operations of the several punitive columns destined for reprisal on the Indians. The largest of these was under the direct command of Colonel Alfred Sully, Twenty-first U. S. Infantry, and comprised eleven troops of the Seventh U. S. Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel George Armstrong Custer and three companies of the third and one company of the Thirty-eighth regiment of U. S. Infantry.

On November 26, 1868, General Custer, with the companies of his regiment, struck the trail of a war party composed of Black Kettle's band of Cheyennes, reenforced by other bands of Cheyennes and Arapahoes. It was rumored and expected that Black Kettle's force would be joined by numbers of disaffected Kiswas, Mescalers Apaches and Quajada (staked plain) Comanches, which concentration would make a formidable command of hostiles. Black Kettle's band had been on a foray northward; had killed the mail carriers traveling between Dodge and Larned, Kansas; had murdered an old hunter at Dodge, as well as two couriers sent northward by General Sheridan with despatches and letters. They were thus flushed with pride over the scalps they had taken and the success of their incursion.

Immediately on finding the trail, Custer, with his usual promptitude, corralled the wagon-train, leaving a small guard or escort therewith, and directed that a petty supply train should follow along his route so that, in case of any long siege of the hostile camp, his men would be provided with food and ammunition, especially the latter. He then made forced marches along the trail of the Indians with his cavalry and pack-train; the Osage Indian trailers and white scouts (under the leadership of Ben Clark, and with whom was the half-breed interpreter Romero, or Romeo, still living in Oklahoma) constantly on the alert for signs of the village (or encampment) of the hostiles. There was no difficulty experienced in following the track of the Indians, as it was distinctly impressed in the deep snow that covered the ground.

The village was discovered before dawn of the ensuing morning, and occupied a position where the Washita makes a goose-neck bend, and so meanders around a tract of land of twenty-five acres, with but one outlet. This locality is now a meadow of the farm of G. F. Turner, a merchant of Cheyenne, and as its surface has never been plowed, it has about the same contour as at the time the battle was fought. Each recurrent spring the land is overflowed, and most of the timber present at the time of the contest has been cut down, but enough remains to adequately identify

the spot and make it fairly representative of the time of the battle of the Washita.

The Washita flows down from the West against a high cut-bank, which forms the break of the high prairie on the south as it descends suddenly to the level with the river valley, and then the stream turns northward and flows for about a thousand yards, then returning to the wall-like prairie embankment (the goose-neck spoken of above), and this tract, thus circumscribed by the river, was the place where the village was situated. Northwest of the village ran two ridges between which Custer led his troops, remaining quiescent and concealed until the Osages and scouts had made a more careful survey. They soon reported the undoubted presence of large numbers of Indians and a very large herd of ponies; this report being verified by Custer and his staff, who scrupulously inspected the village (from places of concealment) and its reasonably vulnerable points. Bitterly cold as was that night, the command rested as best they could on the snow; the while Custer formulated his plan of attack, after which the troops were quietly moved to the various points whence they were to attack the camp.

Captain Edward S. Meyer was assigned to the right to occupy the elevated ground south of the village and to cut off any possible retreat of the hostiles. He cautiously took up the position that he was to occupy, fording the stream close to where a small affluent from the south empties in and following up this tributary for several hundred yards to the higher plateau. Captain Louis M. Hamilton and Captain Albert Barnitz took their detachments into the heavy timber northwest from the Indian camp, while First Lieutenant William W. Cook's sharpshooters were located on the north side of the Washita, and on a level tract of land that is now a cotton field, half a mile north and west of the Indians. General Custer had five troops with him to charge the village at the early dawn, the signal for the charge being the tune of "Garry Owen," to be played by the Seventh Cavalry band, that always accompanied the regiment in its campaigns.

Everything is prepared for the onslaught, and the preliminary description may be imagined by the reader as the suspensory time before the fighting commences, when the hearts beat quicker, when the breath comes irregularly and the teeth have a custom of setting hard together. Just as the pearly dawn rifted the darkness, Custer gave the order for the attack, and the tense silence was broken by the crash of the opening bars of Custer's favorite martial tune whirling through the crisp air. The horses, that had been impatiently chafing under the restraint and the bitter cold, sprang forward exultantly, because they were in motion, and so impetuously that many of the musicians were carried into the thick of the *melee*. The men were also exhilarated at the termination of their frozen inactivity, and shouted jubilantly at the arrived opportunity of having a whack at the Indians. General Custer, as usual, was in the lead, riding a magnificent black stallion, and, clearing the trail crossing the ashita at one jump, was greeted by the Indians shouting "Tse mokh-e ve-yune He-yo-vi-e!" (The Big Chief, Yellow Hair); yellow hair being Custer's sobriquet derived from his flowing hair of that hue. By the side of Custer rode Ben Clark (*Red Neck—Mi-e, red; No-to-wah, neck; from the ruddy hue of his neck and breast, sunburned by exposure), and as the Indians recognized him they warned one another: "Tan-ut-tse-vome, Mi-e-no to-wah tah-hah-to-om," Look out for Red Neck, he's a dead shot. It has been the pleasure of the writer to meet many scouts and trailers, but assuredly one of the bravest, most competent and unassuming is Ben Clark, now Post Guide and Interpreter at Fort Reno, Oklahoma, and completing the fiftieth year of his service with the Government.

The unpreparedness of the Indians for the assault resulted in great confusion and slaughter among them, and as the troopers swirled hither and thither reaping the harvest of death, Custer also placed a few "good" Indians to his credit. After the primary recurrent charges he occupied a little knoll that commanded a view of the battle-field, and thence issued his orders. On that knoll, a brown sandstone monument, commemorative of the engagement, was erected some years ago by Major Hugh

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L. Scott, formerly of the Seventh Cavalry.

As the Indians fled from their village they tried to pass down the river to the camps below, that stretched for some miles, and were met by the detachments commanded by Hamilton and Barnitz. The junction of the opponents was the occasion of heavy fighting, during which Hamilton was shot squarely between the eyes and instantly killed, and Barnitz was shot through the lungs, from which wound he never recovered and was retired on December 15, 1870, on account of wounds received while in the line of duty.

The loss to the Indians was their village captured and destroyed, one hundred and three warriors killed, and fifty-three women and children captured, and the pony herd taken and sent to the happy hunting grounds. The soldiers lost one officer and three men killed, and three officers and eleven men wounded.

While this engagement was being prosecuted, the Indians for a distance of fifteen miles down the Washita comprehending Comanches, Kiowas and Cheyennes, assembled in force and attacked Custer, shouting the while: "Shiv-e nah-ho tse mokh-e ve-yun-a," try and kill the big chief; but the big chief turned the tables on them and drove them on the back trail some five miles down the river, until approaching darkness constrained the relinquishment of the chase. During the pursuit, Major Joel H. Elliott, Seventh Cavalry, seeing some young bucks escaping, followed them with the regimental sergeant-major, and fifteen men. The bucks were recaptured, but Elliott and his party, on their way back, were surrounded by hostiles and killed. He had followed the young Indians (bucks, in Western parlance) taking a course due south and nearly at right angles to the Washita. After following this direction for a mile and a half, a very small branch of the river was crossed and an open prairie reached; on this prairie the bucks were captured and were being brought back, when the party was attacked by some of the hostiles from down the river, supposedly numbering from one thousand to fifteen hundred warriors. They joyously yelled at seeing the little party, "Shiv-e-ie-yo-tsit tah-nah-ho!" (Charge on them, kill them!) Elliott fought his way back toward the small creek—since named Sergeant-Major Creek—until within rifle range of it, when he was blocked by Indians who had taken position in its bed, whence they leisurely picked off his men. The latter then formed a little circle, prepared to kill as many of the hostiles as possible ere being killed themselves (true soldier fashion), and around this circle their dead and horribly mutilated bodies were found. None of those back with the regiment knew of Elliott's party having followed the Indians; none heard the noise of their contest, and none knew of their precise fate until they were discovered subsequently and then cut and gashed almost beyond recognition.

Ben Clark thus epitomizes the fight from the time of the killing of Captain Louis McLane Hamilton, as it came under his immediate observation:

"In making its sharp bend around the village, the Washita river had cut into its north bank, until heavy portions of the bank fell away and made a natural breastwork in the river below. About twenty men, women and children (Tse-ot, warriors; Ha-a-yo, squaws; Is-sun, boys, and Ik-sun, girls) took refuge in this place, and hid from sight during the heaviest fighting. When a lull came, they were discovered, and, on their refusal to surrender, were all killed. I saw a Cheyenne (Tsis-tah) woman, the last survivor, kill her child with a butcher knife and then bury the blade in her own breast. Cheyenne babies are almost as fair as white children, hence several of the soldiers thought she had murdered a white child, and one of them poked his carbine over the embankment and sent a bullet into her brain. Even General Custer shared the opinion that a white child had been killed, and so stated in his account of the battle.

"While standing on the knoll to which Custer had ridden, I saw a large number of women and children near two buttes on the prairie, south of the village, pursued by Meyer's men, who were killing them without mercy. General Custer immediately ordered me to instruct Meyer to stop the slaughter, and the remaining women and children were taken captive and placed in a big tepee under guard.

"Major Joe Elliott was standing on a large mound further east, and, looking down the river with a field-glass, discovered a number of Indian men and boys skulking in the timber. He called for men to go with him, and disappeared, never to return. Warriors were coming up the Washita to engage the troops. Sergeant-Major Creek and the Washita run parallel for nearly a quarter of a mile before they join, and the streams are almost within a stone's throw of each other. A big band of these Indians went from the Washita to the Sergeant-Major and were in the timber when they saw Elliott and his men approaching. The Indians charged from the timber in overwhelming numbers, killed every man in the detachment and afterwards mutilated them at a war-dance. (This Red Neck learned afterwards.) In later years I was told by Indians that Chief Left Hand, an old Arapahoe chief, now living on the Canadian River, in Blaine County, was in command of this hostile band.

"The very flower of the hostile tribes massed themselves on the buttes north of the battleground in the afternoon. There were twelve or fifteen hundred warriors armed with guns (mi-i-tun), lances (wa-hu-ke-zi), bows (matsk) and arrows (mah-huts.) They wore a profusion of metal trinkets, wristlets and armlets which glistened in the sunlight. They taunted the soldiers and dared them to fight, but seldom approached within range. When the herd of nearly one thousand ponies was driven in and shot to death by the troopers, so as to set the Indians afoot, the warriors on the hills yelled with vehement rage, shouting one to the other relative to the soldiers: 'Tah-now-oh, mi-e-mi-e ha-e-yuto, mop-ve-tsin,' (Kill them and let their blood run like water)—only they didn't do it.

"In a forced march that night, General Custer met his wagon-train coming from the Antelope Hills to join him, and the danger of a greatly diminished supply of ammunition was obviated. He had not expected to find the Indians in such numbers; and returned to Camp Supply to outfit for a larger campaign, and came back a week later, accompanied by General Sheridan. The Indians were subdued and compelled to return to their reservations," —to recuperate and prepare for more deviltry; while General Sheridan made his celebrated killing of wild turkeys, wherefrom the locality acquired the name of Sheridan's Roost.

Lest the men under Meyer be too harshly criticised for the vengeance they were taking on the women and children, an extract from an official report is subjoined:

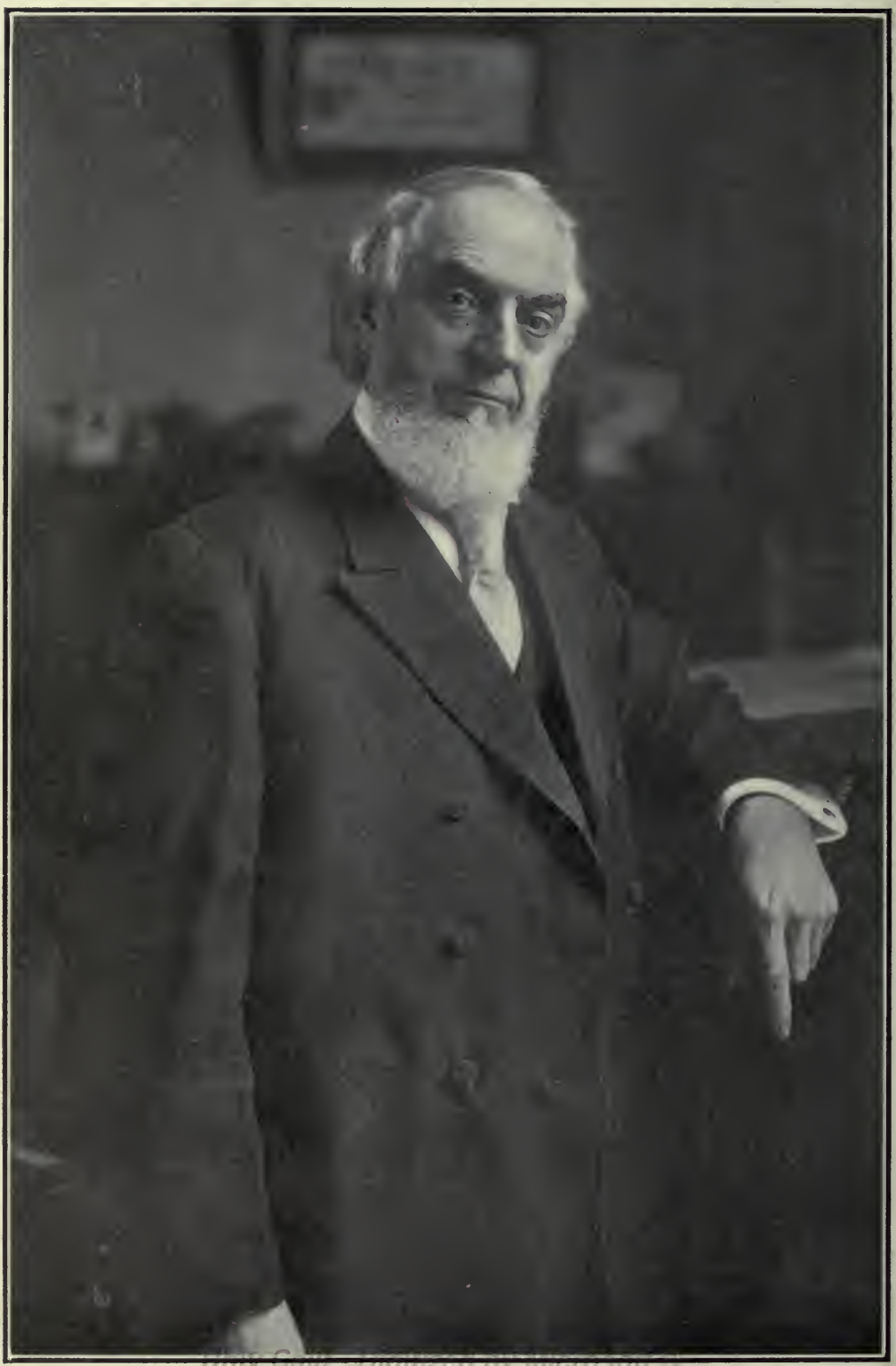
"The blow that Custer struck was a hard one, and fell on the guiltiest of all the bands, that of Black Kettle. It was this band, with others, that, without provocation, had massacred the settlers on the Saline and the Solomon, and perpetrated cruelties too fiendish for recital. In this camp were found numerous articles recognized as the property of the unfortunate victims of the butcheries above described; also a blank book with Indian illustrations of the various deviltries they hed perpetrated. They had spared neither age nor sex."

It can also be recited that cursory reports of Indian depredations during the latter half of the year 1868 state that one hundred and fifty-seven persons were killed (not including soldiers), fifty-seven wounded, including forty-one scalped, fourteen women outraged and murdered, one man, four women and twenty-three children taken into captivity; one thousand six hundred and twenty-seven horses, mules and cattle stolen; twenty-four ranches or settlements destroyed, eleven stage coaches attacked and four wagon trains annihilated. The Indian casualties during this carnage were eleven killed and one wounded.

It is a common result of reprisal that it falls on the wrong persons; in this case the guilty were punished. It is often the case, also, that in the lust of bloodshed and fury of battle soldiers were not perhaps extremely affected with particularity of discrimination, and squaws could and did handle a Winchester with deadly effect.

*Red Neck is one of the most proficient of Cheyenne scholars now living, and has long been Government interpreter in that language of the once powerful nation.

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C. T. Russell, Pastor Brooklyn Tabernacle

THE DIVINE PROGRAM

VI—ITS EPOCHS AND DISPENSATIONS

BY C. T. RUSSELL

PASTOR BROOKLYN TABERNACLE

ORDER IS heaven's first law, and whoever would understand the divine program must study it in an orderly manner. Irregular and disorderly minds are at a disadvantage in Bible study. On the other hand, orderly minds are disadvantaged by the misrepresentations of the Bible by many of its friends of disorderly minds. As a consequence, those lacking mental order are confused and misunderstand the Scriptures, while those of orderly minds, disgusted with the misrepresentations and inconsistencies, will not even examine the Bible Revelation.

Whoever opens his Bible expecting it to describe the ages and dispensations as we shall here attempt to portray them will be disappointed. The Lord declares His Plan to be shrouded in Mystery and understandable only from the one standpoint of consecration and illumination by the holy Spirit. This, of course, refers mainly to the "deep things of God." There are also surface truths of great value connected with the Divine Revelation. The extent of our ability to understand is dependent upon faith, obedience and the observance of order. In proportion as we have or have not this ability we may understand or misunderstand the Bible.

Three Worlds and Three Dispensations.

The English reader is somewhat disadvantaged by the fact that in our common version the word "world" does duty for three distinctly Greek words. Thus, for instance, when our Lord mentions the end of the age or dispensation our common version Bible renders it "the end of the world." This, to the average reader, signifies a general collapse of the earth—its destruction, in fact, or, as a habitation for man. No such thought attaches to the Greek word, aeon, however. An *aeon* is an epoch or age. The Lord declared that the present *aeon* or age would end, ushering in a new age or "world to come." As a matter of fact, three different worlds are brought to our attention in the Bible—and the Millennium will be in the beginning of the third. The Scriptural declaration is that "the earth abideth forever"—"seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, as long as the sun and moon endure."—Eccl. 1:4; Gen. 8:22.

These three "worlds" or three dispensations noted in the Bible are so distinctly different and so accurately described that none need mistake them. The first dispensation or world lasted from Eden to the flood. It was marked as the period of the administration of the angels, and in it, as we have already seen, some of them fell from their first estate of loyalty and obedience, further corrupting the world of mankind. Following the flood a new dispensation began, marked by the fact that the fallen angels no longer were permitted of the Lord full liberty of association with men. Man was permitted to have control of the earth, and Divine providence worked little interference except to prevent sin from going to such extremes as would have defeated the Divine plans to be developed later. This period from the flood to the Second Coming of Christ is Scripturally designated "this present evil world"—not because there has been nothing meritorious during its forty-four hundred years, but because God has permitted evil to *dominate* the earth during this period. As we have already seen, God

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is not the author of its confusion, sin and disorder, but he has permitted mankind liberty within certain bounds. He has permitted Satan to oppose righteousness and permitted humanity to become the slaves of sin and of Satan.

Satan is Scripturally declared to be the "Prince of this world," who now operates in the hearts of the children of disobedience. We are not to understand, however, that Satan is exercising a Divinely delegated authority to rule mankind, but rather that he has usurped his position by taking advantage of humanity's ignorance, fallen tendencies and superstitions. Neither are we to think that humanity knowingly and intentionally serves "the Prince of this world." Rather, under his delusions they are deceived. While thinking to please themselves, to serve their own best interests, to attain happiness, they are misled into sin and sorrow and death by paths of ignorance and superstition. What St. Paul calls "this present evil world," St. Peter denominates "the world that now is," and points us forward to the New World, the New Dispensation, in which righteousness will reign, and styles that dispensation "the world to come."

All three of these "worlds" or dispensations are connected with our planet, the earth. Following this figure, the Apostle divides these "worlds" or dispensations into heaven and earth, by the heavens referring to the spirit beings and influences, and by the earth referring to humanity subjected to those spiritual influences. Thus in the "world" or dispensation which ended at the flood, the angels, fallen and unfallen, constituted the heavens and mankind the earth of that dispensation. During "this present evil world" from the flood to the Second Coming of Christ the heavens represent Satan, the "Prince of the power of the air," and religious systems amongst men, more or less corrupt and more or less representative of Satan and of his organization—or rather of human organization more or less under Satanic direction. "The world to come" is likewise represented as having a heaven and earth classification. The heavens of that new dispensation will be the glorified Jesus and his Church, in the Millennial Kingdom.

In the first "world" or dispensation the corruption of its *heavens* or angelic class brought degradation and disaster to the *earth* class, humanity. During this "present evil world" the power of Satan and the corrupting spiritual influences which he has been able to manipulate have hindered the blessing of mankind, notwithstanding God's favor given to Israel under the Law Covenant and his still greater blessings to Jew and Gentile through Christ. The next "world" or dispensation, to be ushered in at the Second Coming of Christ, is Scripturally styled "a new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." (2 Pet. 3:13.) That *new* heavens will be perfect, and consist of Christ and his "Elect" Church or "Bride" glorified—"called, chosen, faithful." (Rev. 17:14.) That *new* earth will represent mankind under the new conditions of the New Covenant, sealed with the precious blood. Not only in the new heaven, but also in the new earth righteousness will prevail, even though in the latter it will require the thousand years of Christ's reign to fully conquer sin and death and to uplift humanity in general back into harmony with God.

"In the Ages to Come."

St. Paul mentions "ages to come," though only one of these is specifically noted in the Scriptures—the Millennial age. The other ages beyond the Millennium will be beyond all the defilements and ensnarements and tribulations connected with sin; and are properly, therefore, styled by the poet, "Ages of glory." Looking back, however, we may discern clearly-marked ages or epochs, *subdividing* "this present evil world." First came the Patriarchal Age, in which God dealt with Noah, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Then came another distinctly different epoch in which He no longer dealt with individual patriarchs, but adopted the entire nation of Israel as his peculiar people and dealt with them accordingly. He entered into the Law Covenant with them and provided them a typical mediator, typical underpriests and judges and prophets, so that, as the Apostle Paul declares, the nation of Israel had "much advantage every way, chiefly because to them

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were committed the oracles of God." That Jewish Age had a distinct beginning in the death of Jacob, whose twelve sons were designated the heads of the twelve tribes constituting the one nation of Israel. That age had an ending just as distinctly marked by the death of Christ, as shown by Jesus' words, "Verily I say unto you, your house is left unto you desolate." (Matt. 23:38.) A third age followed, namely, the Gospel Age, which began at Pentecost and is to terminate at the second coming of Christ and to gather to himself the completed church, the Bride of the Lamb and joint-heir in the Millennial Kingdom.

The present Gospel Age, which is to end with the establishment of the Kingdom, the Church in glory, is the particular and all-important age of "this present evil world." Neither of those preceding it brought any fruitage to full perfection. The patriarchs received a blessing, but could not enter into the Kingdom privileges. The nation of Israel had a blessing through the Law Covenant, yet its highest service was the making of types of glorious conditions to follow it, some of the antitypes belonging to this Gospel Age and some to the Millennium. It is the Apostle who declares of that Age that its Law Covenant "made nothing perfect." Nevertheless, the same Apostle points out in Hebrews XI that all who were faithful to God from Enoch down to the close of the Jewish Age will receive a special blessing, in accord with their faith and zeal—even though they lived before the time of the calling and proving of the spiritual Seed of Abraham—the Gospel Church, of which Christ is the Head. ("And if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's Seed, and heirs according to the promise." (Gal. 3:29.) Of those faithful ones St. Paul declares, "And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise; God having provided *some better things for us,* that they without us should not be made perfect."—Heb. 11:39, 40.

In a word, the Divine Program arranged that the world should be blessed by Messiah—through his death and subsequently through his Millennial Kingdom reign. But instead of counting the work finished when the Redeemer died, the Divine Program set apart the entire Gospel Age for the selection of the Bride of Christ, under another figure spoken of as the "members in particular of the Body of Christ." (1 Cor. 12:27.) These are said to fill up the afflictions of Christ, to suffer with him, to be *dead with him,* and are correspondingly promised a share with him in his glory, honor and immortality.

This Age Parenthetic.

It may help some to grasp the situation if they will consider the gospel Age from Pentecost to the Second Coming of Christ as parenthetic, and in their minds link together the Jewish and the Millennial Ages. The Jews, properly enough, were expecting Messiah to come to their nation, to establish them as his "peculiar people," to sanctify them and to use them in the spread of his dominion world-wide, according to the promise made to Abraham that in "his Seed all the families of the earth should be blessed." They were right in that expectation, and it will be fulfilled at the Second Coming of Christ. What they did not see and what God did not wish them to see, but kept a "mystery," is the fact that the Divine Program included a Christ of *many members,* Jesus the Redeemer being the Head over all, "God blessed forever." (Rom. 9:5.) "This is a great mystery; but I speak concerning Christ and the Church." (Eph. 5:32.) "Even the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to his saints; to whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is Christ in you, the hope of glory." (Col. 1:26, 27.) God will do no less for natural Israel than his original promise, for, as St. Paul declares, "The gifts and calling of God he will not repent of"—nor change from.

The bringing in of the Bible hope of this Gospel Age, the selecting of a "little flock" for joint-heirship with the Redeemer on the spirit plane, was that much more than God had revealed to Israel through the Law and the prophets. Some of natural Israel profited by this—all those who, at the beginning of the Gospel Age, were in the right attitude of heart, "Israelites indeed in whom was no guile." Such were received to membership in spir-

itual Israel at Pentecost. And then to filling up of the remainder of the predestinated number of the "elect," from among the Gentiles began; and this age has been devoted to the gathering of these "members" of the Christ, the Messiah, out of every land, people, kindred and tongue.

The Law Covenent—Old and New.

Continue the thought of this Gospel Age being parenthetic as respects the outward features of the Divine Program. Note the fact that the Law Covenant given to the Jews failed to secure for them eternal life —because they could not keep so high a Law, a Law which commanded love for God with all the heart, mind, soul and strength and love for one's neighbor as for himself. Moses, the Mediator of that Law Covenant, was unable to make up for the deficiencies of the people and hence eternal life was not secured under the Law Covenant. However, through the Prophet Jeremiah (31:31) God sent to Israel a message of his love and assured them of a future relief under a New Covenant which, in some respects, would be better than the one they had. He said, "The days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a New Covenant with the house of Israel and with the house of Judah; not according to the Covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand, to bring them out of the land of Egypt (the Law Covenant); which my Covenant they brake, although I was an husband unto them, saith the Lord."—Jer. 31:31, 32.

Christ and his Bride, his members, Spiritual Israel, surrender their earthly-life rights and earthly inheritance in favor of Natural Israel, and thus are said to mediate and ultimately to seal for Israel a New Law Covenant, which will be far better than the old one. Not, however, that the Law of God will change in any respect; for God could not give an easier Law than the one given to Israel; he could not give an imperfect Law; he could not properly require less than love and obedience with all the heart. Wherein, then, will a New Law Covenant be better for Israel than the old one? We answer, It will be better in that it will have a "better mediator"—a more capable one. Jesus is the Mediator of the New Covenant; and all those called of God and accepted as his "members" during this Gospel Age will be members of the Mediator. To this Mediator, by reason of the merit of the Head and his sacrifice, God has granted "all power," so that he is able from the plenitude of his grace to make up for the unwilling, the unintentional, blemishes of the nation for which he will serve as Mediator during the thousand years of his Millennial reign. It is on the strength of this merit of the Mediator that all of Israel's sins and iniquities of the past will be forgotten and remembered no more. Moreover that Great Mediator will have full responsibility in the premises in dealing with all who shall accept that Covenant, because the virtue, the merit of Christ's sacrifice, is sufficient to meet, to cover, to cancel the sins of the whole world —all that are not willful and deliberate sins. Israel will thus become God's people, and all gentiles will be privileged to join them by "circumcision of the heart." Thus, ultimately, besides spiritual Israel there will be Natural Israel, which will include the willing and obedient of every nation and tongue as it is written, "I have constituted thee a father of many nations."

During the Millennium, therefore, Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant, and "the church his Body," will not only apply the merits of his sacrifice in offset of Adamic sin and weaknesses, but will also have the right, power and authority to chastise for every misconduct and to reward every good endeavor, to the intent that under that New Covenant all Israel may have the opportunity of rising from the dead—rising from the condition of sin and death up to the full perfection of human nature and a perfect environment. As for the others not rightly exercised by these favorable providences St. Peter declares that they "Shall be utterly destroyed from among the people."—Acts 3:23.

From Amongst Your Brethren.

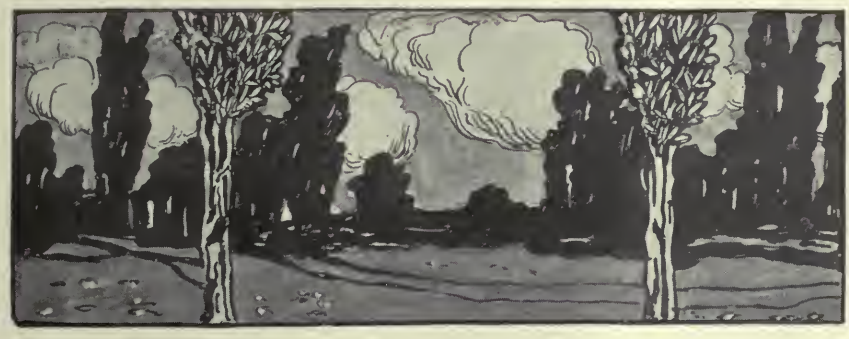
St. Peter explains the nature of the selection of the members of the Mediator, saying, "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you from amongst your brethren, like unto me; him shall ye hear (obey) in all things, whatsoever he shall say unto you. (To that Prophet every

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knee must bow and every tongue confess.) And it shall come to pass, that every soul, which will not hear that Prophet, shall be destroyed from among the people"—in the Second Death.—Acts 3:22, 23.

Notice that the Prophet was to be raised up from amongst the brethren. In fulfillment of this our Lord Jesus was called and accepted and begotten of the holy Spirit, and finally, in his resurrection, became the Firstborn from the dead, the Firstborn of many brethren. Meantime, since Pentecost the other members under that glorious Head have been in process of raising up—out of sin, out of death, out of the world, out of human nature, to glory, honor, and immortality. And these have the promise that in the First Resurrection their raising up will be completed—they shall be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. The raising up and the changing begin with the present life. As the Apostle declares, "We are risen with him." And again, We are being changed from glory to glory as by the Spirit of the Lord. But still we wait for the grand climacteric change to Resurrection glory, honor and immortality.

In view of the foregoing all will readily discern the value of order in the study of the Bible—the value of noting its dispensational features, the object served by the various "worlds" or dispensations and their various ages or epochs. The Bible, studied in the light of the Plan of the Ages, becomes a new Book. Its various statements, prophetic and otherwise, quietly drop into their proper places, so that the study of the Word becomes both interesting and profitable, as thousands are continually testifying—many of them rescued from agnosticism.



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THE MODERN PENOLOGICAL MOVEMENT

BY REV. AUGUST DRAHMS

LATE RESIDENT CHAPLAIN STATE PRISON, SAN QUENTIN, CAL.

THE DISTINCTIVE features and principles involved in the modern penological movement are simple, and easily understood. To the classical idea of retributive justice implied in its broad legal interpretation, and which must ever be considered basic in any rational conception of the criminal problem, the modern progressive spirit has added the reformative idea, making the offender the legitimate subject of the altruistic as well as of the expiatory sentiment in criminalistic treatment. It interjects the idea of *cure* as well as of punishment—the flowering of the better sentiment of humanity in the treatment of its recalcitrant classes. Time was, when the former method was the all-and-in-all of the curative process, supposedly. The corrective effect was presumed to be commensurate with the severity of treatment of the incarcerate, and the Draconian theory lapped over into the latter periods of English history when, to trespass upon a nobleman's preserves, or to steal a sheep, merited the death sentence. The facts, however, amply show that punitive severity was never in any sense a check upon crime. The average offender never recks the cost in the joy of the criminal act. A truer study of the criminal predisposition dictates otherwise.

Method answered to the deeper insight. The humanitarian principle came to the rescue. Reformation was soon found to be a nobler desideratum, more commensurate with the innate dignity of the subject. To save is better than to damn. The subject is at least worthy of the attempt. New preventive methods came early into vogue, hand in hand with the curative process. The results have thus far verified the effort. Its ultimate value is to be determined by time, while its conformity to the best instincts of humanity are unquestioned. Its chief danger lies with its friends—in the swinging of the pendulum to the opposite extreme of the arc. There is almost as much danger from the dagger of Brutus as from the sword of Cassius. A happy blending of the humanitarian with the punitive may ultimately solve the problem for the better.

The main pillars of the reformatory idea in prison control may be briefly summarized under the heads of (a), The Segregation and Classification of incarcerates on the two-fold basis of character and conduct duly determined by a proper system of credits; (b) The Indeterminate Sentence, and (c) The Parole. The latter we have already—the cart before the horse, for the parole is supplemental to the Indeterminate Sentence, as that in turn is corrollary to the proper segregation and classification of prisoners. Without going into explanation, the late Legislature acted wisely in postponing further prison reform measures until such time as they could be put into active operation by a due enlargement of prison accommodations, to which end the present prison authorities have bent every effort during the past two years. When that shall have been accomplished the time will be ripe for the introduction of these up-to-date measures with the prospect of immediate and full operative force, under expert management.

The Indeterminate Sentence is the sheet anchor of the new method. It does away with the present glaring inequalities of sentence by which a first offender is given an onorous sentence of five or

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ten years for the same offense for which the Recidivist (second-termer), receives perhaps one or two years. There should be two prisons, one for first offenders and another for the Recidivist who is the real criminal *per se*. Short sentence should be the prevailing one for the former, and practical life detention for the latter, and both provisionally, under the Indeterminate sentence. The Recidivist rarely reforms. The way of escape should be made difficult both for his own sake, and certainly as a safeguard to society. His prison experience should not be made onerous. The second-termer should be leniently dealt with, as regards time of service. There is always a breaking point, I have noticed, in the detinue of every first offender beyond which he becomes embittered. He is then likely to become an enemy to society where, if the law had been more lenient, he might have been reclaimed. I advocate hard work, hard fare and strict discipline for these, to inaugurate a wholesome respect for prison-life, and commensurately for the laws. A soft snap is the ruin of a prisoner, and an easy way out confirms the habitual and second offender unerringly in crime.

In the meantime, we are entering upon a period of education. The public mind is just beginning to grasp the import of the problem in its varied economic, civic and moral import. Crime costs the United States Government $600,000,000 per annum, or an amount about equal to one-half the public debt. California bears more than its proportionate share of this burden. The criminal wave breaks upon this shore and scatters its spume far and wide. Our congregate system is its greatest crime-breeding center. The criminal impact is appalling. The young offenders are here inoculated with its virus. No prison management however efficient can stem its influence. Only intelligent legislation crystallized into wise and efficient laws are equal to the task. This must be backed by an equally enlightened public sentiment to place us ultimately abreast with advancement along these lines in other States.

THE GIFT OF SONG

BY ALONZO RICE

"The gift of song is such a holy thing,
So bright, apart from wealth or worldly fame,
That whereso'er 'tis found, men know it came
From God."

Men said my days were wasted, and indeed
It seemed I went with empty hands, nor now
Is there recalled one furrow that my plow
Then made across the broad and fertile mead:
And further, I could reap not, if the seed
Were never planted; that the autumn bough
Would barren be, nor could they but allow
Such days at last to scanty want would lead!

But He who clothes the lilies of the field
And hears the hungry ravens when they cry,
Has led me safely down the ways that shield
From bitter blasts, beneath a cloudless sky;
And song is mine; still passing moments yield
That peace the gold of Ophir cannot buy.

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Marvelous Mexico—The Lower City Reservoir at Guanajuato.

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Marvelous Mexico—General interior of Santa Domingo at Oaxaca. This floor is entirely of tile and the church is said to have cost upwards of thirteen million dollars.

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A YOUTH OF PROMISE.

He's such a promising youth—
Come, now, deny it who dare!—
None could be more so; in truth,
He's such a promising youth,
It's his performance, forsooth!
Even his creditors swear,
He's such a promising youth!
Come, now, deny it who dare!

BITTER-SWEET.

Never yet has any kissed me—
But I've kissed him back again.
Were it true all mouths have missed me,
Never yet has any kissed me,
Off life's stage they'd all have hissed me;
But the truth is—O you men!—
Never yet has any kissed me—
But I've kissed him back again.

CAPPING THE CLIMAX.

Was once a gold miner out West;
With eagles he'd feathered his nest;
But his wife, knowing that,
Needs must feather her hat,
Which took every pin he possessed.

—*Huntly Gordon.*

THE THREE PHILOSOPHERS AND THE COQUETTE.

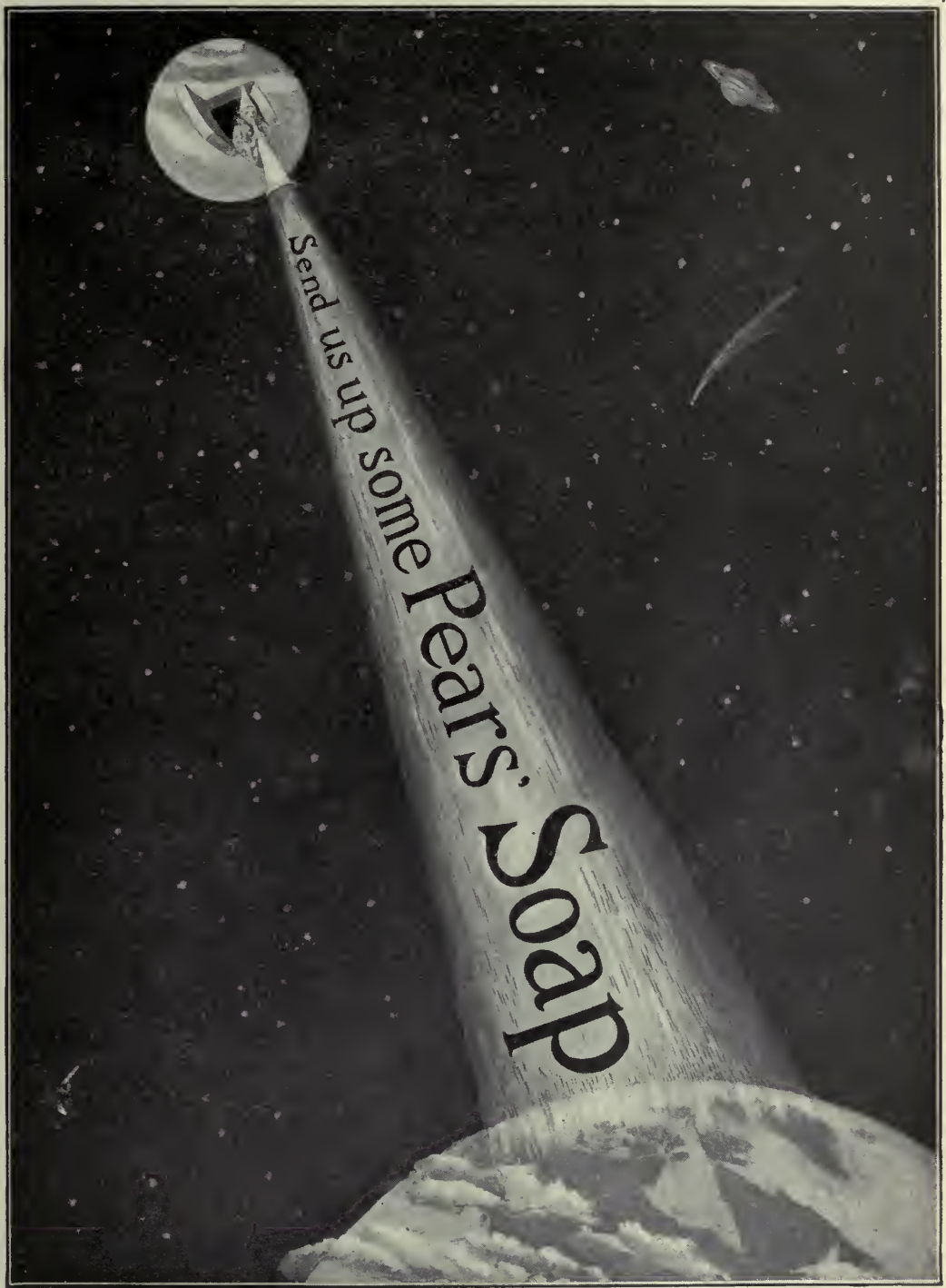
Three very Weird and very Long-haired and certainly very Wise Philosophers sat round a Table in a Cafe one Evening, as was their Wont, and Quaffed Ale the while they pooh-poohed Fra Elburtus and handed G. Bernard Pshaw a Couple in the Solar Plexus and coined Epigrams on the slightest Provocation.

When these Matters had been properly Disposed of, they began a Discussion of the Evening's alloted Topic, "The Coquette," upon Which they had, in the Meantime, been thinking up some Extemporaneous Gems of Thought.

"A Coquette," said the First, "is a Woman who Encourages a Man."

"A Coquette," said the Second, "is a Woman who Discourages a Man."

"A Coquette," said the Third, "is a Woman who Encourages a Man by Discouraging him."—*Carrington Grant.*



The First Message From Mars



HOTEL ARGONAUT LOBBY

THE HOTEL ARGONAUT, SAN FRANCISCO

THE HOTEL Argonaut, which was formally opened to the public on the 3d of September, 1908, is a caravansary that already, despite its short life, has come to fill an important position in the social and commercial life of the city. Containing as it does four hundred rooms and two hundred baths, it is the third largest hotel being operated here at the present time, and every convenience known to a modern house of this character is to be found within its walls.

Its situation is admirable, being in the very heart of the city and readily reached by all street car lines either directly or by transfer. Handsome architecturally, this six-story structure, lighted on three sides, facing eighty feet on Fourth street, one hundred and seventy-five feet on Pioneer place, and one hundred feet on Jessie street, is particularly notable, apart from its other advantages, as affording many exits in the possible event of fire.

The site of the Argonaut Hotel marks the location of the old Society of California Pioneers' Building, in fact the new structure is owned by the society. The Pioneers number eight hundred members, consisting of the sturdy men who settled California in 1849 and 1850, and their descendants.

The entire ground floor of the hotel is given over to the spacious and handsome lobby—which is the second largest in the city—the offices of the management, the dining rooms, buffet, kitchen, and service rooms. There are two entrances to this main floor, the principal entrance being on Pioneer Place and another being on Fourth street.

Entering the lobby, one is at once impressed by the grand stairway of Alaska marble which rises gracefully directly opposite. To the right is the news-stand, the main dining room, the two high-speed latest pattern electric elevators. On the left is Manager Edward Rolkin's private office, the office of the public stenographer, telephone booths, and the desks of the clerk and cashier.

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The lobby is finished in Alaska marble, with great pillars of scagliola. There is a general home-like atmosphere to the lobby despite its size, and the divans and chairs, upholstered in Spanish leather, look quite as comfortable as they really are. One of the features of the hotel is the ladies' writing room, which is located on the mezzanine floor overlooking the lobby.

The kitchen is arranged after the plans of Steward W. B. James, and is considered one of the most convenient in the city. It is forty by seventy-five feet and has a twenty-four foot ceiling. The light and ventilation is excellent. It is equipped with a 22 foot oil burning wrought iron range. The coffee urns are of the latest design of Home Comfort make. The cold storage plant was built to order, and embodies all the latest ideas in refrigeration. The capacity of the ice plant is six tons per day.

The Argonaut Hotel Company, which operates the caravansary, is incorporated for $150,000, with the following as officers: Edward Rolkin, president and general manager; Edward A. Keil, vice-president; Arthur M. Sharp, Frank E. Rowe; J. F. Riley, attorney. Edward Rolkin is both well and favorably known in the hotel world for the successes that have been his. At the time of the great fire, Mr. Rolkin owned twenty-six hotels and rooming houses, being known generally by the sobriquet of the "Rooming House King." He now controls the following hotels in San Francisco in addition to the Argonaut: Winchester, Central, Overland, Denver and Irwin. His geniality has made him many friends, and he is prominent as a director of the San Francisco Hotel Men's Association. Gus. C. Larm, the assistant manager, who has had a wide experience in the hotel business also, is a man of energy and ability, and to his efforts the Argonaut owes much of its success.

It is not hard to see why this hotel has in such a short space of time come to hold the position it does in the local hotel world. The handsomely appointed rooms, the fine cuisine, and the other distinctive features are all factors, but particularly the perfect service, rendered possible by the constant attention of the gentlemen in charge, has served to give the hotel its enviable standing.



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Hon. John F. Dryden, President,
The Prudential Ins. Co. of America,
Newark, N. J.

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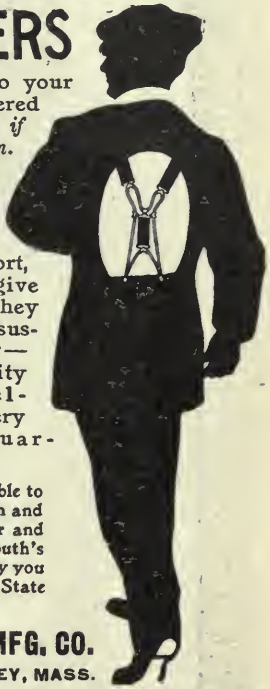


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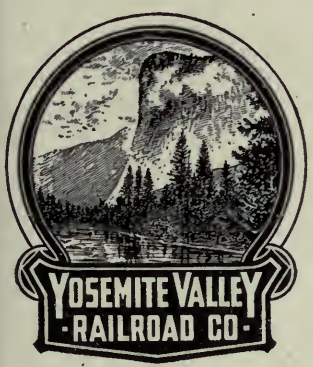
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THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery St., corner Sutter St. For the half year ending June 30, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1909. Dividends not drawn become a part of deposit accounts, and earn dividends at the same rate, from July 1st. Money deposited on or before July 10th will earn interest from July 1st.

WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1909, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1909.

FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, N. W. corner California and Montgomery Sts. For the half year ending June 30, 1909, dividends have been declared at the rate per annum of four and one-eighth (4⅛) per cent on term deposits, and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1909. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, becomes a part thereof and earns dividend from July 1st. Money deposited on or before the 10th day of July will receive dividend from July 1st.

R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California St. Mission Branch, 2572 Mission St., near 22d; Richmond Branch, 432 Clement St., between 5th and 6th avenues. For the half year ending June 30, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1909.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

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H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICES

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ANDREA SBARBORO, President.

A. E. SBARBORO, Cashier.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, junction of Golden Gate ave., Taylor and Market streets, San Francisco, Cal., has declared, for the six months ending June 30, 1909, a dividend of 4 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits and 6 per cent on term deposits, payable on and after July 1st.

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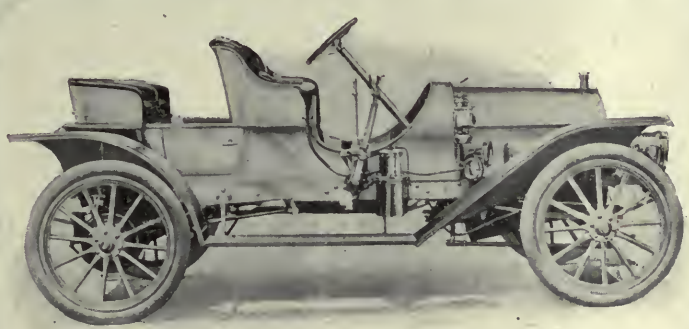
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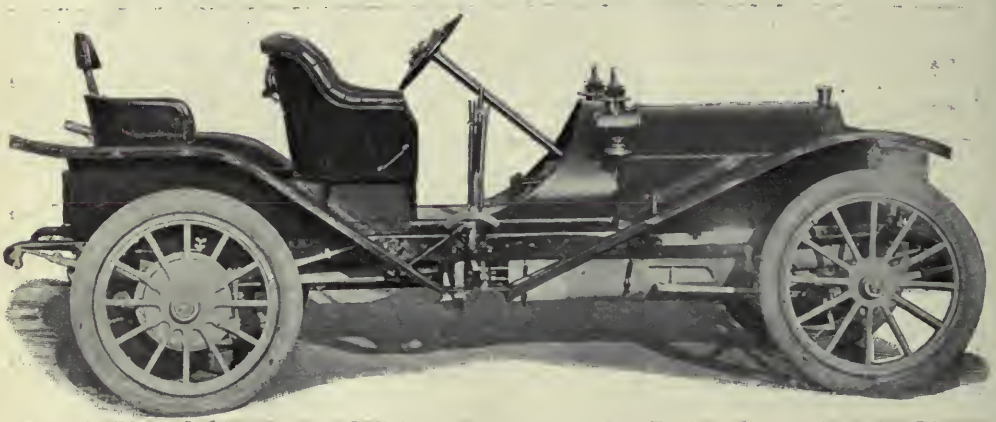
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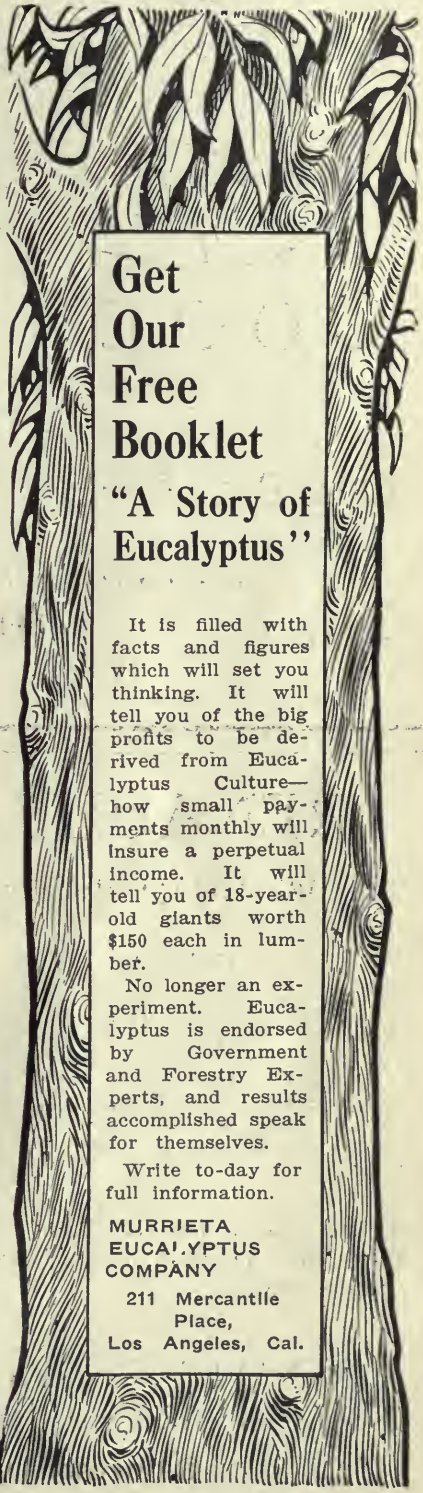
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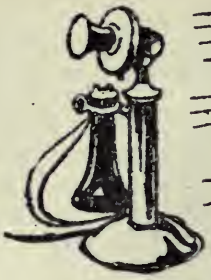
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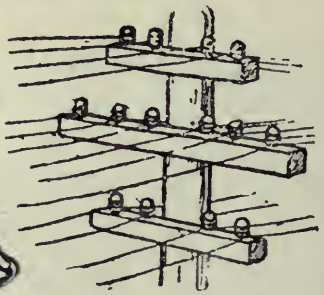
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Charlotte Russe à la NABISCO

NABISCO as an accompaniment to other dainties invariably adds to the attractiveness of the dish so graced.

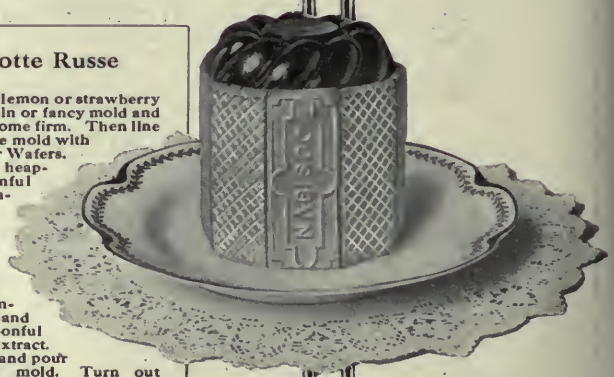
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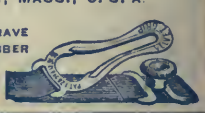
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Overland Monthly

AUGUST

IN THIS NUMBER:

THE MARVELOUS WEST COAST OF MEXICO
SINALOA AND THE VALLEY OF THE FUERTE

THE PASTOR OF THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE AND
"THE DIVINE PROGRAM."

THE OPENING OF THE FLATHEAD RESERVATION
By Helen Fitzgerald Sanders

A REVEL OF FICTION

TOMBSTONE JOHNNY
By Amos George

A LATE FULFILLMENT
By Maude Heath Blank

THE LAST STAND
By Agnes Louise Provost

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Vol. LIV No. 2

OVERLAND MONTHLY

An Illustrated Magazine of the West

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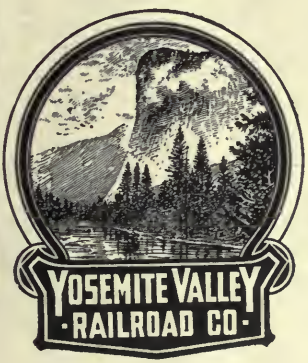


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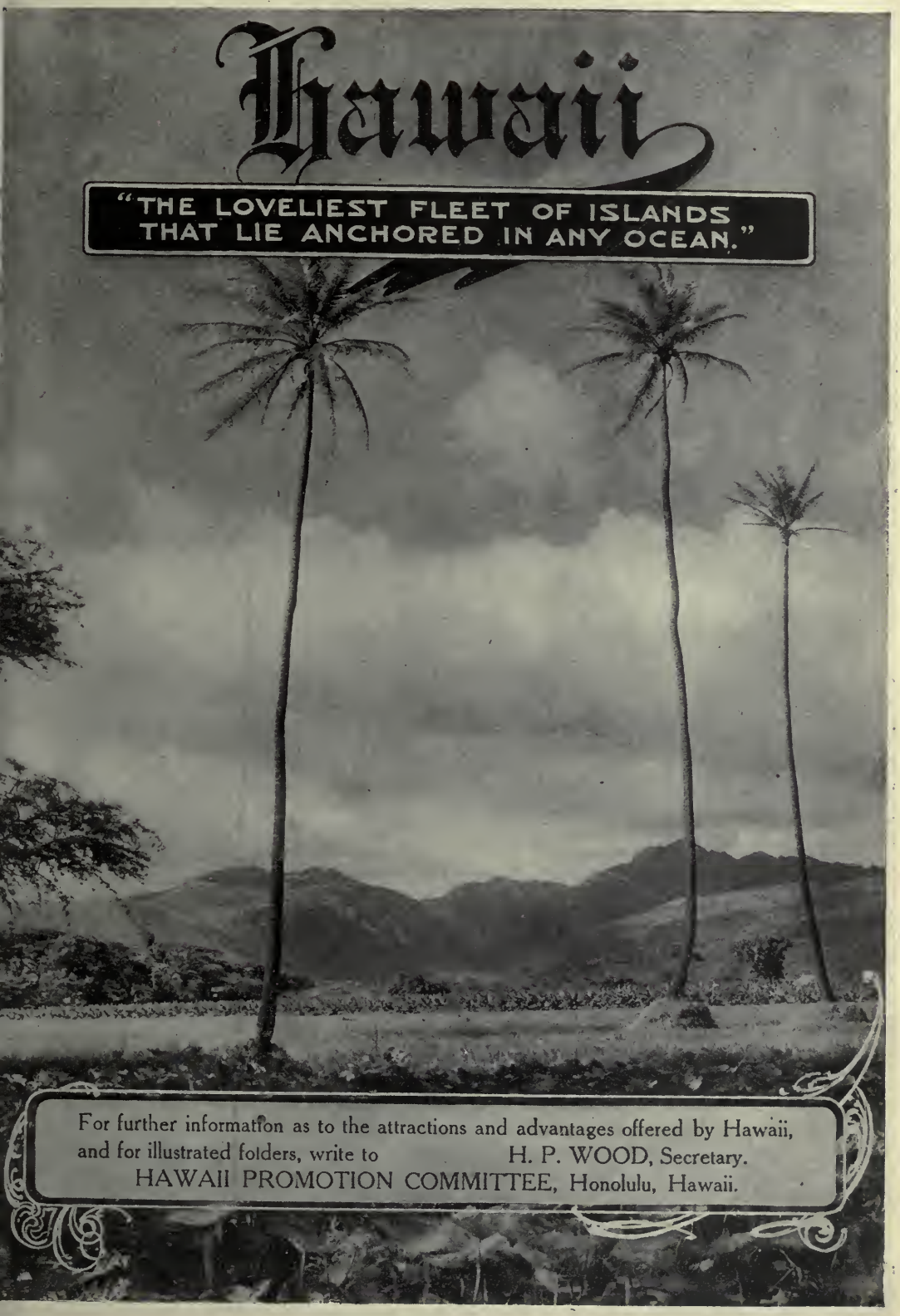
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Abraham Isaac, and Michel Kaiser, braves of the Flathead Tribe



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An Indian boy in holiday attire

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THE OPENING OF THE FLATHEAD RESERVATION

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR, FORSYTHE, AND OTHERS

DURING THE coming autumn, the Flathead reservation will be thrown open to settlement in pursuance with the Governmental policy of turning the Indian from his natural, nomadic life, and through the peaceable coercion of husbandry, "absorbing him into our civilization." The experiment is a precarious one for the Indian, since it involves at once the seizure of immense tracts of lands that were his and the destruction of the race-old habits of his kind. But the solving of the Indian problem, or in plainer words, his right to exist, is of lesser interest to the general public than the fact that thousands and tens of thousands of commercially valuable acres will be opened to the eager white settlers who still push westward, hunting for something of that legended treasure which tempted the early argonauts to brave the hardships and perils of the wilderness.

The home of the Flathead, or more properly speaking, the Selish tribe, was destined inevitably to become the prey of the home-seeker, for in all these United States there are few fairer valleys than Sin-yal-min, few more magnificent heights than the snow-topped mountains that protect it, and few more noble bodies of water than the Flathead Lake, flowing like an inland sea among hills of tender green. Not only is the country rich in grandeur of scene—it is likewise possessed of a wealth of tradition and historical incident soon to sink forever into the oblivion of an unrecorded past.

Before the final division and disintegration, when storied landmark and myth-hallowed object will be swept aside by the rush of the incoming world, it is profitable and pleasant to look back upon the past of Sin-yal-min and its environs. The huge, mountain-locked valley was for generations the secret of the Indians until Alexander, the Kalispehlm chief, led the Jesuit fathers thither to establish the Mission of St. Ignatius, thus delivering to them, as the greatest proof of confidence and love, a second Promised Land.

The fields were rich with wild grain, the neighboring foothills sheltered abundant game, and the streams, feeling their way with silver fingers from the mountains, swarmed with trout. There in the outspread palm of the valley, the good priests established their mission, and some of the Indians settled about the little community of log cabins, which was destined to become one of the most important institutions of its kind in the Northwest. Of these Indians there were a few who became independently well off, and the wealthiest of them all, Michel Pablo, a half-breed,

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raised upon those vast fields and uplands the largest band of buffalo of modern times—the Allard-Pablo herd. (For a further account of the Allard-Pablo herd see "The National Buffalo Park" in the

and abandoned his squaw for a fairer daughter of an alien tribe and brought upon himself the condign wrath of the fathers, captured three or four buffalo to take to them as a propitiatory offering.



The Jocko River at Arlee

March, 1909, Overland Monthly.)

There is an amusing incident connected with the origin of this herd. An Indian named Sam, who had fallen from grace

Even then the bison were growing scarce, and the sin-besmirched culprit figured somewhat astutely that such material evidence of his penance might mitigate the

degree of punishment he must suffer for his transgression. However, he became faint of heart, and the buffalo passed into the possession of Michel Pablo. From this nucleus was bred the band of six hundred. Until a few years ago the animals could be seen feeding in the goodly pastures of the valley, and still the last outlawed remnant, grown vicious and cunning with long pursuit, wanders at liberty in the neighboring hills of the little Bitter Root. Even now the traveler, riding by stage coach from the railway station at Ravalli to the shores of Flathead Lake, can see curious indentures filled with water that gleams quick-silver bright amid the green level of the grass. They are abandoned wallows—the one remaining trace of the vanished herds.

The valley proper and the hills and glades adjoining it abound in exquisite retreats, each with its myth and story, and in the deep, silent clefts of the Mission range, still called by the Indians Sin-yal-min, are wonderful waterfalls and lakes. It is a magnificent view that breaks upon one after ascending the foothills and finally emerging upon their crest. Beneath, below, flows a tide of waving green flecked with a myriad of mirror-like pools



Chief Antoine Moise, one of Charlot's faithful band

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and beyond, across the entire breadth of the valley, the mighty serrated mountain-chain rises abruptly in aspiring violet pinnacles, into the sublimity of perpetual snow. At that distance, through miles of vibrant white atmosphere, a gossamer thread, seemingly as fragile as a spider's web, may be seen spinning its length from the silvered crests of the highest peaks and disappearing in the mystery of haze which shrouds the gorges below. In these gorges are wonder-spots seldom disturbed by the presence of man. We shall have space to examine only a few of them, made doubly attractive by some recollection of the early days or by an Indian myth as pale and shapeless as the mist that clings about the mountain's brow.



Francois, an old Flathead

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There lies in one of these ravines Lake Angus McDonald, of particular interest not only on account of its wild beauty, but because it perpetuates the memory of one of the strangest and most romantic figures of the old West. Angus McDonald was a full-blood Highland Scotchman who came to this country in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. His work took him into the region of the Selish, and under the influence of the primeval land and its people he married an Indian woman, raised a family of robust sons, one of whom, Duncan McDonald, is famous among the Indians today, and himself adopted the language, garb and manners of the tribe. He was a lover of extreme liberty in living and in thought; therefore



Children of the Leaves



Lake Angus McDonald, Flathead Reservation

the unrestrained freedom of existence with these simple folk appealed to him, and their picturesque paganism likewise found a responsive chord in his fancy. He was, indeed, something of a pagan himself. He believed in the transmigration of the soul, and he was often heard to say that when death closed his mortal career, he desired to become a wild, white horse with free range over boundless plains. Considering the character of the man, his lionine strength and defiantly primitive life, it seems peculiarly fit that a lake, remote from the beaten path of civilization, presided over by a glacier-bearing peak, should do honor to his memory, rather than the conventional monument of stone. There, within that deep-worn cleft in the mountain's heart, hemmed in by luxuriantly green banks, the lake lies cold and passionless and clear —and there is about it a brooding silence as of death, broken only by the desolate cry of the loon or the evasive sighing of the wind among the pines. On the crags and needle-sharp pinnacles above, mountain goats and big horn sheep pick their precarious way, and hidden, safe from human sight, the mountain lion crouches in his lair. Such is Lake Angus McDonald, and if it be that the shade of man returns to visit his mortal abode, surely sometimes in the dark security of night a wild, white horse with noiseless tread may pass like a fleeting moonlight shape and vanish into mist.

* * * *

St. Mary's Lake, or according to the Indians the "Waters of the Forgiven," is likewise in the fastnesses of the range of Sin-yal-min. It is even more isolated than Lake Angus McDonald, and about it clings a nebulous old tradition of murder and expatiation which accounts for the name. The Indians believe that the lake is enchanted, and that deep, down below its placid surface water-sirens dwell, ever watchful for human prey. If, perchance, a brave venture out in his canoe upon those treacherous depths, the sirens rise with seductive song and deadly caress, drawing him downward in their strangling embrace. Or if an Indian camp alone upon those shores, the sirens glide forth decked with narcotic, poison-sweet water flowers, and leaning over his prostrate body, like vampires, drink in his breath until he dies. However simple these tales may be, there is about the lake an atmosphere of depressing melancholy

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which even the most phlegmatic alien must feel, and the charm is none the less potent because it falls mysteriously as the shadow of an unseen wing, is as formless as a wraith, as inexplicable as the phenomena of life and death.

* * * *

The great Flathead Lake flowing for over forty miles among pleasant hills, serpentining around yellow-green peninsulars and timbered promontories, lies to the north of the valley of Sin-yal-min. The sharply-spiked mountain range extends across the water like the horned spine of a monster, who slumbers through the aeons, oblivious to the passing centuries and the petty doings of man. On a calm summer day, when the sun's rays are softened by gossamer veils of haze, the water, the mountain peaks and sky are faintly traced in shades of grey and faded rose as in mother-of-pearl. And on such days as this, at rare intervals, a strange phenomenon occurs—*the reflection of a reflection.* Looking over the rail of a steamer, within the semi-circular curve of the swell at its stern, one may see first the reflection of the shore line, the mountains and trees appearing upside down; then a second shore line perfectly wrought in the mirroring waters right side up, pine crest touching pine crest, peak poised against peak.

Many islands rise from the lake, the largest of them, Wild Horse Island, is timbered, mountainous and so big as to appear like an arm of the mainland. This island was once the home of a band of wild horses, hence the name, but in times more remote, past the memory of the aged and even before the traditions of the tribe took shape, it was inhabited by an ancient race.. Upon the lichen-grown cliffs rising sheer and smooth in tablets of stone, crude picture-writings and cabalistic signs which baffle the archaeologist, are still to be seen. These writings occur also on the mainland. There have been many scholastic speculations concerning these hieroglyphics, and endless discussions over their meaning and origin, but the Indians, who are after all the best judges, avow complete ignorance of the signs, saying that they are the riddle of a vanished race so ancient that not a myth nor chronicle handed down through the chain of generations, sheds the light of knowledge upon their mystery. They had their day before the Selish came, and now, like those shadowy specters whose record is merely an untranslatable sign, the Selish, in turn, are passing while vineyard



Scene in the Jocko Valley, Flathead Reservation



Dance camp near the Mission of St. Ignatius, Flathead Reservation

and orchard and field of grain obliterate their footsteps and mark the ruse of the conquering race.

* * * *

We have read much of late years concerning the Hopi, their gentleness and peaceable pursuits, but we have heard little or nothing of the Selish, living in their valley home, along the Jocko river or among the sheltering foothills beneath the heights of Sin-yal-min. Happily, the home of the Hopi is remote, their pueblos lie upon citadels of stone, and the way to them is paved with the burning sands of the desert. They possess nothing that greed can covet, so the Hopi are safe enough for a time, at least, until the pressure of civilization sends forth a tidal wave so sweeping that even the deserts shall not be spared. Paradoxical as it sounds, the Selish, in being more fortunate, have been proportionately more unfortunate. Dwelling in a fertile valley lush with grain and berry, watered with streams and lakes, their holdings were too valuable an asset for commerce to overlook, and it was therefore ordained that the pumpkin should flourish where the Bitter Root had bloomed and the ploughshare should supplant the arrow.

Before the last traces of the customs of the Selish vanish utterly under the blight of artificial conditions, it is well to stop and look back at their history, first in the light of recorded fact and then in the diaphanous glow of their own quaint myths and hero-tales.

When Lewis and Clark penetrated the unknown in their adventurous journey, they found a particularly gentle and hospitable people who called themselves the Selish, living in the Bitter Root Valley. A few of these Indians had seen the Sieur de la Verendrye and his cavaliers on their futile search for a highway to the Pacific sea, but of the entire tribe there was but a handful of aged hunters who had looked upon the face of a white man. They welcomed the strangers, offered them the hospitality of their lodges and manifested a spirit of friendliness which sent the explorers rejoicing on their way. The white

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men described them as simple, straightforward people, the women distinguished for their virtue and the men for their bravery in the battle and the chase. They were cleanly in their habits and honorable in their dealings with each other. If a man lost his bow or other valuable, the one who found it delivered it to the chief, the Great Father, and he caused it to be hung in a place where it might be seen by all. Then when the owner came seeking his goods, the Chief restored it to him. They were also charitable. If a man were hungry, no one said him nay, and he was welcome even at the board of the head men, to share the best of their fare. In appearance they were of the shade of the "palest new copper after being freshly rubbed." They were well formed, supple and tall, but Lewis and Clark confusing them with certain of the tribes living about the mouth of the Columbia River, called them the Flatheads, though they had never practiced the barbarous custom of flattening the heads of their offspring. However, in the early journals they were given the misnomer, and it has clung to them, libelous as it is, through the centuries.

The Selish remained in their native Bitter Root valley, hunting buffalo and warring over that noble game with their enemies, the Blackfeet, without disturbance from the outer world, until a party of Iroquois came amongst them, led by one Ignace La Mousse, bringing tidings of a mysterious faith. That was the beginning of an impulse to seek the "Medicine" of the white man, and expedition after expedition—four in all—were sacrificed to the cause before a missionary from St. Louis came to teach the Indians the word of God. However sincere of purpose these good fathers were—and surely their black-robed figures loom heroically against the background of the past—they were the first feeble impulse of that civilization which was to bring destruction to the natives of the wilderness. In the footsteps of the fathers followed the gold-seekers and the settlers, the armed troops and Governmental grasp, and the Indians, struggling with demoniac fury were beaten back and driven from their own. In this sweeping survey it must be remembered that the Selish took no part in the reign of bloodshed and death. Peaceably they toiled in their garden plots after the buffalo were no more, or hunted smaller game.



A group of dancers

The Bitter Root Valley lies in the western part of Montana. It is milder of climate than the surrounding country, and the soil is rich and well watered. Hither the white settler came, and the Indians welcomed him, sharing with him their fields until the valley was overrun and it was decreed that the Indian must go. This expulsion has been attempted before at the treaty of the Hell Gate, but Victor, the Lodge Pole, the wise, just guardian of his people, stood firm in his resolve to hold the Bitter Root, and hold it he did. This proved to be but a postponement of the inevitable. Charlot, "Little Claw of Grizzly Bear," succeeded his father Victor as hereditary chief of the Selish tribe. He believed in the friendship of the white



Spectators at the dance

men, gave them protection in the valley, and when Chief Joseph and his band came through the land bent on vengeance, leaving ashes and blood in their wake, Charlot and his braves met the war party and declared that if one white settler in the Bitter Root were harmed, the Selish would rise against Joseph and his men.

Yet it was not long after this that the Garfield treaty was drafted and presented to Charlot to sign. In that document Charlot was required to renounce forever the home of his forefathers and retire with his tribe to the Jocko reservation, which included the region of Sin-yal-min. It was a stern, impassive gathering. Charlot, great chief, in reality king of his tribe, Arlee the war-chief, elected to that office by the vote of the people, and others represented the Indians, while the Government of the United States had eloquent and persuasive statesmen armed with documentary force and red tape to persuade Charlot that his evacuation of the Bitter Root was at once desirable and necessary. But Charlot was a man of shrewdness and iron will. He declined the offer of a pension and the privilege of roaming at large over the pastures of the Jocko. The Bitter Root was the home of his fathers. There they had lived from time immemorial; he, himself, was born within its glades; there he had grown to maturity and sunk, as sinks the sun towards its setting, into old age. He added with finality that there also he would lie down to his eternal sleep.

Arlee, the war-chief, had no such patriotic scruples. He signed the treaty thereby courting and receiving Governmental favor and by the decree of those to whom he pandered, superceded Charlot as Great Chief and drew the pension and other preferment that went with that high trust. Before this extreme measure was carried out, the old chief, with Duncan McDonald, Chief Antoine Moise and other faithful followers decided that if the President, the Great Father himself, understood, he would not be so harsh with an old man whose years to live would be few and whose wrongs were many and sore. So they went to Washington and told their story. Charlot asked for nothing but the "poor privilege" of living where his fathers had lived, and lying down to rest where they had rested through the centuries, before the echo of the white men's booted tread disturbed the primeval quiet. He said, moreover, that he would never be *taken alive* to the Jocko. After this ultimatum, which was listened to rather coldly, the Indians went as they had come, shadows out of a gaily-colored past who aroused the frank curiosity, and often the fear of the orderly citizens of the capital. Their mission had failed; they returned to the Bitter Root empty-handed, heavy-hearted. Charlot might remain in the valley, the wise men had said, but in remaining he sacrificed his title, his land rights, his pension—in other words he was an outcast and a pauper.

For years he lingered on in his old, beloved haunts and happily there is no record of the indignity and poverty he suffered, but this much we do know: he



Tepees of Kootenai Indians on the shores of the Flathead Reservation

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turned with all his will against the white man, and his former love was changed to hate. He lifted no hostile hand against his enemies—indeed, his hands were shackled in all but actual fact—but no word of the despised tongue profaned his lips and no expression of forgiveness softened the iron hardness of his face. At last, closer and closer pressed, he and his braves arrayed in the jealously preserved remnants of their war-regalia, issued forth proudly, like a conquering army, and entered the Jocko. There was rejoicing among the Selish, even those who had followed Arlee honored the royal Charlot, and paid him homage when, with the mien of a triumphant victor, he rode into the land of exile.

The years have come and gone. The sting of that first expulsion has passed for all save Charlot and a few of the older men who remember the wrong and feel the pang of the unhealed wound. Even they have learned to love the valleys of the Flathead and the Jocko, for at all times it has been their pleasure ground shared in common with kindred tribes. But now, having settled into passive contentment, once more comes the dread edict of banishment and the inevitable retreat which is racial death.

* * * *

A wealth of folk-lore and poetry will pass with the passing of the reservation; therefore, it is well to stop and listen before the light is quite vanished from the hill-tops, while still the streams sing with articulate murmur, and the trees whisper regretfully of things lost forever, and a time that will come no more. We of the work-a-day world are too prone to believe that our own country is lacking in myth and tradition, in hero-tale and romance, yet here in our midst is a legended land where every land-mark is a chapter in the great, natural record-book of a folk whose day is done and whose song is but an echo.

Already the young Indians, who are contaminated by alien influences, are neglecting the lore of their fathers, and the patriarchs, jealous of the tribal dignity and honor, are slow to betray their myths to those who may prove vandals and desecrate with mockery things sacred to the nation from whom they are sprung. To trace these stories out is almost as difficult as to follow the spider's strand or to surprise the wild bird, yet the task is worth the labor. The scope of the present sketch permits the recital of only a few legends gathered from the Indians themselves, and therefore they have been chosen with some care. A foreword of explanation may be necessary to make their meaning clearer. The Indians believe that there was a time when men and beasts conversed together in a common tongue. To that era belonged Coyote, the mythical hero of the tribe.

How the Selish Came Out of the Mountains.

In the long, long ago, the valley land was inhabited by a terrible Monster who fed on human victims. Through fear of him the Indians kept to the lean hills, ever gazing with yearning eyes upon the fertile fields spreading out in an emerald flood below. At length Coyote, the most daring of all the braves, challenged the Monster to mortal combat. The Monster accepted the challenge, and Coyote sought out the poison spider in the rocks and bade it sting the Monster to the death. But not even the spider's venom could penetrate the horned scales of the enemy. Then Coyote took counsel of the Fox, his crafty friend, and prepared himself for the fray. He bound a strong, leathern thong around his body and tied the other end of it fast to a great pine tree. The Monster approached with gaping jaws and poison breath, and Coyote retreated farther and farther until the thong stretched taut and the pine curved like a bow. Finally, the tree, strained to the ultimate limit, sprang back with terrific force, felling the Monster with a deadly blow. Coyote was victorious, and the Woodpecker, coming to his aid, cut the pine and sharpened its trunk to a point. Coyote drove this through his dead enemy's breast, impaling him to the earth. Thus the valley was rid of the man-eater, and Coyote, the deliverer of his people, led them down into the verdant fields, where they lived in plenty and content.

Next in interest to this allegorical story of the advent of the Selish into the lowlands is, perhaps, the more modern ac-

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A blind Flathead in holiday attire

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count of the naming of the valley and the range of

Sin-yal-min, "The Surrounded."

Once in a glade by a little stream upon the mountain side, a hunting party surrounded and killed a herd of elk. Not long thereafter in the same vicinity a band of the Selish did battle with their enemies, the Blackfeet, and by the strategy of surrounding them, won the day. From these two incidents the mountains and the valley became known as Sin-yal-min, the surrounded.

* * * *

Unfortunately, like most of the names which bind the places which they designate with some historical fact or fanciful tradition, this title of Sin-yal-min is passing into disuse, having been superceded by the very commonplace and meaningless name of the "Mission" Mountains and Valley. In their religious zeal and pious desire to destroy every trace of that paganism which it was their aim to kill, root and branch, the early Jesuit fathers supplanted the old names with others symbolical of the Catholic faith. The loss of sentiment and fitness has been great, and before it is too late, the ancient designations, with their wealth of suggestion, should be restored. Happily, some of the Indian names, such as Missoula, a corruption of In-Mis-Sou-Let-ka, remain, and to each of them is attached a story replete with tradition and poetical imagery. Of all the many myths of the Selish there is none more touching nor spiritual than that of the sacred pine which runs thus:



A patriarch of the Flathead Tribe

The Sacred Pine.

Upon the hills of the Jocko stands a venerable pine tree. It has been there past the memory of the great-grandfathers of the present generation, and from time immemorial it has been held sacred by the Selish tribe. High upon its branches hangs the horn of a big horn sheep, fixed there so firmly by an unknown hand that the blizzard has not been strong enough to wrest it from its place nor the corroding frost to gnaw it away. No one knows whence the sheep's horn came, nor what it signifies, but the tree is held in reverence, and the Indians believe that it possesses supernatural powers. Offerings are made to it of moccasins, beads, weasel skins (ermine), and such little treasures of wearing apparel or handiwork as the givers most esteem, and at certain seasons, beneath the cool, sweet shadow of its spreading boughs, the simple worshipers assemble to dance with religious fervor around its bole upon the green, thus doing honor to the old, beloved object of their devotion, in the primitive, pagan way.

* * * *

Last summer at the time when the sun reached his greatest strength, according to ancient custom the Selish gathered to-

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Round-up of the Allard-Pablo herd of Buffalo, Flathead Reservation

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gether to dance. In this celebration is embodied the spirit of the tribe, their pride, their hates and loves. But this dance had a peculiar significance. It was, perhaps, the last that the people would hold. Another year the white man will occupy the land, and the free, roving life and its habits will be gone.

It was a scene never to be forgotten. Sharply outlined against the intense blue above and the tender green below, silent figures on horseback, gay with buckskin, beads and blankets, rode out of the filmy distance into the setting sun and took their places around the musicians on the grass. There were among them the most distinguished men of the tribe. Joe La Mousse, a descendant of Ignace, the Iroquois, grown to an honored old age, watched the younger generation with the simple dignity which became one of his years and rank. He possessed the richest war dress of all, strung with elks' teeth and resplendent with the feathers of the war eagle. He, with Charlot, met the Nez Perces and repudiated their bloody campaign. Francois and Kai-Kai-She, the judge, both patriarchs, and Chief Antoine Moise, Callup-Squal-She, "Crane with a ring around his neck," who followed Charlot to Washington on his mission of protest, moved and mingled in the bright patch-work of groups upon the green. But towering above the rest of the assembly, regal to the point of austerity, was a man, aged but still erect, as though his strength of pride would never let his shoulders stoop beneath the conquering years. He wore his blanket folded closely around him, and fanned himself with an eagle's wing, the emblem of the warrior. One eye was hidden beneath a white film which shut out its sight forever, but the other, coal-black and piercing, met the stranger gaze for gaze, never flinching, never turning aside. It was Charlot. Though an exile, his head was still unbent, his pride unbroken.

Beneath a clump of cottonwood trees, around the tom-tom, a drum made of deer hide stretched over a hollowed section of green tree, sat the four musicians, beating the time of the chant with sticks bound in strips of cloth. Of these players one was blind, another aged, and the remaining two, in holiday attire, with painted lips and cheeks, were braves. One of these, seated a trifle higher than his companions, who leaned indolently over the tom-tom, plying his sticks with careless grace, possessed a peculiar magnetism which marked him a leader.

Of all that gathering, this Michel Kaiser was the one perfect full-blood specimen of a brave. It was he who, with suppressed energy, flung back his head as he gave the shrill cry and quickened the beat of the tom-tom until louder and louder, faster and faster swelled the chant:

"Come O! ye people! Come and dance!"

Suddenly a brave, painted grotesquely, dressed in splendid colors, with a curious contrivance fastened about his waist, and standing out behind like a tail, bounded into the ring, his hurrying feet beating to the tintinnabulation of sleigh bells attached to his legs. Michel Kaiser and the young man who sat beside him at the tom-tom, gave up their places to others, and after disappearing for a moment came forth freed from encumbering blankets, transformed with paint and ornament. A fourth dancer joined them, and the awe-begetting war dance began. The movement was one of restrained force. With bent heads and bodies inclined forward, one arm hanging limp and the other resting easily at the back, they tripped along until a war-whoop like an electric shock sent them springing into the air with faces turned upward and clenched fists lifted toward the sky.

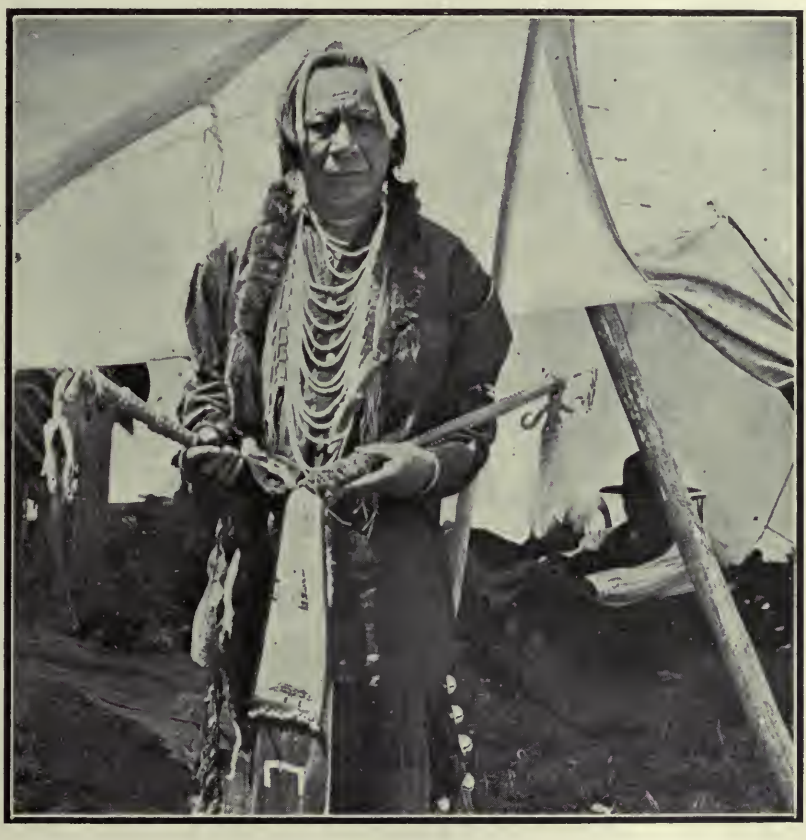
This war dance explained many things. It was a portrayal of the glorious deeds of the warriors, a recitation of victorious achievement, a picture of battle, of striking the body of a fallen enemy—one of the greatest tests of valor. The act of striking was considered a far more gallant feat than the taking of a scalp. After a foe was shot and had fallen, a brave seeking distinction, dashed forth from his own band into the open field, and under the deadly rain of the enemy's arrows, struck with his hand the body of the dead or wounded warrior. In doing this he not only courted the desperate danger of that present moment, but brought upon his head the relentless vengeance of the family, the followers and the tribe of the

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fallen foe—vengeance of a kind that can wait for years without growing cold. By such inspiring examples, the young men were stirred to emulation. The dance showed, too, how in the past the storm clouds of war gathered slowly until, with lightning flash and thunder blast, the warriors lashed themselves to the white heat of frenzy at which they mocked death. The whole thing seemed to be a marshaling of the passions, a blood-fire as irresistible and sweeping as those floods of flame that lay the forests low.

when the ghostly voices of warrior ancestors, of forest dwellers and huntsmen, came echoing out of the past? Their spirit was aroused and the festival would last until the passion was quenched and their veins were cooled.

The next dance was started by a squaw. It was called the "choosing dance," from the fact that either a man or a woman chose a partner for the figure. The ceremony of invitation was simple. The one who desired to invite another, grasped the individual's arm and said briefly:



"Many Bear"

The warriors ceased their mad career. The sweat streamed from their brows and down their cheeks as they sat beneath the shade trees in repose. Still the tom-tom beat and the chant continued.

"Come, O! ye people! Come and dance!"

They needed no urging now. What did they care for vespers and sermons

"Dance!"

The couples formed two circles around the tom-tom, one within the other, then slowly the two rings moved 'round and 'round, with a kind of short, springing step, droning the never-varying chant. At the end of the dance the one who had chosen his partner, presented him with a gift. In some cases a horse or a cow

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was bestowed, and not infrequently blankets and the most cherished bead-work belts and hat-bands. Custom makes the acceptance of these favors compulsory. Even the pale-faced visitors were asked to take part, and the Indians laughed like pleased children to welcome them to the dance. One very old squaw, Mrs. "Nine Pipes," took her blanket from her body and her 'kerchief from her head to give to her white partner, and a brave, having chosen a pale-faced lady for the figure, and being depleted in fortune by his generosity at a former festival, borrowed fifty cents from a richer companion to bestow upon her. It was all done in the best of faith and friendliness, with child-like good will and pleasure in the doing.

Then the next number was called; those who had been honored with invitations and gifts returned the compliment. After this was done, the Master of the Dance, Michel Kaiser, stepped into the center of the circle, saying in the deep gutturals of the Selish tongue, with all the pomp of one who makes a proclamation, something which may be broadly rendered into these English words:

"This brave, Jerome, chose for his partner, Mary, and gave to her a belt of beads, and Mary chose for her partner, Jerome, and gave to him a silken scarf."

Around the circumference of the great ring he moved, crying aloud the names of the braves and maids who had joined together in the dance, and holding up to view the presents they had exchanged.

The next in order was a dance of the chase by the four young men who had performed the war dance. In this, the hunter and the beast pursued, were impersonated, and the pantomime carried out every detail of the fleeing prey and the crafty huntsman who relentlessly drove him to earth.

The fourth measure was the scalp dance, given by the squaws, a rite anciently practiced by the female members of families whose lords had returned victorious from battle, bearing as trophies the scalps of enemies they had slain. It was considered an indignity and a matter of just reproach to husband or brother, if a squaw were unable to take part in this dance. The scalps captured in war were first displayed outside the lodges of the warriors whose spoil they were, and after a time, when they began to mortify or "break down," as the Indians say, the triumphant squaws gathered them together, threw them into the dust and stamped on them, heaping upon them every insult, and in the weird ceremony of that ghoulish dance, consigning them to eternal darkness, for no brave without his scalp could enter the Happy Hunting Ground. The chant changed in this figure. The voices of the women rose in a piercing falsetto, broken by a rapid utterance of the single syllable "la la," repeated an incredible length of time. The effect was singularly savage and strange, emphasizing the barbarous joy of the vengeful women. As the war dance was the call to battle, this was the aftermath. In pleasing contrast to this cruel rite was the marriage dance, celebrated by both belles and braves. The young squaws, in their gayest attire, ornamented with the best samples of their bead work and painted bright vermillion about the lips and cheeks, formed a chain around the tom-tom, singing shrilly. Then a brave with a party of his friends stepped within the circle, bearing in his hand a stick, generally a small branch of pine or other native tree. He approached the object of his love, and laid the branch on her shoulder. If she rejected his suit she pushed it aside, and he, with his followers, retired in humiliation and chagrin. It often happened that more than one youth desired the hand of the same maiden, and the place of the rejected lover was taken immediately by a rival who made his prayer. If the maid looked with favor upon him she inclined her head, laying her cheek upon the branch. This was at once the betrothal and the marriage. At the close of the festivities the lover bore her to his lodge, and they were considered man and wife.

After these figures had been repeated many times and twilight stole down with purple shadows over valley and hill, the music and the dancing ceased and the Indians held their feast. The fare was simple enough—canned salmon and crackers, wild berries and a drink made by the squaws, called "Indian ice-cream"—but they laughed over it and chatted as gaily as though the old times of bison banquets

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were come again. Yet amid the merry-makers there were those who did not share in the mirth. They were some of the older men; those with gray locks, wrinkled cheeks and hunted eyes.

I went to one of the younger women, the daughter of Francois, whose convent education gave her a fair command of English, and asked her how the Indians felt about the opening of the reservation. She shook her head regretfully, and her glance sought out her father, Francois, toothless, white-haired, yet laughing with a group of the dancers.

There was no bitterness in her expression or her tone—only infinite regret.

The Indians began to stir. They rose from the earth like ghosts from their graves, for the light was gone from the sunset skies and night was at hand. Through the evening calm, the monotonous chant shrilled weirdly, and the tom-tom vibrated with the regularity of a pulse-beat. And as that strange, unearthly measure swelled, then died in the engulfing night, it seemed as though the ancestral voices of these doomed children of the wild joined with them in a lament



"Judge Louison"

"The young Indians do not care," she answered. "They gamble, and would rather have the money to lose than land, but the old men like my father, their hearts are breaking."

"Still your father smiles."

"His lips smile, but there are tears in his heart. In a few years he and the others of his age will be gone; then the change will not matter. It is a pity the white people could not wait a little while."

that even the weight of centuries could not still, for a wrong for which not even the promised recompense of the hereafter could atone.

* * * *

There will be great rejoicing in the autumn when the flood-gates are flung open wide, and the pale, white tide flows in like a mighty river, spreading over valley,

upland and foothill. As early as last summer the stage coach that crosses the reservation from Ravalli to the Flathead Lake, bore strange passengers, each with keen, commercial eye measuring the wild grain, taking note of the quality of the soil, of everything, indeed, but the majesty of nature and the Indians shrinking back in their tepees. It was a motley company. A Yale instructor with red vandyke, checked cap and collegiate air, sat beside the driver and exhibited his ignorance of things Western by naive questions that stirred the aforesaid driver's sullen scorn. Moreover, the professor could not solve the problem of western gates, no two of which ever seem to be alike, and he was secretly afraid of the Indians, weaknesses which brought him continually into disgrace. There were besides, two Canadian women, a mother and daughter from the Saskatchewan, who calculated mentally, the largeness of prospective crops (always comparing the possibilities here disparagingly with those across the border), and by way of diversion looking for desperadoes who might hold up the coach. They, too, were afraid of the Indians, never seeing the humor of the situation, and how it was the Indians who had cause to fear them and their predatory kind.

The one self-evident fact was this: the home-seekers were not oppressed sons of toil striving for emancipation from poverty through the bounty of a few tilled acres; they were of the dilettante, speculating sort like the professor, or the hard, shrewd type of the two Canadians. They were each and all mastered by a single idea—that of getting in and gobbling up the best. It was the Indians crowded out by these adventurers who were poor. They peddled trifles made of beads and at the store upon the lake shore the proprietor told of how even the Nez Perce women were exchanging their prized corn husk bags for food.

Yet, soaring above such earthly sordidness, the range of Sin-yal-min rose heavenward, mingling its silver halo of snow with the floating clouds. The virgin valley flowed away in waves of green, and far away the lake shone bright as a polished sabre in the sun. An occasional tepee dotted the valley, its smoke-wreath curling lazily upward, its blanketed tenant bending over the camp-fire or resting in the shade. And sometimes a half-breed cowboy, clad in bright-hued neckerchief and chaparejos, rode with level swiftness across the prairie and disappeared.

The home-seekers noticed none of these things. That commercialism which sees only horse-power in Niagara Falls, square feet of lumber in the Sequoias, and potato-producing possibilities in the fairest valleys, was already up and abroad in the land.

Yes! There will be great rejoicing in the autumn. The movement of elbowing crowds will be seen, the scrutiny of calculating eyes that reckon profits to a nicety will be felt, the ploughshare and the harvester will uproot the old and garner the new, and all will be well! But far off, obscure, unheeded, securely silenced by the poor bribe of a patch of ground already his own, will be the Indian, metamorphosed into a farmer, ready to compete with the incoming world, to be "absorbed" into our great, tolerant and free civilization.

We call ourselves a humane nation; the Civil War was fought and won to free the slave from bondage; the war with Spain was instigated by sympathy for the Cubans, but what about the Indians? If ever God-given charge was imposed upon the stronger shoulders of a dominant race, that charge is ours, and it is an obligation neglected, unfulfilled. We have espoused the cause of down-trodden aliens while we, ourselves, have crushed those who, before us, were masters of the land.

There is another side to the reservation question worth pondering upon. And as the conquering hosts of peace march in to take possession, may it not be well for them to remember that they tread over broken hearts and despoiled homes, to a doubtful material reward, that timid shadow-shapes watch with the hollow gaze of soulless despair the desecration of hallowed ground beneath the leveling plow? And may it be that for the white man, whose steady hand guides the relentless blade, there will be besides the crop of oats and corn, a harvest of unrest—the melancholy of haunting dreams?

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TOMBSTONE JOHNNY

BY AMOS GEORGE

HE CAME to Verde Grande with full-dress, gold braid and brass and cosmetics enough to stock the post. The flavor of commencement was upon his person and he carried about straw colored hair, a delicate complexion, and the West Point accent, all of which were acceptable on "ladies' nights."

Then one day he got his name—and some other things. With good intentions enough, the General sent this shave-tail out with a squad of regulars to clean up a handful of Indian scouts up in the old burying ground where they had been raising dust around the out-pickets. The job was bigger than the old man thought, and for a while it was every man for himself. When the horizon was clear of obstructions the men came back to look for their officer, and they found him—flat on his face behind an old grave mound, white and shaking, and that fixed it. It wasn't just a square deal for the child, but they thought he needed a taste of work, and that the old vets would take care of him, and they did! When he was about, they laid low, but everywhere else he was Tombstone Johnny for life.

Not that he accepted the title with good grace—who said he did? He smarted and he sweated and he swore, and he began to fail to keep on hand a good stock of pain killer—it evaporated too fast! Wherefore his step was not always as steady, nor his breath as mild, as might have been, and he began to look frayed out and seedy, and he forgot the accent. But then what could a shave-tail do when he knew that he was afraid, and when the non-coms grinned and the officers lost their tongues every time he came about? The branding iron feels fine—on the other calf.

This might have been the end of the story, but Lieutenant Jergensen was clipped by a sharp-shooter up at the reservation, and reported at the division hospital for repairs. This left the camp without a commissioned officer, and the General took pity on Tombstone Johnny and sent him across the State line with instructions in military form, which, being translated, meant that he was to hustle along and take command of the camp. The old man had a suspicion that there might be stuff in the kid somewhere down under that complexion, and this would give him another try. The fact that the garrison consisted of one company whose captain was on detached service brought a grain of comfort to the tormented lieutenant. "Anywhere, out of sight," he groaned.

At Santa Rosia, he climbed down with three suit-cases and watched the train fade away into the mirage. Then he looked at his two trunks lying on the platform and inquired about the stage. Nothing doing till to-morrow, but the "Red-eyed Rodeo" was just across the street—and why should the spirit of mortal be sad with a month's pay in pocket?

When he was able to be out again, the stage was twenty-four hours away, and Camp McBain was thirty-five miles over the range. The one liveryman of Santa Rosia looked him over critically and stated that he had no horses to hire today, but that a freighter had left that morning for Verdugo, which was half way, and as for the other eighteen miles, the walking was purty fair, and the baggage could come by stage next week.

This is how it happened that Second Lieutenant John W. Bates, otherwise known as Tombstone Johnny, might have been seen equipped with his orders and two black bottles, astride the nigh wheeler, reflecting on the vicissitudes of life and breathing volumes of alkali dust. Since the teamster was likewise parched of

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throat, the black bottles did a steady business till the driver got happy and Tombstone Johnny held onto the hames of his mule with both hands.

They made Verdugo late, and in as much as the Palace Hotel had not yet arrived, the military man slept on the straw pile at the feed yard. They got him out in the morning, and he blinked stupidly over the ham-and-eggs at the grub shack, and ere the sun was an hour high, it met a weary pilgrim, foot sore and red-eyed, making his painful way along the short-cut trail over the mountain to the reservation. The sight would have thrilled the hearts of his tormentors. His cup of misery was dripping over the brim, and a bitter hatred of all the earth and the fullness thereof had eaten into his soul. Two months away from graduation and compliments and congratulations and senior functions and button-and-braid and brass bands. It all looked like Heaven now, and here he was in Hell, and all because he had stubbed his foot and stumbled in that old Verde Grande cemetery. How was a gentleman at West Point to know that war was Hell, and that Indians could shoot straight at him? How was he to know that the life of an army officer was not made up of cotillions and receptions and reviews? Over and over these things turned themselves in his befogged mind till he stopped and swore weakly and wearily, and then he stumbled on again.

Over the first range the trail winds down to Sand Creek. Sand Creek is not famed for its beauty, but at one p. m. its muddy bed looked like Paradise to a man with smarting eyes, blistered feet, and burning thirst. For a black bottle has its peculiarity; it leaves its devotee with a throat like a volcano's bed, and no drop of water touches the trail between Verdugo and the creek. But here was water, and shade, and soft sand, and all nature was saying, "Here's a place to rest."

"Seemsh to me ish time to go swimming," he said. "Good swim, cool bath, level head, ish great idea. Now I lay me——"

He hung his uniform carefully on the willows, and then he crept to the water. The sand was comfortable, and he sat down. Five minutes later the woodpecker stopped drumming on the old stump and looked curiously down at the underclad figure, from which strange sounds came with the regularity of a monster asleep.

In three hours a dry throat stuck him with needles till he rolled over and felt for the black bottle in the place where he had last carried it. There was no bottle there! Worse still, there was no pocket. He fumbled at the place a long time, and then sat up on the sand bank and looked down at the water. "Nish cool water," he muttered. "Good wet wasser—awful bad for stomach, though," he groaned. After awhile he looked down at his underclothes and then up on the bank where hung his—but they didn't hang there. Instead there lay a pile of old khaki on the ground and a trim-clad Lieutenant sitting on the log, who regarded him with amused curiosity.

This was interesting. He chuckled a while in silence, and then his hand came slowly to his head, and he stiffly saluted. "Morning, Lieutenant," he said. "Why donsh you returns salute?" he demanded with show of petty wrath. "I teash you, sir."

The stranger arose, too, and spoke. "Don't move, sir, you're covered." Tombstone Johnny opened his mouth, and for astonishment forgot to close it. The uniform was his, the cap was his, the revolver was his; if that were himself, then he had changed a good deal since he lay down on the bank of Sand Creek. And if that were Lieutenant Bates, how in thunder did he—— "Oh, I see," he sputtered in sudden excitement. "Thash Lieutenant Bates, this ish Tombstone Johnny. But who the devil ish these old clothes?"

"Put on those clothes and be mighty quick about it," commanded the stranger.

Tombstone Johnny looked at the bedraggled uniform of the man on the line, and his blood pounded into his alleged brain and he rose in wrath. "Give me my gun," he sputtered. "And you go to the devil. You got my clothes yourself, you old——"

The revolver came up. "Not so fast, my little man," the other said slowly and easily. "You're my game now, you know. Respect for your superiors is the first principle of military regulations. If you're

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booze-soaked block's clear enough to listen I will tell you a few things, but I'm not wastin' any words on shave-tails till they sobers up some sensible."

The man in underclothes considered. Evidently somebody had the drop on him. He looked for something to hide behind, but there was no tombstone present, or anything of like nature except the log on which the other fellow sat.

"Time's up," announced the lieutenant. "I see you don't understand. Get up and put on those clothes, unless you prefer to march in fatigue uniform. Do it darn quick, too; its eight miles to camp, and it's not healthy here nights since the gugus has cut loose again."

"See here, whats this all about anyway?" demanded Tombstone Johnny, with the first gleam of returning intelligence.

"Oh, that's easy, and since you inquire special, I'll state the case. I'm Second Lieutenant John W. Bates, with orders to proceed to the reservation and take command of the garrison succeeding Lieutenant Jergenses. Got that far? Very well. You're Wilbur Hutchings, late private 1st class, of the 20th, on vacation without leave for reasons sufficient to yourself, but arrested at large as a deserter by Lieutenant Bates, and you will accompany me, in front, to Camp McBain—and you'll do it quick."

Slowly the unclad man rose, every joint protesting, and with gingerly fingers arrayed himself in the shabbiest uniform that had ever covered his shrinking figure.

The man with the gun watched the performance with ill-concealed amusement. "Not up to your grade, eh?" he sallied. "Well, maybe not, but they've done me all the good they will ever do, and they won't hurt you. I'm no raw recruit, and it's sure suitable that my last appearance is in an official uniform. First time I was ever a shave-tail, though, and they never called me Tombstone Johnny, neither."

In blind fury, the cringing captive turned and sprang at his tormentor, but he only stepped aside. Then leveling the revolver at the wretched figure before him he said: "That'll do, now. Forward march!"

Once more Tombstone Johnny began to protest. Then he swore, but the protest was sickly, and the profanity weak, and the man with the gun got tired, and with a crack over the head sent the prisoner on his way up the trail. And what could a poor little shave-tail do when his legs refused to go straight under him, his tongue failed to connect with his ideas, and his head felt in danger of colliding with the trees on both sides of the trail?

"You skunk, you—you bob-tailed malingerer you," he sputtered. "I'll fix you when we get to camp. It'll be six-sixty for a starter—why, man alive," he broke out with sudden comprehension, "you're a deserter. Don't you know what that means?"

"Silence," commanded the man in the rear. "Your memory's bad. I'll fix your lesson so you won't forget it." And two seconds later Tombstone Johnny lay on the ground while his oppressor stood over him, revolver by the barrel, repeating: "I (tap) am Lieutenant (tap) Bates (tap.) You (tap) are (tap) deserter (tap) Hutchings (tap) under arrest (tap) on road (tap) to Camp McBain (tap.) Savy now," (tap, tap.)

If any desire for further protest were left, it was drowned in a shower of meteors and lost in an inarticulate groan of terror. For the quaking heart of a counterfeit man can be nothing but itself, and —well, let's not abuse a wretch when he's down.

After awhile the trail grew steeper and the staggering prisoner bethought him of a last resort. "Where's my bottle? Let's have a drink together—my treat, you know," he whined and simpered.

"Shut up! Bottle's safe. Too much bottle now. March!"

They walked into camp just as the flag came down, and the sunset gun bade its farewell to the day. Each man looked his part. "Chesty," muttered the sergeant, as he took in the new commander. "But who the dickens is that dish-rag he's got?"

"Sergeant, place deserter Wilbur Hunchings, 20th regiment, in the guard house, double guard. He's been seein' things and 's crazy as a lobster. Make him keep his mouth shut."

The lieutenant was master of the situation. He took possession of headquarters, showed his papers to the ranking sergeant, inspected daily reports for the past week, ordered the best supper the camp could

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furnish, asked how the Navajos were behaving, demanded a dozen cigars from the commissary sergeant, and generally looked and acted the part of ranking officer of the post.

"I have the honor to report that the prisoner in the guard house refuses to keep quiet, and talks. He claims to be a commissioned officer, and that he was—"

"Certainly, certainly, sir. He raved like a loon all the way in. I found him down at Sand Creek, drunk as a fool, and had the devil of a time to get him up here. He's been seein' 'em all the way. If he doesn't shut up, gag him."

The sergeant hesitated.

"What is it?" demanded the commander in best military tones.

"Nothing, lieutenant. But we understood you was to come yesterday, and the scouts has just come in and says that there is trouble on tonight. They's scheming to drop down on us after taps. They got wind of it through a squaw that's—friendly, and I thought you ought to know it."

"Thunder," muttered the ranking officer, "but I've got into a——I mean that is important surely," he continued aloud. "Sergeant, issue sixty rounds of ammunition, put three guards on first watch, double pickets, order every man ready for action at taps."

The sergeant saluted and retired. Outside he met the corporal. "New lieutenant is O. K., but that was a mighty straight story the prisoner told. Doesn't look to me to be as drunk as reported. Look like he'd been out a week."

With military precision orders were obeyed. Pickets were stationed, rations protected, ammunition issued, orders passed, taps sounded, and lights blinked out. The silence of the night settled down, broken only by the night owl on the hill and the crickets in the pines. The new lieutenant sat and smoked and considered. This was better than he had dared hope. Whatever the discrepancies of his past, failure to make good in a scrap had never been one, which was why he had not been cashiered long ago. When he made the find at Sand Creek he had no plans for anything but a get-away, and now fortune had tumbled into his lap this basket of plums. A lieutenancy, command of the post, and prize of prizes, a chance for a fight. For the first time he thought of what might have been, and then he sighed and wondered how he would get away. It was plain sailing now. After the trick was turned tonight he could disappear with accoutrements of war and leave the wretch in the guard house to come to his own. It would be funny to see him try it, he thought.

Then it happened. Down the trail there was a shot, and then another, and in ten seconds the line was formed, and the lieutenant by the look-out tree watched for the charge, and it came. Up the trail swept the mob of painted and be-feathered red-skins, expecting to find all hands asleep. An instant later there swept through their ranks a fire deadly and unexpected, and in the half moon-light they went down a dozen braves. The yell died, and with dead and wounded on their backs they fled.

It was over in a minute, and to have let them go would have been prudence. But the new Lieutenant had smelled powder, and it went to his brain, and with an unofficial shout, he yelled, "Forward, double-quick! March! Give 'em hell, boys," and down the mountain he ran with the men.

At the big rock, the narrow meadow became a trap. A dozen men might scale the boulder and stand off a company as it came. But the new Lieutenant knew nothing of this, and into the hail of lead ran every man in the garrison except nine—and the prisoner in the guard-house. It was short and sharp, and it was nasty enough on both sides. In five minutes the rock was bare, and the foe had fled, and then there was a sound of strife from the camp. Shots and shouts rang out in the night air, and without waiting for command, every man that was left tore up the hill to find a hand to hand skirmish that lasted longer than was pleasant. Over by the guard house it was thick and fast, and here and there ran men, striking right and left. It was too dark to shoot straight and too light to ambush, and the Indians were too thick to pick off, and confusion reigned supreme.

Then there rose above the din a voice of command that rang through the camp. It brought assurance to the hard-

pressed men and sent terror to the renegades. "To the commissary!" the voice commanded. "To the commissary—march!" And at the door of the commissary they gathered and drove out the pillagers within and put out the fire kindled beneath the door, and cleared the camp of the last ambitious brave left to tell the tale of one of the bloodiest nights known on the frontier.

When it was all over, the lieutenant gave orders for the care of the wounded and recovery of the missing. The sergeant turned to confer and started back in blank amazement. "I'll be——"

"Remember your work, sir," came the orders cool and steady.. "Send ten men down to the meadow, bring the men into the barracks for treatment."

"See here," broke out the bewildered sergeant. "Weren't you in the guardhouse an hour ago?"

"If I was, it's none of your business. I am Lieutenant Bates, in command of this garrison by order of General Holland. Find that deserter and put him in the guard house."

The sergeant started down the hill. "I'll be damned," he gasped. "He's got more nerve and grit than the other fellow. What'll happen when they get together?"

Down by the big rock lay a still figure clad in the uniform of a second lieutenant. The sergeant paused a minute and touched his arm. There was no response, and the hole behind the ear told the tale.

They carried him back to camp and the next day they buried him. The deserter had come in.

In the morning they looked curiously at the face of the lieutenant in command, and they were silent, for it was not the face of the man whom they had put in the guardhouse. They forgot that he had been clad in the bedraggled uniform of a private soldier, and they forgot that it was not he who had carried the papers. When the belated soul of a man awakens under pressure of a desperate moment and he comes to himself, papers are a secondary matter. Lieutenant John W. Bates, U. S. A., was in command of the garrison.

A CHANGE OF NATURE

BY HUNTLY GORDON

"So long," he said, "as sky be blue,
And earth be green, and skylark sing
For very plenitude of spring;
As long shall live my love for you!

"As winds, complaining dove-wise, woo
The wild flowers shyly blossoming;
So long!" he said.

The sky bewept its change of hue
To earth-like gray; the lark its wing,
Grief-heavy, drooped; rude winds did fling
Fade flowers aside; the man.—he, too:
"So long!" he said.

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A LATE FULFILLMENT

BY MAUDE HEATH BLANK

ANASTASIA FRISBEE sat on the back piazza, shelling peas for dinner. Before her stretched the green meadow of the ten acre lot. Through it ran a noisy little brook, shaded by drooping willows, and beyond the brook rose a large rock, across the smooth face of which was painted in staring white letters, "Perry's Pleasant Pills Prevent Pain." On the roof of the barn, nearer the house, was a sign painted in letters that covered the surface, "Curena Cures All Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, and Blood."

These two disfiguring advertisements had spoiled the landscape for Anastasia. Her beauty-loving soul revolted at the desecration, and more than one dispute, that verged dangerously near to the quarreling line, had arisen between herself and husband on the subject. But the advertising agent paid for the privilege a sum that seemed extravagant to Jabez Frisbee, and his thrifty mind could not conceive the senseless idea of losing ready money, so easily obtained, for a mere notion. So the farm continued to bear the stigma that artistic natures deplore through the length and breadth of the land; Anastasia continued to refer at appropriate seasons, in tones of contempt, to "the barn that the Curena folks hired," and Jabez continued to take the money every spring for space that would not otherwise bring in a cent.

This condition of affairs had obtained for years, but recently Anastasia had been unaccountably silent on the subject. In fact, the day before when the advertising man had come to make his annual payment, she had not only refrained from objecting to the transaction, but had actually asked the stranger to stay to dinner. Jabez wondered, but like a wise man had asked no questions, having learned in a long married life to let sleeping dogs lie.

Anastasia was a comfortable-looking, motherly woman, rather stout, with a fresh color and sympathetic mouth and eyes. She was fifty years old, the wife of one of the most respected and influential men in the little town of Gilson, a member of the Methodist Church, of which her husband was a deacon; a grandmother and a sensible, God-fearing woman; and yet, if she had been asked suddenly any time in the past forty-two years what she wished for above everything else, she would have answered promptly, "a garnet ring."

When she was little Anastasia Gates, the youngest of ten children, city boarders were taken one summer at her home to eke out the precarious living of a New England farmer. Their small homestead of ten acres was about three parts stones, which were laboriously gathered up each spring from the apparently inexhaustible supply, and piled up to be carted off, or built into fences. The crops that could be coaxed from the inhospitable land during the short season barely sufficed to feed and clothe John Gates' healthy family, so that city people who were willing to pay five dollars a week to look at the view and eat what the family had, without extra "fixins," were looked upon as a direct intervention of Providence in the form of harmless lunatics.

It was on the finger of one of these exotic ladies that little Anastasia first saw a garnet ring, the desire for which possessed her thereafter unceasingly. Her fancy never wavered. No other ring seemed desirable to her. Afterwards, when she saw diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds, it was still for a garnet that her heart cried.

On one red letter day, when it rained so that they stayed indoors, the lady had

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called Anastasia to her room, and let her help arrange her bureau drawers and boxes, and seeing the longing in the child's eyes, had allowed her to wear the wonderful ring for an hour. Clasped tightly between two tiny fingers, to keep it from slipping off, Anastasia, for that brief period, tasted absolute happiness. She never forgot it. At any time in the following forty years she could close her eyes and see again the rich red of Miss Lacy's garnet ring.

The next Sunday, when she went to Sunday school a new song was sung, the refrain of which was, "Oh, who will help us to garner in the sheaves," etc., but to Anastasia, as the children sang, it said, "Oh, who will help us to a garnet ring," and for years she believed those were the words she heard.

Once she found a ring in the road as she went home from school—a gold ring set with three small garnets, but before the glory of holding it had fully enveloped her soul, a woman came hurrying out of a nearby house and saw her. She snatched the ring from the child, as if she thought she were a thief, and left Anastasia wondering if she would actually have kept the ring if she could without looking for the owner. She had been too well schooled not to know that her soul was lost if such yielding to temptation was possible, and it worried her for weeks.

As she grew older, she saw the futility of asking her hardworking father for anything not absolutely necessary, and it occurred to her that if she picked berries and sold them she could buy a ring for herself. So she spent three days of the next holiday week picking strawberries in the hilly pasture land, under the fervent June sun, and sold them from house to house. She earned a dollar and a quarter altogether. When she brought the money home her mother advised her to buy the material for a best woolen dress for herself, and told her she was a good child to try to help her parents. Anastasia said nothing of her secret ambition. She did as she was told, and only cried herself to sleep two or three nights. In August, when the blueberries ripened, she went uncomplainingly with the older children to pick enough, if possible, to buy her school shoes.

Sometimes she dreamed of finding another ring, far more beautiful than the real one, and set with with one large flashing garnet, but just before she could put it on her finger she always awoke.

As she grew up into a pretty, red-cheeked, blue-eyed girl, and went occasionally to parties, the young men of the neighborhood began to pay her attention, and the summer that she was eighteen Jabez Frisbee, the oldest son of one of the most prosperous farmers of the county, asked her to be his wife. Partly because she liked him, but more because young girls were expected to marry as soon as a suitable offer came, she said yes, and preparations for an early wedding were begun.

All the girls she knew who were engaged had engagement rings, and Anastasia had no doubt that Jabez would give her one. She only hoped, almost fiercely, that it would be a garnet but would have thought it unmaidenly to even hint at the kind she wanted. Jabez brought the ring the first time he came to see her after the engagement. It was a plain gold band. He was a prudent young man, and considered it just as well, besides being a saving, to make the betrothal token serve also as a wedding ring. Anastasia said nothing, and after they were married she gave up planning for a garnet ring. It was so hopeless.

A year after their marriage, she and Jabez moved to California, and they prospered well. Jabez bought a small farm, which was clear of debt; he built a neat five room cottage, with a wide back piazza, and he had all the machinery that he considered necessary to carry on the place. He was a "good provider." His wife had all she needed, according to his judgment, and if he had known of her secret longing he would have said without hesitation that it was "all folderol."

Jabez was a good man. His greatest fault was a little "nearness" in money matters, and as he firmly believed economy to be one of the cardinal virtues, it was not likely that he would ever correct himself of that characteristic. His idea of comfort was to buy what was actually necessary, and put as much money as possible in the bank every year. To leave a good bank account when he died was only

second in his wishes to an abundant entrance into heaven, and it might be said that it was second only on Sunday.

When Anastasia's first baby came, and she was so very ill that Jabez feared she would die and leave him alone with the little one, in her weakness and partial delirium she told him faintly that she could get well if she only had a garnet ring. He supposed that she did not know what she was saying, but as the doctor said she must not be fretted, he brought her a garnet ring from the store and slipped it on her finger. She looked at it, sighed blissfully and slept. She recovered fast, but as soon as she was able to sit up she saw that the ring was of the cheapest pinchbeck, with a glass setting. When she was able to go out again she dug a little hole in the back yard and buried it—she could not have told why.

The years went on. Two other children were born to them, but one lived only a year. The first boy and his sister grew up and were married. Elizabeth, a pretty girl, who looked as her mother did when she was young, had for her engagement ring a very small diamond, and when John became engaged to Drusilla Hicks he gave her an emerald with pearls. Their mother said nothing as to her views on jewelry, and it would not have occurred to either of the children that she could wear any other ornament than the plain gold band, now growing a little thin.

But today, as she sat getting the peas ready to cook, she wore on the third finger of her right hand a heavy gold ring, rather ornate, and set with a large, well-cut garnet. She had had it for more than a week, and had worn it whenever she was alone. She had tried to tell Jabez about it, and to show it to him. Each day her courage failed her, and she determined to tell him that night. Each night she concluded that morning would be a more favorable time. She had planned various ways of telling him. At one time she thought she would wear the ring until he noticed it, and then explain. At another she planned to tell him first, and then show it to him. Several times she almost began to speak of it, but a queer little chill would creep over her and her tongue felt stiff.

It was not that she was afraid of her husband. In his way he was a kind man, but, although few had ever suspected the fact, Anastasia was extremely sensitive to blame or ridicule, and the dread of his saying that such ornaments were out of place on a woman of her age, and of his ridiculing her to the children, froze her resolutions before she could carry them out.

Anastasia had been a "woman of her age" ever since her first baby was born, so she could not tell just what number of years was most reprehensible, but it was safe to fear that she had reached it. At one time she wanted a pink wrapper, but Jabez said he should think a woman of her age would look better in brown or grey and his wife never spoke of pink to him again.

The first year after they went to California Anastasia was miserably homesick. She wanted her own people, the old familiar surroundings. The fact that Jabez was making money faster than he could have done in New England made no difference in her loneliness. The hill vineyards never, she was convinced, could look as beautiful to her as a field of clover, and the long, dry summer, with never a shower, and the equally long rainy winter, were separate and unforgivable offenses in her eyes. Long after she had become a good Californian and thought with pity of the victims of sunstroke and freezing "back home," she remembered Jabez's scornful remark that he should think a "woman of her age" was too old to cry like a baby just because she was homesick.

She remembered with painful distinctness little slights and reproaches—not vindictively, but simply because she was powerless to forget. Once, when the first baby was about a year old, she and Jabez went to a small party given by one of the neighbors. Old-fashioned games were played, and Anastasia joined in "hunting the slipper," and was enjoying it with all her cheerful soul until she suddenly saw her husband frowning at her. As they went home he said he was surprised to see a woman of her age acting so foolish. Her face grew hot for years afterwards whenever she thought of the occurrence.

Quite likely Jabez Frisbee had never had the remotest idea of the system of re-

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pression under which his wife had lived for thirty years. He supposed that he loved her (only, like most New England persons, he would have said "liked," rather than "loved," which tender verb seems to impress them as being indelicate) but it was as a possession of his own, not as an individual, separate and distinct from himself.

But it was not altogether because Jabez would disapprove of the ring that she dreaded to tell him. It was more because of the way in which she had obtained it. The ring was the symbol of a yielding to temptation that was almost unknown in a long and austere life. To it she had sacrificed her convictions and given the lie to a hundred of her own statements. For it she had done what she believed to be wrong, and the certainty that Jabez would find it out, even if she did not tell him, and the dread of the moment when the blow would fall had in a week changed her from a cheerful, talkative woman to a silent, worried-looking one, who had puzzled her husband for days.

So for more than a week, Anastasia had tried and failed to tell her husband the mighty secret, and, as usually happens, today when she least expected it, discovery overtook her. She had prepared a dinner fit for the proverbial king, and when it was almost cooked went to her bedroom to put her ring lovingly away in its velvet lined box. She stopped a few minutes to turn it back and forth to catch the light, rejoicing in the color that represented all she knew of beauty for its own sake, and then went back to the kitchen.

Jabez came in to dinner as usual. He had been to town and brought home the Gilson Courier, which he unfolded and began to read while his wife dished up the dinner.

"Zounds a'most to the nation!" he shouted suddenly, causing Anastasia to nearly drop the plate of corned-beef she was holding. "What does this mean, I want to know?" he went on, holding out the paper with a shaking hand, his face red and his eyes glaring at her in a way that made his wife feel faint.

There on the last page of the paper was her own picture, and beneath it in staring type, she read, as if in a dream: "Mrs. Jabez Frisbee, wife of a prominent farmer and bank director of Gilson, recommends Curena." Below this was a mass of small type, which she had no time to decipher before the flood of her husband's wrath was upon her.

"What on airth does this mean anyway, I ask ye? What possessed ye to go and git yerself into public print and disgrace? Why don't ye answer me, hey?"

And then the courage that lay dormant in her sensitive soul came to her aid, and she felt a stiffening of moral fibre as she said, with such dignity that Jabez was unconsciously calmed:

"I'll tell you, Jabez Frisbee, all there is to it, and you don't need to holler enough to raise the dead. About a month back a proper appearing young man came here one day on a bicycle and asked me for a drink of water. While he was drinking it he said he had dyspepsy a good deal, and he asked me if that Curena (that he see advertised on your own barn roof, Jabez) was good for it. I told him I never took any myself, but some folks said it was. He wanted to know if I ever knew of it doing anybody any hurt, and I said no. He kept on talking till I finally told him about Mis' Pettis saying it cured her of neuraligy. Then he asked if I would be willing to recommend it; if I would, the medicine folks would give me ten dollars. I said I believed it done Mis' Pettis good, but I couldn't say no more. He wrote out what I said and asked me to sign it, and I did, and he give me the money. I didn't know he was going to print it, and I never give him the picture. I don't know where he got it, unless it was out of that county history that you went and paid 'em to put your and my picture in when I begged you not to. When I went to Sacramento the last time I got me a ring with the ten dollars. I'll show it to you."

She came back from their room presently and handed him the ring, which he took and turned about awkwardly in his big, horny fingers, still silent, looking alternately at the picture and his wife, and after a moment's hesitation, she went on, in a lower tone:

"I guess you don't realize that it's pretty hard to work all your life for your board and clothes, and that's what I've done. Till I got that ten dollars, you

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know, as well as I do, that I never had a cent to spend as I was a mind to. I never had anything that was pretty when I was a girl, and I've never had anything sense I was married only what you thought was necessary. And 'tain't fair. I've worked as hard as I could all my life, and I never had even the butter and egg money to spend without being told what to git with it. Ever sense I was a mite of a girl I've wanted a garnet ring more'n anything in the world, seem's if, and I couldn't have it. I asked you for one once, and mebbe you recollect what you give me."

She swallowed a little sob, and then, encouraged by his seeming stupefaction, went on boldly: "I'm glad I've got it. It's a comfort to me, and as far as the piece in the paper goes, all it says is true, for what I know, and anyway it's no worse to say it there than to put it on your barn roof for all creation to see. You git money for that, and you spend it as you're a mind to, and that's what I've done, and I ain't sorry for it."

He reached out the ring to her, still without speaking, and she took it and put it on her finger as if she was throwing down the gauntlet to fate, saying quietly, "There's no call to let dinner git cold, as I know of."

Jabez went out to the pump to wash his hands, as if dazed. He looked at his big barn roof, across which in monstrous letters was emblazoned the legend of the Curena Company, about which he and his wife had so often argued, and a great light shone in on his mind, but he only said, softly, "Well, I snum!"

Dinner was eaten in silence. Anastasia apparently had no more to say. Her ring caught the light as she moved, and glowed cheerfully in the otherwise gloomy atmosphere. Just as she was taking off her apron after the dishes were washed, Jabez came to the door. He looked a trifle sheepish—"meachin," his wife would have said—and remarked casually, "I might hitch up and take you down to 'Lizbeth's. I s'pose she'd like to see yer new ring. And say, 'Stasia," stooping to pick up a pin that he seemed to have difficulty in locating, "I guess I might's well give ye back yer ten dollars to do whatever yer a might to with, and we'll call it the ring's a present from me."

On the way to Elizabeth's, he said, deprecatingly, "I dunno's I'll have them signs painted agin. I don't much like the looks of 'em, anyway." After a period of rumination, during which his wife sat silent. he continued: "Don't ye worry none about that piece in the paper. I'll see the editor, and I guess he'll print some other testimony after this. There ain't no harm done anyway, and I'm glad ye've got the ring, 'Stasia. I didn't rightly know how bad ye wanted it." And then Anastasia kissed him, without even looking to see if any one saw her.

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ROBBING FOG OF ITS TERRORS

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PERMISSION OF U. S. WEATHER BUREAU

The mariner has long since learned to be exceedingly cautious about depending upon derial sound signals, even when near. Experience has taught him that he should not assume that he is out of hearing distance of the position of the signal station because he fails to hear the sound; that he should not assume that because he hears a fog signal faintly he is at a great distance from it, nor that he is near because he hears the sound plainly."—EXTRACT FROM MONOGRAPH OF HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE, U. S. NAVY.

MODERN ADVANCES in naval architecture and in the science of navigation have robbed the sea of practically all its terrors save one—fog. Well-found ships, handled by skillful navigators, can nowadays scorn the tempest, but up to the present time no human device has been able to eliminate the danger when vessels are groping through fog. Every form of fog signal hitherto adopted has proved unreliable and even deceptive.

Now, however, comes Professor Alexander G. McAdie, in charge of the U. S. Weather Bureau station at San Francisco, with a new system of fog signals which promises to revolutionize the systems now in vogue throughout the world. In principle, it is simplicity itself, and it is based upon natural laws familiar to every high-school boy or girl. The only wonder is,



Fog lifting. View from U. S. Weather Bureau, Mount Tamalpais, California

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Fog stratum; clear above and cloudy below

that it has not been thought of before.

The principle lies in the varying rates of transmission of electric waves through the air and of sound waves through water.

The practical application is found in a simple combination of the wireless telegraph and the submarine telephone, both of which devices are now being installed upon ship-board to constantly increasing extent for general uses. Professor McAdie proposes to substitute the messages sent by them in combination for the sound signals now in vogue.

Bells, syrens, guns, whistles, gongs and other sound signals transmitted through the air are notoriously unreliable, as the Hydrographic office of the U. S. Navy has announced. The aberration of sound in fog, indeed in clear weather, is such that not only the distance, but the bearing of the sound, cannot be determined with any confidence whatsoever. Numberless marine disasters have been attributable to the erratic behavior of sound in air. Even with the best apparatus a signal may be heard distinctly at a distance of four miles, and be inaudible at half a mile. There may be zones or patches of audibility and of inaudibility over a large area.

This phenomenon is due to the varying densities of the atmosphere, diverting or altering the sound waves. Professor Tyndall thus describes the conditions:

"By streams of air differently heated, or saturated in different degrees with aqueous vapor, the atmosphere is rendered



Fog waves

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Fog drifting from sea inland

flacculent to sound. Acoustic clouds, in fact, are incessantly floating or flying through the air. They have nothing whatever to do with ordinary clouds, fog or haze; and the most transparent atmosphere may be filled with them, converting days of extraordinary optical transparency into days of extraordinary acoustic opacity."

If such irregularities obtain on perfectly clear days, they are obviously existent to as great, or even greater, extent in fog, when obstruction of vision adds its perplexities to the mariner groping his way like a blindfolded man.

When a ship is proceeding in fog, she has nothing but sound to warn her of her proximity to danger, in the shape of either another vessel or the shore. Hitherto, human ingenuity has been taxed in vain to improve upon the signals transmitted through air by means of bells, whistles, trumpets and the like. These, being all subject to the aberrations already described, are so unreliable that instead of averting disaster, they have actually at times precipitated it, the hearer being often misled not only as to the distance, but as to the bearing of the sound.

In the wireless telegraph and the submarine telephone, Professor McAdie has found the solution of the great problem.

The wireless telegraph transmits its electric waves instantaneously, regardless of the "acoustic clouds." The submarine telephone transmits sound through water with reliability as to both distance and



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Sea fog pouring over Sausalito hills and through Golden Gate



Helmholtzian fog billow. View from U. S. Weather Bureau Observatory, Mount Tamalpais, California.

direction that for all practical purposes approaches certainty.

He proposes that vessels and shore stations be equipped with both wireless telegraph and submarine telephone plants. During fog, these stations would simultaneously emit a signal. The electric waves from the wireless telegraph travel with the velocity of light,—that is, 188,000 miles a second. The wireless signal would therefore be heard the moment it was sent.

The sound waves from the submarine telephone travel at the rate of 4,708 feet a second through water at the normal temperature of 10 degrees Centigrade. They would therefore be heard later than the wireless signal. The elapsed time would be the measure of the distance.

To illustrate, suppose the officer on the bridge of a ship traveling through fog hears the "click" of the conventional wireless signal. Instantly he notes the time and awaits the signal from the telephone, the receiver of which he has at his ear. When he hears this, he again notes the time. The elapsed time in seconds, multiplied by 4,708, gives the distance of the station in feet, as both signals were despatched at the same time.

For example, suppose that three seconds elapse between the receipt of the wireless and the submarine signals. Three times 4,708 is 14,124 feet. As there are 6,080 feet in a nautical mile this would indicate that the source of the signals, whether another ship or a shore station, is about two and one-third miles away.

No time need be lost by the listener in making computations, as he would have at hand tables showing the distance corresponding to any elapsed time in seconds.

The times may be noted on watch, clock, chronometer or chronograph.

The great advantage of water over air as a medium of sound transmission is in its uniformity. Being homogeneous, with inappreciable variations in density, it transmits the sound waves with reliability.

At the present time, wireless telegraph outfits are provided to ocean going vessels in constantly increasing numbers, and there are numerous wireless telegraph stations along the coasts of nearly every civ-

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ilized country. Submarine telephone plants are installed upon 38 lightships off the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts of the United States, those in the Pacific being Umatilla reef, San Francisco, Blunt's reef, Relief Ship No. 76, and Columbia River. Eight lightships on the Great Lakes are so provided.

Professor McAdie proposes that wireless telegraph and submarine telephone outfits be placed in conjunction at every point where fog signals are now established, especially at dangerous headlands and at the entrance of harbors. He recommends providing vessels with the same. It is a lamentable fact that at the present writing not a single vessel in the Pacific is equipped with a submarine telephone, although they are common in vessels sailing other seas.

While the submarine telephone and wireless telegraph combined give a ship's distance and bearing from the station, her position may be accurately plotted on a chart if signals are heard simultaneously from two stations, by describing arcs from each station with radii equal to the distance from each. The intersection of these arcs is the ship's exact position.

Thousands of lives and millions of dollars worth of property are imperiled annually by fog at sea. A reliable system of protection is what the maritime community has been seeking for generations.



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THE LAST STAND

BY AGNES LOUISE PROVOST



PPER FALLSBURG basked in the late afternoon sunshine; lower Fallsburg baked in it. Upper Fallsburg grew hourly more quiet with the calm of pleasant leisure at the week's end; lower Fallsburg was already beginning to swarm with the Saturday night crowd. Street corners were grouped with idle men and boys from the mills, and buggies and carryalls were bringing their quota from the outlying districts.

Sheriff Tom Rawlins, taking a cut through lower Fallsburg with Bergen, his new deputy, volunteered the opinion that a universal "pay-day" is a pernicious institution.

"By sun-down fifty per cent of this crowd will be doing their best to get drunk and showing up their dispositions. If I had the running of this earth, I'd cut Saturday night out of the schedule. It's a bad thing for too many men to have their pockets full of money at the same time, and when you add all day Sunday to sober up in, it's a pretty good receipt for trouble."

He dropped his voice slightly as he passed an idling group of men. One of them called to him familiarly. His name was Farley, and he was a yard foreman in one of the mills.

"Evenin', Sheriff. How is it the county ain't givin' Mr. Hansee a pink tea today? He's leavin' us for the penitentiary, ain't he?"

"He's left," said the sheriff briefly, for Hansee was a tender spot with him. The men turned into a corner saloon. Rawlins went on with his deputy, but not too soon to hear an unpleasant laugh as the door swung in.

"In my part of the country," the voice boasted to Farley, "when one man murders another we hang him. We don't let him off with two years' free board."

The Sheriff's brows flickered in a momentary frown. Farley's satellite had described the situation with unpleasant accuracy. The reigning party in Sinclair County had been in power for seven good years of fatness, and the wheels of government were getting clogged. Hansee, an offensive politician of the lower sort, had shot another man in a quarrel, and after a dragging trial had been sentenced to an absurd two years in the State Prison, and a fine which his friends had paid for him. The opposition papers had made much capital out of the lightness of the sentence, and the fact that it was not the first of its kind did not make it sound any prettier.

As they came to the railroad tracks, Sheriff Rawlins turned and looked back at the narrow streets with their lounging men and boys, and the yellow glow of late sunshine on them. He knew the possibilities for mischief that lay there. The track was the social divider of Fallsburg. North of it lay upper Fallsburg, with its prosperous business streets, its white court house and jail giving on the public square, and its decorous residential section, with a century or so of history back of each substantial home. South of the track lay lower Fallsburg, clustering around the mills and the railroad. The "black belt" was there, a straggling section along the river, and in the heart of it lay a human cess-pool where the refuse of both races sent up the reek of its uncleanness to heaven. "Hell's Kitchen," they called it, a nest which generated vice and bred putridity, and filled each night with hideousness. Social Fallsburg was too far off to hear it. Official Fallsburg was dull of hearing, for the Kitchen polled several hundred purchasable votes, and could be colonized for as many more. The prevailing color of the Kitchen was black, but some white men—of a kind—foregathered

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in its numerous saloons because they were wider open than others, and now and then white women—of the same kind—disappeared in its depths and came out worse than before.

"I'd like to clean out that hole," Sheriff Rawlins said meditatively. "One good job like that and I'd go out of office satisfied—provided they wouldn't have me back. Howdy, Uncle Joe! Seems to me you look younger than usual."

"Uncle" Joe Babcock stopped at the corner and snickered in senile appreciation. He was an old man, but he could earn a man's wages yet, and was enormously proud of it.

"Howdy, Sheriff! Younger? I've jest been paid off. Ain't that enough to make a man look young?"

He wagged his head and chuckled contentedly as he trudged along. He loved that week's pay.

Just around the corner a loosely built negro was leaning idly, and his stupid face lightened into furtive interest at the sound of voices. He was shiftless and lazy, but he wanted money. It was Saturday night; he must have whisky; his fingers itched for the touch of dice. Uncle Joe Babcock had just been paid off. No formulated plan of action yet stirred the sluggish mind, but he wanted the things that Uncle Joe's money could buy, and a little greedy flame flickered up in his eyes as he listened.

The negro watched the Sheriff and his deputy go their way. Then he moved out and slouched indifferently up the street, keeping his eye on Uncle Joe Babcock, half a block ahead. The old man was in a hurry. Because it was nearer, he frequently went home by way of the Kitchen, and—in daylight—took a short cut through one of its twisting alleys. He was not afraid.

No one heard the sounds of it, but a little later the old man staggered out into the open street on a swaying run. He had struggled, and the ugly marks of it were branded on him. As he reached safety he swung about dizzily and fell.

Men were coming down the street—white men. They ran to him, and he looked up and whispered it:

"It was Jim Turford. He robbed me. I guess—he's done for me."

The law found Jim Turford before he had left the Kitchen's dark limits, and rushed him to the county jail for safekeeping. The story of it leaped from mouth to mouth, and lost no detail as it went. Uncle Joe Babcock had been murdered, and a "nigger" had done it.

For several hours Fallsburg thought it over, and meanwhile the saloon doors swung frequently. Sheriff Rawlins' prophecy had already come true.

Night crept in and darkened the shaded streets, lights blinked here and there, and curious, loud-voiced groups gathered in front of the county jail, on the east side of the public square, but only a pale light or two showed that there was any life behind the high-barred windows. Gradually the groups congested there, talking idly, violent but aimless. The fire in them was smouldering, waiting for something to blow it into flame. It came.

Down in the Kitchen the scared blacks lay quiet, but about eleven o'clock a group of white men from the mills started back to lower Fallsburg across the tracks, and a negro, coming drunk and reckless from the Kitchen's limits, reeled against one of them and cursed him obscenely.

Straight from a heavy shoulder the answer crashed into the cursing mouth, and half an hour later a panting, sobered fugitive cowered in one of the darkest alleys of the black belt, listening to the sound of retreating voices, while the men who had pursued him, foiled of their quarry and augmented to a crowd, turned to sate their wrath elsewhere. A "nigger" had murdered Uncle Joe Babcock that very day, and they would drag him out to retribution. The law was weak, but this time they would be the law. Drunk with anger, they turned toward the county jail, and as they marched, men joined them by twos and threes, by dozens pouring out from saloons and stores, and the mob roar surged ahead of them.

Sheriff Rawlins heard them coming. Once before he had heard that inhuman bellow, swelling from a murmur to the maddened roar which can come from men's throats when the lust of blood is on them. Official Fallsburg heard it also, and stirred uneasily, but official Fallsburg lay low. Election was only a few months off, and it would not be good policy to

meddle. Were not Sheriff Rawlins and Warden Cale there to look after the prisoner?

Beyond a doubt, Sheriff Rawlins was there, and would stay there. Just now he was standing on the jail steps, eyes cool, watching the faces crowding beneath him in the half-lit summer darkness, right hand resting negligently on his hip, but ready to jump back to his revolver at the instant of warning. Warden Harvey Gale was inside, stern of demeanor, but feeling a bit hollow with nervous excitement. Warden Cale meant well, but the Sheriff judged him to be not quite of the fibre that awes a mob.

The crowd pressed around the jail steps, loud mouthed, threatening, half-uneasy, just a little below the level of the Sheriff's shoulders. Both sides of the track were represented there, but lower Fallsburg predominated, for lower Fallsburg had just been paid off, and was reckless with liquor. Some one threw a stone at one of the jail windows, and a clatter of glass followed. Sheriff Rawlins' eyes hovered steadily over the spot from which the missile had come.

"Well, boys, what is it?"

"We want that nigger?"

"I can't give him to you. You know that."

"A-a-a-a-a-h!" It was a rasping note of revilement. Some one thrust out a menacing fist.

"He killed Uncle Joe Babcock, an old man that never done no harm to nobody! This ain't goin' to be no two-year-and-God-bless-you sentence! We're goin' to see justice done in this county for once!"

"You certainly are!" The Sheriff sent it back at him promptly, and a few laughed. "I expect to hang that nigger myself in six weeks."

"Yes, the way you hung Hansee!"

The Sheriff's jaw looked stubborn.

"I said I was going to hang him. If I don't, you can have a new Sheriff. In the meantime, the prisoner belongs to me, and I am bound to protect him. You might as well go home."

They answered him with jeers and curses.

"We'll break the door down!" That was the defiance of Farley, the yard foreman, crowding close on the steps with a dozen pressing behind him.

Sheriff Rawlins' right hand went to his hip pocket, slid swiftly forth and leveled a revolver at the pushing ones in front, and they melted back before it. His voice carried to the far limits of the crowd.

Before you try any nonsense, remember one thing. When you break down that door, you will find me just on the other side of it, waiting for you."

He stepped back, still facing them. The door opened cautiously to admit him, and closed swiftly in the face of the crowd.

Now that he no longer stood there with implacable eye and leveled weapon, their fear of him vanished, and they swarmed up the steps with newly inflated courage and beat on the door. Some one called for a log to force it, but no one moved to get one. Was not Sheriff Rawlins just on the other side—waiting?

They swayed and murmured, filling the night with idle talk of vengeance, and scores of the curious and excited joined them, until from the long, shady yard of the jail they ran over and filled the public square, half boastful, half afraid, violent of speech and purpose, but not realizing their own strength nor daring to use it. Inside, three men armed with authority and a little more held them back with a barred door between.

"Harvey!" The Sheriff turned to Warden Cale. "You better guard the back. They might sneak up behind and make trouble. "Billy"—to his deputy—"you go up and take a look out, and see what they're doing. If you want help, yell for it, and if you hear me shout, come quick."

They went, leaving Sheriff Rawlins alone by the big door. He heard one of the prisoners in the upper tier call out to Bergen for the news, the criminal and the law being on easy social terms in Sinclair County. There were about a score of prisoners in the jail, and all of them awake and restless, for even in jail news flies quickly. A negro had been rushed in at nightfall, and now the muffled clamor of a mob beat through the walls. The same uneasiness possessed them all, the fear lest men in their madness might fire the jail and sacrifice them to reach the negro. Two of them started to argue it out noisily across their cells, and Sheriff Rawlins went down the corridor and looked them

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over, and made a brief speech. After that they quieted down and listened in sullen apprehension to the sounds outside.

Bergen came down and reported increased activity on the part of the besiegers. He could not distinguish a great deal, but a crowd had set off in the direction of the tracks, and others seemed to be dragging materials for a bonfire. Two five gallon cans stood within the circle of a street light. That meant kerosene.

"M'm." Sheriff Rawlins grunted a brief comment. "So they think they're going to burn him right under our noses? Well, they'll have to catch him first."

The new deputy ventured a suggestion. The flame of battle was in him.

"Suppose I sneak out and see what can be done at close range? I can dodge over and stir up the police department, or maybe we can get out the militia."

"No use." The Sheriff was decided. "The police department, Billy, is meant for times of peace, and our militia is an institution used chiefly for parades. They may be useful in some places, but not in Sinclair County. We're too damned afraid of alienating votes. You couldn't get the police out to-night with a corkscrew. When it's all over, they'll wake up and send the whole force. I know 'em."

A burst of angry yells beat in upon them. A new frenzy was sweeping the crowd. The Sheriff listened, his head cocked toward the door.

"If they keep on like that they'll be in here before morning. This isn't the strongest jail in the United States. If they do——" he thought it over for a moment, and a gleam of inspiration flickered somewhat grimly in his half closed eyes. It seemed to please him. "If they do, Billy, I think we can match 'em. See here."

Sheriff Rawlins gave the rest of his instructions in a law-toned rumble, and the deputy nodded, growing more excited with each sentence. He was visibly awed by the magnificence of the scheme.

"Don't let anybody see you," the Sheriff concluded. "Shut down the lid and put it in front of Turford's cell. No, he can't reach it. I put irons on him."

Deputy Bergen was off on a run, and the Sheriff sat down and waited patiently. It was past midnight; the minutes crept on to one o'clock, and beyond. The clock in the corridor struck two, and at a sudden turmoil from the outside he ran up to a darkened window and peered out.

Starry darkness was there, warm and humid—hurrying, delirious crowds of men, and over to the south, just beyond the tracks, a deepening, pulsating red glow.

Outside, the warm night had stirred its own unrest in the blood of idle men. In the middle of the square the fagots were piled in readiness around an iron lamp-post, and the five-gallon cans of kerosene stood near, but still they delayed their attack on the jail door, remembering Sheriff Rawlins, just on the other side. A group of them went around to the back of the jail to smoke him out, piled a little bonfire and struck a match, but the voice of Warden Cale dropped down to them from above. Warden Cale had found his nerve.

"Better not. I'm here with six shots and a good aim, and ammunition handy."

They dodged like frightened shadows from the aim of the unseen weapon, and the dropped match spluttered a moment in the cool grass, and went into blackness.

The men whom Bergen had seen starting for the tracks were absent a long time. They sent back a messenger shouting exultant news, at first unintelligible, but as he ran, the red glow began to reflect its first faint tinge in the sky, and then leaped into a flickering furnace. They had fired the Kitchen.

The crowd howled. That was the noise that Sheriff Rawlins had heard. Like liberated waters they streamed off toward the glow in the South, drained rapidly out of the square and the jail yard, and left only trampled grass and piled fagots to show that they had been there.

The glow in the southern sky grew to a passionate flare, now pulsating hotly, now peering red-eyed through a haze of brown smoke. The Kitchen was burning. Spark fountains leaped up from it and died in the night. The gong of a fire engine sounded from upper Fallsburg, but just over the tracks the crowd met it, pressed around it with jeers and derisive laughter, and defied the driver to run them down.

He parleyed with them faintly, and in the end left them masters, with the hot glow still beating in waves against the Southern sky. In his heart he was with

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them.

The taste of power brought drunkenness and the thirst for more. The work of their hands had wrought triumphant demolition back there in Hell's Kitchen, the foetid Kitchen, whose foulness had never oppressed them until tonight, and the multiplied voice of their command had struck down the hand of the city's authority.

Already they had tired of watching the swift devouring of rotten frame houses, and of the scurrying population which came out of their depths and fled. It was late; morning would soon be upon them, and they had yet to get the negro Turford. They were going to burn him in the public square. He had killed Uncle Joe.

They left the crackling furnace behind them, and when they were gone, the fire-engine made its way once more across the tracks, by quiet streets and with no obtrusive clatter of gong, lest the thing get beyond control and respectable Fallsburg be offered up on the same altar as the Kitchen. Another engine joined it there, and, little by little, stubbornly slow, the flaring beacon of the Kitchen subsided into smoking black embers.

Back to the county jail the crowd swarmed in a resistless torrent—no indecision now—and with them they bore a formidable log as a battering ram for the door. Sheriff Rawlins, waiting behind it, had faded into a legend. Farley seized one of the five gallon cans and drenched the piled fagots with kerosene; others dragged up the log, steadied it, and rushed.

Under the first onslaught the jail door quivered and stood firm, but from above a deluge of shot poured down upon them, and they dodged back grunting like nipped animals. A voice went up in derision.

"Duck shot! Ah, what'r yeh 'fraid of? Twicet more, 'n we've got 'em. One—two—*three!*"

The rattle of shots and the thunder of the log came as one sound, but as they retreated, smarting, stinging, cursing fretfully, there was a two-inch gape at the lower hinge, and a long split from the middle showed what had done it. But for that and the fury in them they would have hung back, cowed by the lashing fire from above.

"Once more!" It was Farley's voice. "Remember Hansee! Remember Uncle Joe! One—two—*three!*"

This time the door went down with a screech of splitting wood. The foremost fell forward with the rush of it, hot pressed by those behind, scrambled up and poured through the opening.

Sheriff Rawlins was not there.

A quiet corridor stretched before them, with the scared and excited faces of prisoners peering from the cells. Midway was Warden Cale, apparently unarmed, standing against the wall and watching them. They jostled him roughly, and a revolver was thrust close to his face.

"We want that nigger."

"He's in Cell Three, below."

The Sinclair County jail was an old building, made in the days when the law considered the punishment of the criminal, but gave little concern to his psychic influences or hygienic conditions. The underground cells were not particularly nice, nor were they often used now, but it was in one of these, scenting trouble to come, that they had put the negro Turford.

Down the narrow stairs the crowd struggled, the foremost apprehensive of ambush below, and those in the rear pushing them resistlessly, but the cellar of the county jail was as quiet as the upper corridor. There was Cell Three, and a kerosene lamp, swung on a bracket from the corridor wall, sent yellow rays down through the bars on the man they wanted, a crouching figure huddled in the back of the little cell and peering out at them with rolling eyes of terror.

"A-a-a-a-a-a-h!"

At the sight of him their rage foamed again, and they came on with a howl of triumph.

"Stand back!" It was Sheriff Rawlins' voice booming above their own like a cannon above the rattle of musketry, and it commanded. "One moment, boys, and then you can do as you please."

He had moved into the circle of light beneath the lamp, and his leveled revolver held them half way. On the floor beside him, just in front of Cell Three, stood a squat box, the like of which some of them had seen before. Deputy Bergen came out of the shadows in the rear, and with the most gingerly precaution handed

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over a lighted taper. Then he jerked away and vanished in the shadows again.

Under the steady light of the lamp and the flicker of the taper, the box was a sinister thing, a menace to flee from, filled to the brim with black powder. Sheriff Rawlins spoke again.

"I guess you all know powder when you see it, and if you have any doubts, I think I know a way to convince you. Now before you come any closer, you just look at this box and think what it means. It means for one thing that I'm Sheriff of Sinclair County. At first move to lay hands on the prisoner I'll touch off this powder and blow up the whole jail and every son-of-a-gun in it, including myself. Take your choice."

He watched them with narrowing eyes as they shrank involuntarily away from him, and his fearsome weapon of wholesale slaughter. In the cell the negro was whispering unintelligibly to himself, a hideous sibillance of terror, rasping into the silence.

The hand with the taper moved a few inches nearer the chest.

"For God's sake, Sheriff!"

The terror broke on them. They crowded back precipitately, falling over one another in their frantic scramble for the stairs, pushing, tramping, cursing—anything to get out.

Sheriff Rawlins smiled. He could afford to. Already the early flush of dawn was paling the world outside, and only a few seconds before his sharp ears had caught the jar of feet marching in quick unison up the jail yard. The police department of Fallsburg had awakened at last.

* * * *

The press in a score of States featured the Fallsburg riot and the magnificent rashness of Sheriff Rawlins' last stand in the cellar of the county jail, and they photographed the Sheriff in every posture in which that embarrassed official could possibly be caught. Fame came in a night to Sheriff Rawlins, and to Fallsburg, too, but to Fallsburg it came with a difference.

In four weeks' time the negro Turford paid his penalty for the murder of Uncle Joe Babcock, for under the lash of unflattering notoriety, Sinclair County bestirred herself to virtuous action, and not the least among the results of her holy zeal were the fines that came dripping steadily in from numerous citizens of Fallsburg, convicted of participating in a riot. Some of the culprits were identified with humiliating accuracy by the duck shot embedded in their skins. There were those among the wiseacres who said that, between these and the leaders in Sinclair County, whose high seats had been unpleasantly jarred by the force of recent disclosures, the career of Sheriff Tom Rawlins as a politician would end with his term of office. Well, that may be. Possibly we don't understand the inner workings of these things. But we do know that he was re-elected last autumn by a speaking majority.



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CHINESE EVOLUTION, AND WHAT IT PORTENDS

BY FRANK A. BLAKE



T IS NOT the intention of the writer to enter into any consideration of China in its political aspect, but merely to give expression to the impressions formed of that interesting race, the Chinese, after a residence among them of some years; their emergence from the chrysallis of exclusiveness in which they enveloped themselves long ages ago. their commercial instincts and methods of doing business, and a few hints upon other kindred subjects, which may prove of interest, and possibly of some benefit, to those who contemplate entering into commercial relations with them.

When it is borne in mind that China contains a population of about four hundred and fifty millions, or approximately one-third that of the whole earth, it must be apparent that any general movement among so vast a number is bound to make itself felt in a greater or less degree by the remaining two-thirds. And that a movement of great significance is now arousing the masses of China into an activity never hitherto displayed must be manifest to the most casual observer. By some it is commented upon with gloomy forebodings, while others—among whom are the majority of those engaged in the Oriental trade—take a strongly optimistic view of the change.

With China for a theme, embracing even but a cursory consideration of a people possessing such bewildering peculiarities, one scarcely knows where to begin. Peopled by a race whose chronological history reaches backward into past millenniums, a civilization whose medieval period was, probably, co-eval with that of the siege of Troy, a people who only now are beginning to turn their faces from the setting towards the rising sun—to live in the present, and not in the dead past—perhaps a retrospective glance may not be deemed amiss.

After the completion of the Great Wall, some two hundred years before the Christian era—an undertaking considered to be one of the most stupendous ever conceived and successfully accomplished, and except the Pyramids of Egypt, probably the most ancient monument of human labor extant—the Chinese, having now erected an insurmountable barrier extending along the immense length of their northern frontier, and feeling themselves henceforth secure against the predatory inroads of the fierce Tartar hordes by whom they were perpetually harassed, resigned themselves to a repose which the passing centuries but lulled into a narcotic slumber, apparently so undisturbable that foreigners came to regard a condition of chronic somnolency as one of their most conspicuous characteristics.

But slumber, however, deep, must terminate sometime, either in death or an awakening to life and its potentialities. That awakening throughout China is now well past the incipient stage; the mantle of stoicism in which they so long enveloped themselves is cast aside for ever; and China, with outstretched arms, invites the nations to come and help her in the development of her vast, but latent, resources, and receive in return a *quid pro quo* that will richly compensate them.

Except along the littoral, the great natural resources of China remain practically undeveloped. A condition, however, that present appearances indicate will not obtain much longer, for the Government is now evincing a strong disposition to encourage the investment of foreign capi-

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tal in the construction of railroads and the opening up of mines. Valuable concessions for those purposes have been granted, and English, French and Italian syndicates already have had preliminary surveys made of roads that will pass through territory abounding in mineral deposits and said by competent experts to be phenomenally rich, requiring only the introduction of improved mining machinery and modern methods to extract their full values.

But while the mining industry offers alluring prospects to the foreign investor, it is but one of the many branches of business that may be profitably engaged in. The few American firms that, with commendable enterprise and foresight have established permanent branches at Hongkong, Shanghai and other places, have in most instances met with gratifying success, and have created a steadily increasing demand for American manufactures. This is encouraging, when we reflect that our European competitors have had a long start of us, having enjoyed almost a complete monopoly of the Chinese market until the advent of the "American invasion," as they facetiously called it a few years ago. Since then, many English houses, that studiously abstained from doing so before, have found it to their interest to carry several lines of American-made goods, in order to keep their customers from going over, *en masse,* to the "invaders."

Hongkong, being a British possession, and the first port in China to be reached by ships coming via the Suez Canal—also being a free port of entry for all foreign goods—is naturally the entrepot for merchandise from European countries destined for interior points, or for places further north; and regularly established steamship lines radiate from that point in all directions. Junks, or native sail boats, however, do a large proportion of the reexport business. But Shanghai, being more centrally situated—about one thousand miles north of Hongkong—and the initial Chinese port reached by our fine fleet of well-equipped, but altogether too few Pacific Mail boats, is the emporium for American productions. From this point merchandise intended for the interior is carried to its destination by means of junks, and canal, or cargo, boats; the former, with a nondescript rig consisting of a single mast, as broad, if not broader, at the head as at the step, and a square, or more correctly speaking oblong sail, composed of bamboo rods strung together, while the boats (yulos) are propelled by immense sweeps, as much as forty feet long, operated from the stern, one at each side, and manned by half a dozen men or women, usually the latter, with the inevitable baby strapped upon their backs.

Those boats occupy an important place in the economy of Chinese life, a large proportion of the maritime population knowing no other home; and at Canton, where the "Flower Boats" stretch for miles along the river banks, little urchins, garbed after Nature's own fashion, swarm the decks, disporting themselves as well as the large bamboo logs suspended from their necks or strapped around their waists will permit; the logs answering the double purpose of life preservers in case of their falling overboard, and of allowing their mothers to attend to their household duties, undisturbed by any apprehension for the safety of their offspring.

Thousands of miles inland, where a network of waterways—off-shoots from the Grand Canal—take the place of roads in other countries, the ubiquitous junks and cargo boats, laden to the water's edge with merchandise of every description from all parts of the world, may be encountered in endless procession going and coming to and from the various ports of entry. The rates—fixed by law—for the hire of cargo-boats at Hongkong, used for loading and discharging ocean-going vessels, are almost ridiculously low; and where conditions regarding accessibility are similar, or nearly so, may in general be taken as a guide to those prevailing at other Chinese ports. A first-class cargo boat, with a capacity of eight to twelve hundred piculs (a picul being 133 1-3 lbs.) costs but $10 per day Hongkong currency, which with exchange, say at 47 5-8, would equal $4.76 gold. Second, third and fourth-class boats, with maximum capacities ranging downward from 800 to 100 piculs, can be had respectively at $5, $3 and $1.50 per day Hongkong currency. Fluctuations in exchange affects those

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rates, of course; but in so small a degree as to be almost infinitessimal. Not so, however, in transactions where large sums are involved; for there, a variation of a very few points in exchange rates may entail disastrous consequences on those who indulge in that kind of speculation.

More than one large foreign concern in Shanghai was forced to the wall a few years ago, and compelled to retire from business through unfortunate speculation in exchange. While the temptation to make money this way is sometimes hard to resist, yet the conservative is the only safe way, for while one may miss a chance by abstaining, should rates prove favorable, his loss is purely nominal, or in other words, he only loses what he *might* have possessed; while should he indulge his speculative impulse, and rates at time of settlement prove adverse, his loss becomes real.

One of the prerequisites to success in the establishment of satisfactory relations with Chinese houses, is the acquisition of their entire confidence, lacking which it is idle to attempt to do business with them. But, on the other hand, having satisfied themselves of one's integrity—a quality *they* possess in an eminent degree—suspicion (one of their most pronounced characteristics) is cast aside, and implicit confidence in the white man's trustworthiness takes its place. Shame, indeed, upon him who abuses it, and merited punishment is generally his reward, for once that confidence is lost, no apologies, explanations or excuses however plausible, will ever again entirely restore it, and the culprit's usefulness in that field terminates.

Firms not having branches in China, but who send representatives there periodically, might do well carefully to consider those facts. Many of those representives, actuated doubtless by a commendable zeal in the interest of their employers, but forgetful of the deep-rooted prejudices of the strange people with whom they are dealing, often make representations concerning the superlative quality of the goods for which they are seeking orders, not always borne out upon inspection of same after arrival, perhaps two or three months after the order was given, the merchant meantime having sold the goods in advance, relying on the representations of the agent, often has them refused, and thrown back on his hands. This naturally causes disappointment and distrust; the latter unfortunately not being always confined to the offending party; and is apt to arouse a similar feeling towards all houses of the same nationality.

If our manufacturers and merchants still entertain the idea that "anything will do for China"—an idea which up to a few years ago at least they certainly took no pains to conceal—the sooner they discard that fallacy the better it will be for their business; for as a matter of fact, there are few more exacting markets, or where a more rigid adherence to all the stipulations of a contract is necessary to insure the retention of custom and good will. A little consideration for Chinese peculiarities and superstitions always produces desirable results; and this is a point our European competitors never overlook. No matter how seemingly capricious the request to have goods put up in a certain form of package, our English and German friends never fail to comply, while our people calmly ignore it, with the result that many a large order, which by preference would come to this country, is placed elsewhere. This apparently trivial point has been dwelt upon time and time again by our Consuls in their reports; and their long residence among the Chinese, and opportunities for observing their peculiarities and preferences, entitle their remarks to considerable weight.

The Chinese merchant has cogent reasons for making those requests concerning the size, weight, shape and color of certain packages, incomprehensible though they may be to the American manufacturer; and as the working of the Oriental mind is inscrutable, would it not be better to meet their views in this simple matter than to arouse a feeling of antagonism by refusal, especially as they are willing to bear any additional expense the manufacturer may have to incur by compliance.

Of course, all foreign houses opening branches in China find it imperative to employ a compradore, and upon the wisdom of the selection largely depends the success of the enterprise. Therefore, too much care cannot be exercised in engag-

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ing one, for otherwise a new concern may discover it has entered into a contract with a mere "shroff" or compradore's assistant, and valuable time may be wasted before the impostor is found out.

The compradore class is distinct in itself, and its members commence training early to qualify themselves for the performance of the duties of their vocation. In addition to being accurate accountants, they usually acquire a rudimentary knowledge, at least, of one or more foreign languages, which, with the aid of "pidgin" (a jargon understood by all Chinese traders), enables them to converse intelligibly with foreigners. One or two examples of this "pidgin English" might prove interesting to those who have not had an opportunity of hearing it: Chinaman loquitur—Chin-chin master. You jussee now come Hongkong side? My chin-chin you numba one good chancee. Some man talkee you wanchee one good boy makee take care you pidgin. My hab findee one numba one good piecee. He hab got down side. He blong alla samee my young blodda. You likee make look see he? He sabe englishee talkee bellee well all same my." Which, being interpreted, is as follows: "Good morning, sir. You have just arrived at Hongkong? I wish you the best success. They say you want a good boy to wait upon you. I have found an excellent one. He is down stairs. He is a kind of young relation of mine. Would you like to see him? He can speak English very well, just as I do."

A young man who called upon two young ladies was gravely informed by the Chinese servant who opened the door that "number one piecee side makee washee-washee, number two piecee go outside makee walkee-walkee," by which he meant to say that the elder of the two was upstairs taking a bath and the younger had gone out walking.

The duties of the compradore are complex and diverse, embodying in himself the offices of interpreter, treasurer, salesman and solicitor, and in some cases he even assumes responsibility for the honesty of the domestic servants of his employer. He must keep an accurate account of all funds passing through his hands, and is generally required to give substantial security for the faithful performance of his multifarious duties; and to his credit, be it said, the cases are rare where he has proven recreant to the trust reposed in him. Being generally a native of the city in which he is employed, his knowledge of the financial and moral standing of the merchants in that place is of incalculable benefit to his foreign employer.

The old time conservatism to which for so many centuries the Chinese have clung as tenaciously as does the ivy to a crumbling wall, the stolid resistance to innovation of any sort, is now happily yielding to the pressure of Occidental progress. And when that resistance entirely disappears, as everything indicates it soon will, an impetus will be given to commerce to which nothing heretofore presents a parallel. With railroads opening a way for the rapid passage of our products to the teeming millions of the interior, and affording them the same facilities for communication with the seaboard, where a ready market awaits their products, a new era will be inaugurated. Old prejudices will vanish when the masses begin to realize the advantages accruing to them by an interchange of commodities, and competition among the nations will be intensified by the opportunity for further access into the richest store-house of undeveloped resources on earth, beyond the mere threshold of which, owing to legislative barriers, now however removed, they have as yet scarcely penetrated.

It being generally conceded that after the opening of the Panama Canal the Pacific Ocean will become the theatre of the fiercest struggle for commercial supremacy yet seen—a struggle where "no quarter" will be the slogan of the combatants, and which will emphasize nature's immutable law of the "survival of the fittest"—and as our geographical position gives us an overwhelming advantage, nothing but the most inexcusable supineness can prevent our emerging victorious from the combat. While happily the "dove of peace" now hovers over our land, yet the philosophy of preparing for war in time of peace has been too frequently demonstrated to admit of discussion. Did we need an example to prove the wisdom of this course, the recent struggle between

Russia and Japan furnishes it. The latter, though a pigmy in eomparison to her Titanie foe, fearlessly threw down the gauntlet of defianee, knowing she was well prepared, and fully apprised of the faet that her powerful adversary was entirely unprepared.

If, therefore, when the great eommereial Armageddon is fought, NOW is the time to prepare for the struggle. What is the best way to do it? Primarily, by impressing upon Congress the importance of giving every aid and eneouragement possible for the formation of a mereantile marine, adequate to the necessities of our growing commeree, which should be earried in our own, and not in foreign, bottoms. This policy has always been followed by England—of course, she eould not do otherwise if she would, no other nation having the ships—and her wisdom in that respeet is manifested by the eommanding position she so deservedly oecupies in the eommercial world; there probably not being a navigable body of water on earth where the "Union Jack" is not a familiar object. Japan is following England's example in this respeet, with the result that she is fast becoming a formidable rival to her preceptor. Generous subsidies should be granted to our oeean steamship lines, especially the trans-Paeifie ones, that have diffieulties to eontend against which do not confront the Trans-Atlantic lines.

Secondly, our manufacturers and merchants should more aetively interest themselves in promoting a demand for American products, by largely augmenting the number of firms and lines of business at present represented in China. There ought to be at least ten for every one Ameriean house now there; and they should be established on a permanent basis, and not, as some have been, merely spasmodic and ephemeral experiments. English, French and German business houses are numerous in Shanghai; American houses are far from it. The fingers of one hand, minus the thumb, would about eorrectly represent the number. Surely, when our eommereial community awakes to a realization of the magnitude of the business that under the new eonditions ean be done with China, this state of affairs will be remedied, thereby proportionately inereasing the demand for Ameriean produetions, and, as a consequence, eonserving their own best interests. Then indeed will the white winged argosies blaze a phosphoreseent pathway aeross the broad Paeifie, reaching from the Golden Gate of California to the shores of far Cathay; a pathway strewn with bright auguries for the land of the Dragon, and our own eountry as well.



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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"WHAT ELSE COULD I DO?"

BEING A CAVALRY YARN OF HOW SORREL TOP SERVED THE "BUFFALO"

BY CHARLES WOODWARD LAMB



T WAS distinctively Smithy, that first remark with which the little ex-trumpeter greeted me as he came into the recruiting office to say "Howdy, Major," after his leave.

"Hully gee! if that coon over there don't look like the 'Buffaler' Sorrel Top Clark pulled over the breastworks when the 'Paches was having fun with him down at Araveda."

"Curb down to a walk, you patched pants broncho buster, and stop calling the Major names," said the sergeant with mock dignity, estopping the tobacco in his pipe with a well-trained little finger.

"Curb in yourself, you Dutch imitation of a yellow-legged centaur, and who was calling the Major names?" was Smithy's "come back" with an equal show of dignity, for these two little cavalry men could no more "scrap" than they could refrain from pretending to. I was noticing that big coon across the street. Howdy, Major!"

"Hello, Smithy," I answered, returning his hearty hand squeeze, for I knew these two old campaigners, both men of record in the cavalry, men whose names were as well known in the canyons and on the ranges of the West, the old Indian West, as in this big city, where wounds had sent them, partially retired from service, permanently retired from the old life they still loved, to seek recruits for the service of which they were both so proud. "But what about Sorrel Top and the Buffaler?"

"Smithy can't tell you anything, Major. Listen to me, and I'll tell you about when me and old Dan Schweitzer was gone hungry down on Mule Creek in Arizona," broke in the sergeant. "Me and Dan, we was in the commissary together down at Lowell after Fourth Cavalry Lawton licked Geronimo——"

"Shut up and give Patched Pants a chance," broke in Hawkins, Doughboy Hawkins, one time of the famous Riflers, Mops, Brooms and Feather Dusters, as his phenomenal neatness, even for a soldier, had caused the irrepressible Smithy to dub him.

"Commence firing, Smithy," I said, for I knew, as did the others, that the little sergeant was joking. "Tell us about it." Smithy had had a lot of experience in the old wild days when he rode as trumpeter to Carr, Merritt and many another famous Indian fighter on the wide frontier.

"I'll tell you," and Smithy settled back in his chair, his feet on the window-sill and his bright eyes turning from me to Hawkins and the sergeant. "It happened down in Arizona when those Ninth Cavalry Buffalers was having some tidy diddings with the Tontos. We had a pinch with them in Skinnin' Jim's day and once or twice afterwards."

"Same here," broke in the sergeant.

"Go on," and Smithy's voice was the acme of scorn, "you only licked Geronimo and Apache Kid. What do you know of Tontos?"

"If there's anything about Tontos or any other brand of Apaches the old Fourth Cavalry, and especially H troop, don't know, you tell me. Why, old Fourth Cavalry Lawton used to say, 'Give H troop a slicker and a chaw of tobacco and it'd follow to hell.'"

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"Yes," and Smithy's voice was scorn embodied, "and got there first."

"Not quite that," replied the sergeant in tones of butter smoothness. "We raised it and took it right with us."

"But as I was saying," the little trumpeter warmed to his work, "the Buffalers was having some fun with the Tontos, or vice versa. Them coons is good soldiers, if they are coons, jimdandy of Caroline good soldiers."

"There you go again, praising them niggers. You make me tired." Hawkins was from Maryland, with a Marylander's well known feelings about negroes.

"I don't think any of the fellers who was with Thornburg at Milk river, or who went with 'Old Wes' (Gen. Merritt) to pull him out of his hole, has any particular call to do otherwise. And it seems to me that I've heard you say you was with one or t'other of 'em, to say nothing of our drink together that night in the trenches." How Smithy's words did cut. A man was a man to him.

This was crossing the bounds of regulation repartee, josh or come back, as the men called it, and opened an old and unhealed wound, for even in the army of the Union, Mason and Dixon's line is still a divider of some things, and Hawkins' father had owned slaves and wore the grey, while Smithy's had fought the fugitive slave law and worn the blue. The sergeant being a native of Germany rather inclined to the ideas of Smithy. The flag is one, but ideas of sentiment are several. So the sargeant, noting the drift of things, broke in with:

"A Buffaler ain't a nigger; he's a soldier, if he is black, and a blamed good one, too; so shut your yawp, both of you, and talk sense. Go on about Sorrel Top and the Buffaler, Smithy."

"As I was saying," resumed Smithy, something of the fire still left in his voice and manner, "the Tontos was having some fun with the bureau regulations and the settlers, and as is usual, not to say natural, the Buffalers was having some fun with the Tontos. And sometimes the Tontos was having some fun with the Buffalers—which is also usual and natural and quite familiar to us fellers here, all three of us."

Grunts and nods from the other soldiers acknowledged this little item of personal history, though the unusual tension still being on, nothing was said.

"It came to pass, as the chaplain's regulations say," Smithy went on, "that one day Sorrel Top, who was a youngster then, almost a shavetail, and a sub. in the Coon Ninth—they called him Sorrel Top because his top knot was a few shades better than the color of his troop mounts, which was sorrel——"

"We used to call Lieutenant Harris Cotton Tail because his hair was as white as the last end of a Molly under the brush pile," interrupted the sergeant.

"Sorrel Top," went on Smithy, not heeding the interruption, "he started out with a handful of the Buffalers to have some fun with the Tontos, and by and by the Tontos started in to have fun with him. Then he knew they was somewhere about six or ten to one of his, for that's Tontos' tactics."

"Say, Major," broke in the sergeant, "get Smithy to tell you about how Striker arrested the buck in old Quonothay's camp. It was a hundred to one there." And Smithy smiled, for Captain Striker was his troop commander at one stage of his long career, but his frown was fierce and heavy, despite the momentary smile, as he rebuked his bunkie.

"'Tenshun! I'm a-telling this, and it's about Sorrel Top. But as I was a-saying, Major," Smithy turned to me with elaborate gesture, "them was Tonto tactics. They had him corralled about as quick as a bunch of Texas cowboys round up a maverick, and thought they were going to have a good time. It was a rocky canyon side, and he managed to get in a cave and put up a wall of loose stones in front. The coon, who was a sergeant and in charge of a part of the line, got a bit reckless, and got plugged and went over the works. How those naked, bang-haired, bead-eyed, lead-spitting devils did yell when he went over. And they weren't slow about pumping lead and arrows at him, either. But the poor devil no sooner reached ground level than over went Sorrel Top after him, picked him up and lifted him over where the other Buffalers were ready to take him. And then came Sorrel Top, with one boot heel shot off and a whole vacant lot of close calls. It was a job, too, for the coon

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was almost twice his size."

"That's pretty near the way Pale Face did when I got this," remarked the sergeant, putting one thin finger on a certain spot on the breast of his shirt. I knew that underneath was the scar where a Sioux bullet went in.

"Next day we come skirmishing up the canyon and found Sorrel Top with half his men out—dead, wounded, out of the fight—or nearly so, but as sassy and chipper as ever—poor devil, he lived to be drowned while on his wedding trip.

"But the funniest part of it was, when our old man asked him why he did it, he looked as sheepish as the sergeant does when I call him down, and says, 'What else could I do?'"

THE KING CONFESSES

BY HUNTLY GORDON

Behold me! I am Gold!
For me are all things sold.
Fools here and fiends in hell
My creed incredible
Confess: "Naught's priceless, naught
But may be bought."

The Blindfold's balance nice,
I've turned—not once, nor twice:
Will Truth, think you, prevail,
I in the other scale?
Silence and speech I buy,
I, Money, I!

And what's more dear than life
To widow, maid, and wife;
And far apart I rend,
Forever, friend and friend;
And liberty I bind,
Body and mind.

And yet—the love I buy,
A miserable lie!
The beauty, make-belief!
The joy, but misnamed grief!
Myself, ah, woe is me!
But poverty!

Though I know well the clasp
Of hands that, hating, grasp;
Accursèd kisses vile;
Veiled voice; and venal smile:
Can I, the self-crowned Gold,
Buy that which is not sold?

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VAN DYKE'S "HOUSE OF RIMMON" IN THE GREEK THEATRE

BY DAVID LIVINGSTON LEVY

IN THE PAST few years it has become an universally recognized mark of artistic distinction in the musical and dramatic world to have appeared in the Greek Theatre of the University of California. The privilege of gracing the concrete boards has been reserved to the very cream of the professional talent which has visited the Pacific Coast. Petschnikoff and his wife, and Damrosch's Orchestra, have played there; Gadski, Schuman-Heinck, and Bispham have sung there; William H. Crane's coterie of stars has carried on its tables and chairs through square-hewn entrances to a barren stage; Maude Adams has portrayed the invertebrate ambitions of the son of Napoleon; and Bernhardt has exclaimed after her presentation of Racine's "Phaedre" with a setting of fresh-cut greens and classic stone: "It was my best. I was carried beyond myself by the noble inspiration of the Greek stage."

Just four years before the production of



A fine stage generalship was often evidenced in the grouping

his poetic tragedy, Henry Van Dyke spoke the Charter Day Address in the Greek Theatre, to which he referred as "a bit of ancient Greece transplanted to God's own country at the brink of the Golden Gate."

And now the students of the University have placed him in the list of dramatists whose work they have produced—a list in which appear the names of Aristophanes, Sophocles, Aeschylus, Shudraka, Ben Jonson and Shakespeare.



An unstagey spontaneity was one of the elements that made for success

"The House of Rimmon" is based on the scriptural incident of the healing of the leprosy of Naaman, the Syrian chieftain, about which the author has weaved a story of romance and tragedy. In preparation of this work, Van Dyke went to Palestine, where, with three companions, he traveled through the Holy Land in his own caravan. He visited the famous places and familiar scenes of the Old and New Testaments, familiarizing himself with the character of the country and became thoroughly saturated with its atmosphere. He has described his sojourn there in his recent monograph, "Out-of-doors in the Holy Land," as "a long journey in the spirit and a short one in the body."

The biblical basis upon which the play has been erected consists of but a single chapter in the second book of Kings. By judicious employment of the elements of

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romance and tragedy, Van Dyke has developed a plot of strong and moving interest, at the same time holding with striking fidelity to the slender threads of the scriptural story and the exegetic legend based upon it. He has used it in an admirable way to propound his doctrine of theology. Throughout the play, the constant theme is "The God of the Open Air," and the plea for a saner and healthier



The earnestness of the actors often made one forgive a certain amateur stiffness

monotheistic creed is always in evidence.

The initial scene is laid at the Court of Damascus at the period of the decline of the Syrian power. With political supremacy has come the naturally attendant disposition toward indulgence in pomp and splendor and riotous living. The aged and incompetent king is entirely dependent upon the military genius of Naaman, the captain of his host, and the counsel of Rezon, the high-priest of the House of Rimmon. But so quick and sure has been the process of disintegration and the rise of the neighboring rival, Assyria, that the enemy is already at the gate of Damascus. Rezon, the high-priest, and Tsarpi, wife of Naaman, who have formed a clandestine attachment, meet to plot against the Captain. Rezon tells of his secret conference with the Assyrian envoys who have promised immunity to the nobles, death to Naaman and unlimited power to Rezon, if he will persuade the King to deliver the city into the enemy's

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Two intensely interesting scenes from the play

hands. Tsarpi, who fears and hates her husband, agrees to aid the priest by turning Naaman's mind from thoughts of war, for which purpose the oracle of Rimmon will be appealed to, and then in the event of failure, Naaman shall receive a cup of poisoned wine from the hands of his wife. Ruahmah, a captive princess of Israel, and now an attendant in Tsarpi's train, overhears the plot and later attempts to warn Naaman, for whom she bears a love that had its inspiration when, as a child, she saw him ride to battle against the common foe of Syria and Israel. But he smiles at her fears, thinking them the dreams of a troubled brain, and gives her a necklace of gold as a reward for her devotion.

The Assryian envoys come before the King, bearing the golden yoke of peace and the red horn of war. The nobles speak for peace, but Naaman calls upon the King to bid him ride against the enemy. The assembled populace cries its approval. Then Rezon, the high-priest, proposes that the oracle of Rimmon be consulted and that Tsarpi, who has served in the temple, shall read. The god directs that peace be made, and pronounces a curse upon him who would lead the Syrian army into war in defiance of the divine command. Naaman is unmoved. He covenants to take upon himself the vengeance of the god whom he does not fear and cries to the King to be permitted to return the golden yoke to Assyria at the head of his army. The King consents, and Rezon calls upon Naaman to send his pledge in a cup at Rimmon's altar. Despite the renewed warning of Ruahmah,



One of the scenes that brought forth the strongest approbation

Naaman drinks, offering his life as the pledge of the freedom of Damascus.

Naaman wins a complete victory over the Assyrians, but returns to Damascus, blind and stricken with leprosy. His friends fall away from him and no one remains but Ruahmah, the captive maid, whom he mistakes for his wife, Tsarpi. Ruahmah leads Naaman, the leper, down to her country, Israel, where, acting upon the counsel of the prophet Elisha, he bathes seven times in the Jordan. Strong

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in his belief in the omnipotence of the benignant God of Israel, he returns to his camp to find that in his absence Rezon has come down from Syria, and has surprised and utterly defeated his men. A dying soldier tells him that his preserver has been carried away captive. With his dying breath, he calls Naaman's attention to her amulet, which Naaman recognizes as the chain he gave the Israelite maid in Damascus. Then, for the first time, he becomes aware of the identity of the woman who has saved his life. His heart is filled with a great longing for her and he hastens back to Syria.

Damascus is again besieged by the Assyrians. Rezon has prepared a sacrifice which he promises shall appease the wrath of Rimmon. But the King bewails the loss of his faithful warrior and is resolved to surrender. At the sound of a trumpet, Naaman appears and demands that Ruahmah be restored to him before he will again lead the Syrian host against the enemy. The King takes courage and orders Rezon to return the maid. Rezon promises to obey, but calls first for the sacrifice to placate the god. The King fearfully consents, and the curtains are drawn back, disclosing the monstrous and hideous image of Rimmon. Ruahmah is bound at the altar, ready to be offered up to the god. At the command of the high-priest to bow down, Naaman stabs him, and, springing upon the altar, takes Ruahmah in his arms.

The poetry of "The House of Rimmon"



A particularly effective tableau

is typical of Van Dyke's work. Its exotic character makes it remarkably well adapted to production. The style is clear, simple and forceful, utterly free from subtlety and intricacy. Van Dyke's art consists in individuality of thought and feeling clearly and beautifully expressed. His imagination is fresh and his technique is always sufficient but never obtrusive.

The Greek Theatre once more came into its own. A highly ornamented platform,

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arrayed with bright and gaudy Oriental coloring stretched out on either side of the steps which led up in the very center to the altar and image of Rimmon, the god of Damascus. About the platform the stage was set with growing palms through which the entrances of the actors were made. A full moon aided by electrics lit up the stage and showed the great white wall of concrete in the background rising straight up to a blue-black sky. Directly opposite sat thousands of spectators upon the concrete tiers built in the form of a semi-circle.

Each year brings an increase in the outlay and preparation for, and an advance in the quality and finish of the Greek Theatre productions of the University of California, and each play commands more and more the interest and appreciation of the rest of the world. An open-air performance on an evening in early April. Surely this is typical of California.

HOPE'S KISS

BY DANIEL SENDRIGGAN

At the abominable windows of despair,
  Oft I've construed the weathers as they fell,
Before me heaped these playthings old and rare,
  Which th' vain world from its vainest place did sell.
Unless now are they as those viewless things
  Which love's gold paid for and then brought me not;
Or wind, which naught but its own violence brings,
  Leaving the empty stranger all forgot.
But came thy lips, red speakers of wee words,
  Piercing the mounted sorrows of the dark,
Making the dead streets glow with fields and birds
  And summer's breaking clouds and solar spark.
So ne'er with lips averted stand before,
  But with molesting kisses haunt the part
That else would tell at twilight all its store—
  Tremendous injocundity of heart.

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A FICTITIOUS HISTORY OF THE WORLD

BY LIONEL JOSAPHARE

CHAPTER V.

THE LEAST and most that can be said of Time is that it passes; which is perhaps untrue. Everything else passes. Time, described as accurately as possible, is merely to be mentioned, as Time. Let us all, perforce even Satan, quaff from our most precious goblet to the mystery, Time.

It is naught; yet there is not anything that is anything without it. And with it, all comes to naught. Infinity is but amazing; eternity is maddening. For in eternity are many oblivions.

A child is born, subsequently he may be forgotten. Between such birth and such forgetting he may have been a king obeyed, renowned, adored; may have scattered the world from his throne.

Time is nothing, yet it is measured, until it destroys its own measures. It is accused of deadly work, yet is without performance, letting the little visible realities perform their timed lives within it.

And so, on this side of oblivion, as we look at the past, time still endured, eternity still being as much before and after, without reckoning the intervals between, and the primitives of humanity ceased their living, one at a time, yet all in all.

They had been a dogged race, with here and there among them a few venturing souls. Dogged they were, still human, else the few venturing souls would have died unrequited.

In the thousands of succeeding years, the sun and the moon spun their variant lights about the world; the winds whirled their gentle destruction; the rains softly pelted their violence; the dust of ages rose and sank; the wreckage of humanity's uses piled up, rotted and disintegrated. Noble things of the age became the trash of Time. Men had come and wandered; fought, bled, aspired and were forgotten; excepting, nevertheless, that those they begat remembered to beget; and here and there again, each multitude produced, reviled and followed its few venturing souls. For innovators have always been martyrs. In religion, in art, in commonweal, the world has despised, imprisoned and slain its reformers before following them. How often this has been done, we have scant record. Perhaps only a spearhead has remained of a glorious war; perchance a broken skull, of what some divine band of men dreamed of as a message to the world.

The descendants and antagonists of Ugwuf inherited his passions, wreaking war as faithfully as others their agriculture. Their persons became more ornate with the achievements of their lives. As art improved the flint-belt, the wearer augmented his attire, crudely at first and innocently, until, after a time, he stood forth in jewel and chain and robe, flourishing a steel sword and retiring to a throne of majesty.

The imitators of Pobolo contrived many intrigues and emergencies that the wiseacre of the Lakemen could not have foreseen. His cunning, that brought him next to the chief, with authority over the division of meat, was improved into penetrating systems of politics, to which eloquence could gesticulate and toward which cheers would sound.

Lean-face, with other names and other graces, continued to mystify his fellowkind, unmindful of Wah-wah's interviewer and his ten cows. And Wah-wah, whose last mortal semblance was a

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scorched corpse in a blazing forest, was become a god.

Yes; Wah-wah was now a god.

Unfound by the wailing Ainu and then forsaken, he had been given new life by a dreaming rogue, and mounted to all the skies. The uses of letters and the permutations of language had made his name Vodar, and as such his temples were wide over the known world. A thousand controversies had survived him; thousands of legends had been written; and many thousand wealths had been dedicated unto him. In his divine adventures were a retinue of inferior deities, upon whose genealogy many a battle had been waged and many a scepter stretched forth or taken. Yes: the perfumed and gold-given temples of Vodar were the temples of Wah-wah, who became eternal for squatting before his cave and striking a spark from flint, persevering in his play until he brought forth fire. Still, he had been forgotten had not Lean-face been envious of Pobolo. Or even it may be said that poor, naked Wah-wah was forgotten in the glamour of his new name and fame.

Wansakalompo had taught his art to others; others had used their pictures to convey meaning; picture language was transformed into letters, which some genius had transferred to sounds. All of which followed Wah-wah's bringing fire into the lowlands with Ainu trailing the flames. What had followed had Wah-wah discovered some other secret, one unknown to this day, is a subject for speculation. Mankind developed with fire after making it necessary. Any other of Nature's myriad forces might have done as well for us.

However, Wah-wah and Ainu lived and died. And Wansakalompo and Red Lips lived and died. And Red Lips bestowed upon her son the sword of Wah-wah the Unseen. And on the flaked side of its blade were what Lean-face had always declared to be the visages of Wansakalompo as well as Wah-wah, Red Lips as surely as Ainu.

We find the descendants of these people in a large city near the sea-coast. They build temples in marble decorated with gold. Their ways are set with statues. They have music and festivals and silks and wine, wars, history, poetry, theatres, triumph, luxury, riot, laws, conspiracy, assasination, tyrants, statesmen, demagogues, priests, fanatics, philosophers, physicians, sculptors, comedians, visions, miracles, prophecies. They are all the evolution of Wah-wah, Ugwuf, Pobolo, Lean-face and Wansakalompo, the aristocrats of their time.

Telles Eupator was writing in his garden. Ebony caryatids supported the inlaid wood upon which lay his roll of parchment. Beneath the table, the caryatids were laughing at the head of the god Jacchus, which was between them. The head of Jacchus and the teeth of the ebon caryatids were ivory.

It was summer, in a day for beauty to be still and listless, listless yet mayhap wistful, wistful but with thoughts coming and going like the butterflies and clouds that inspired them. Near Telles were two slaves, black as the ebony caryatids of the table. Ever and anon a pink petal, falling from a plum tree, attracted Telles' attention. Now his head, magnificently pink, would lift in survey of the scene, for Telles was a lover of beauty. The black slaves showed no curiosity, and turned not their heads, yet occasionally changed their gaze from one object to another as might be done with a rolling of the eyes.

Several free-born servants, under less decorous rules, idled about.

Near Telles Eupator sat a young man of that handsome degree that would have been less had it a more warlike intensity or a more sentimental or more pious, yet neither which beauty might have been his had he possessed none of these attributes at all. In his countenance mingled the light of a soldier dawdling over a poem, of the lover that was ready to leap to battle, of the student disturbed by day dreams of love.

"My dear nephew, is this not a beautiful world?" observed Telles, smiling in comfort. "Greatly do I abominate those philosophers who entreat us meditate upon unpleasant matters."

"It is more a beauty than a delight," replied Ixander. "Joys come to me suddenly, and are forgotten surprisingly. Still I would not be a philosopher." He changed his position.

"But," commented the elder one, "we must have some philosophy, in order to

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appreciate the variety of arts. That you and I are in noble circumstance makes us duty-bound to reply with richest appreciation. 'The ripest plum for the reddest lips,' said your grandfather when he wooed your grandam; and this would have meant nothing had she not responded, 'Kisses for flattery: the reddest for the wisest.' Thus, you see, riches for riches, with mutual duties. That you are a son of the king and I his brother should be facts remembered by each of us when we converse with the king's world. Angered or exhilarated we may be at times, and behave even as fools, as even the gods may do; but in the main, it is not that Ixander and Telles are speaking; they are prince and orator. As you rest that hand of yours on the ridge of the chair, you should be wary that it is a prince's hand that is resting and not let it rest awry."

"I believe you are making me too vain, though I accept the responsibility," said the other.

"No, indeed; it is not only the hand at pleasure, but the hand also at the sword that should be exalted. For when you meet the opponent in battle, be minded that it is the prince's hand in the dignity of supreme thrust; and in the meantime, exercise to that purpose."

"I have never faltered," said Ixander.

Telles continued: "It is duty to our possessions that makes us brave. Behold the place of man. He is surrounded with wealth, luxuries, servants and manifold inventions to gratify his senses. He awakes in the morning to pleasant colors and perfumed airs, music and dancing. He passes the day in the midst of costly objects. He has but to say, 'I desire this,' and servants open his coffers to exchange his gold for the gold of an artist's lifetime. He is fed by strange countries; he is clothed by men of rare skill; he is bathed amid fantasies in marble. The mountain quarries come to him in statues; gardens are brought to him in an odorous vial. There is not anything whose feet come not to his feet. And then, in addition to these things, is man's greatest possession, the poor. Were it not for the poor, we should all be poor indeed. These meagre creatures toil for our welfare and build up our splendors, demanding little in return save their humble appanage and a modest cot."

Ixander absent-mindedly picked up two white pebbles and struck one against the other. Then he tossed them away. "I am listening, my dear Telles," he averred, and put one hand to the side of his bronze-red hair.

Telles resumed: "Mankind has a resplendent history. At times it has dazzled the gods and given them human emotions. We have had wars and kingdoms, honors, treasures, thrones, the golden embellishments of state, jeweled emblems of power, ancient dynasties, bloody maintenance of privilege. And throughout it all, the poor have remained, for the most part loyal to us. They have fought our wars, fed our nobility, paid for our superiority and shouted in our honor. They have bled in distant lands and brought the plunder to our thrones. They have given us their sons and scattered us with jewels. Therefore is man not only to be thankful for his riches but not to forget that his most prolific riches are the meritorious if ignoble poor."

"I think I have performed your instructions and teachings in advance. I have profited by your example more than by your words," rejoined Ixander. "Even the pretender to my father's throne, the misguided Harpakus, and Gorlius the demagogue, are to me but creatures to prove and test our stability."

"Harpakus, that long-nosed scavenger of hopes," laughed Telles Eupator. "If he could wear his ambition at the end of his nose, the nose would give it greater prominence than does his tongue. Besides, he might find that his ambitions, like some cheese, have a smell worse than their taste."

"I saw Gorlius in the street today. He was haranguing a mob on the unesteemed virtues of mechanics. I believe they were the same fellows that listened to him when I was a boy; if not, they are equally as ugly."

"And that is just why I commend the intelligence of the lower classes," returned Telles. "They are quite logical in their dim way. Harpakus claims the throne by right of having been kicked off it. His life was spared through the avarice of a friendly jailor. He becomes pompous of

his escape and would try Fate again, relying entirely on the affinity between jailers and purses. They say that his home contains a royal adviser, ten slaves and an army of fifteen bowmen, with five other mercenaries who promise to mobilize at the word of command."

"He has also a daughter," said Ixander.

Telles performed the ancient and witty gesture of nudging the other in the ribs. "I believe," he laughed, "that you would slaughter Harpakus and his fifteen bowmen for the sake of bearing off the lovely Anori."

"Perhaps I shall, some day, when the wine advises. You know, that to some, wine gives a loose tongue; with me it makes a loose sword."

"It would give Gorlius a new topic for his mob," remarked Telles. "Consider with what foam he would proclaim the deeds of princes that for a drunken spree go forth and slay a whole political party and abduct its lonely maiden, its priestess, the pledge of its wine-cups. I do believe that Gorlius would cogitate it a most arrogant prerogative. I do believe. Why, when I taxed my farmers half of their crops to pay for your cousin's wedding, Gorlius was eruptive of diatribes and adjectives for a week afterwards. He would have kept on it for a month had not your father thoughtfully increased the number of his mercenaries and thus infused the champion of cobblers with fresh rhetoric."

"She is descended of the gods," quoth Ixander.

"Who? Ah! Anori! So the family once proclaimed. But I never heard the gods elucidate the subject."

"I have never told you what Pyro the priest once related to me," vouchsafed the prince.

"Pryo is a priest of dead gods and glittering nonsense."

"A fanatic, perhaps, it is true," muttered Ixander. "Yet listen! He led me to his temple one night, and on the way asked me, with a darkness in his manner darker than the darkness of night, 'Seest thou the moon?' 'Truly,' I answered, smiling in the night; 'what of it?' He made no reply, but a little further on inquired, 'Seest thou the moonlight?' 'Yes,' I said, and again we went on in silence. 'Seest thou the moonlight on the laurel trees?' he asked me, and I answered as before. At the gates of his temple he spoke again. 'Seest thou the moonlight on the marble, and the moonlight next to all the shadows. Even so is the obscure light mingled in the shadows of the past. Some can see.'

"He invited me within, and there stared at me by the light of a close torch. Peering into my eyes, he declared, 'Yes; you are he. Ixander, thou art body of the body of gods, as thy father knows. But this much I tell thee more: thou comest from the boldest, the highest of them all, and which is Vodar. And this much I tell thee more. There is one man alive today who knows the secret, the olden, name of Vodar. It is I that know, and I say it; he was first called by the name of Wah-wah, a word barbarian to our ears; and his first wife was Ainu. O prince, Wah-wah lived on earth many days, and Ainu was with him. These two had mortal spirits for the terrestrial existence. When they left the earth, they confided their earthly spirits to two others, man and woman, who were called Wansakalompo and Red-Lips; and these two died and left their spirits to two great others. And the divine truth I tell you: their descendants are alive. One of them is Ixander, son of Cambysantes; the other is Anori, daughter of Harpakus. Great prince with an ancient soul, these two are the living forms of Wah-wah and Ainu.'

"He then showed me a broad sword made of flint-stone; upon it were the roughened forms of a man and woman, chipped thereon with some artless instrument. This sword he asserted to be more ancient than anything else preserved in the world. Pryo is of a traditional priesthood whose meeting-place and very name were secret. They worshipped fire and the sun. And it was weird to be shown this weapon of mysterious age and be told that my features had been lapidaried upon it by myself, thousands of years ago."

Ixander waited for the portentious uncle to respond. That ornate aristocrat gave an abdominal sigh of some sentimental intent, and then uttered: "Tell your father nothing of this. His royal bosom has enough to vex it in this arrowy weather. Discontent is a flower that blooms overnight. There are some who

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let not their lutes nor their swords remain long unplayed; and who knows when the war-flutes will frighten the shepherds' pipes on yonder hills?"

"Then you do not believe this?"

"If Anori were in a more magnificent state, I might be prevailed on to credit the story. But it is not the will of the gods that Ixander, prince of Cecropolias, be fated for the daughter of a pretender. Now, were it the princess Artemesia, I should be in a more credulous mind."

Telles arose to his feet with protracted though not ungainly effort. Departing, he admonished the prince: "Do thy remembering from the future amid all that you wish it to hold. Forget all that might be troublous to a future king."

Ixander remained beneath the trees. He had appointed to meet Pryo that night. Pryo was eloquently uncertain as only a fanatic can be. His words were abstract and general, the bait only of his motive. "Come and know thy fate," he had said. "Fate is a marvel for those that are worthy."

Ixander meant to comply; it was out of curiosity, soul-adventure, the lure of the marvelous. Fate never bit the kisses of a more willing suitor. No more handsome face ever dreamed near the clouds of chance.

His was that mingled expression of mien in which delicacy and rigor made superb one the other. It was that countenance that seemed disappointed with the world without holding grudge against it. He looked upon wine as a feat of swallowing—a liquid magic that supplies and mocks the demand for satisfaction. He walked in battle as another display of futility. He beheld women as to say, Thou most beautiful disappointer of all. Yet with the goblet, the sword and the myrtle-wreath, he was most courageous. It was his carelessness in the work of all that showed him fascinating, yet caused himself to be viewed finally as he viewed, a disappointment. Many a woman found Ixander's smile to be vexing: it predicted passion; its passion was loveless. His lips parted in bewildering gaiety. The same smile at the end was found cruel where it had been fancied innocent.

All this he knew and deplored, and unto the same he imputed the worldliness of the world; blamed it for the gibbous grandeur of its emptiness. What he demanded of woman was romance; she gave him love. It is therefore plain why women desired his love and found only romance.

Notwithstanding, his life was not repressed. His natural spirits enlivened to the very whisper of pleasure. It was his expert knowledge of the time when that whisper would grow to a laugh and then sink to a gasp, that made him incredulous, cruel, enchanting. A prince may be enchanting without accusation of immasculinity. It is a term applied by men to women, and by women bestowed upon princes. For, in Ixander's day, princes were princes in stature as well as rank. Then (and in Ixander's case especially) it required no armor and silks to make him royal. In the nakedness of a god, he might have been mistaken for more, not less, than a prince.

He departed the banquet early that night and sought out Pryo. Pryo had completed his supplication and was dining on bread, roots, honey and water. He was not an accredited priest. It was not known how much influence he had with the gods. His following was a few; yet was he frequently harkened to, in sequestered circumstance, when other mystics were non-plussed.

In his garden was a walled space where he was wont to do divine rites, the extent of which he did not boast. Here was an oak tree, whose roots in the night seemed like great serpents; and branches, like the seats of the mighty dead. A low, moaning sound was in the leaves.

Thither proceeded the dark figures of Pryo and Ixander. The prince was tall, and the priest taller, but not as valiant in outline. He was lean, with deeper shadows.

"The trees died and the men died; the acorns fell, and the men gave their loves. The trees sprouted again, and the children of men grew strong. These fell and those died again. There were many witherings and many deaths. And here is the mortal of the god; perhaps here is tree of his very tree. Wah-wah is come, and Ainu is come. They will come forever." So repeated Pryo the message he had previously given the prince.

Ixander climbed the oak, for among

its branches he perceived a woman.

"Who are you?" he asked, supporting himself on the bough before her.

"Ainu," she replied, for so Pryo had instructed Anori.

In a crutch of the tree, beside them, lay the sword of Wah-wah. At this dull thing, shining out of the centuries, well might Time have become incarnate, to witness his oldest curiosity among men. And well had he not, for Time would have snatched his grim prize and thrust it into the deepest store-house of oblivion. Now, it lay among men.

"Take up the sword," came the deep voice of Pryo, below.

"What wonder is this?" Ixander murmured. Sparkling in the shadows of the flint still were its pristine indications of man and woman.

He glared as a lover at her before him. Moonlight and the shadows of branch were like a lace over her.

"Who would be so poor of heart as not to believe this!" he cried. "You have been mine for thousands of years. Our bodies lie like pressed ghosts upon that stone."

"Descend," said the priest.

Ixander was about to assist the maiden, when, filled with sudden fervor, he shoved the sword into his girdle, and, grasping the form of his ancient mate, steadied himself with free hand and carried her to a footing on the lowest branch, whence, swinging with gigantic ease, he released her standing on earth.

Pryo lay hold of the sword and bade them rest their hands upon it.

"By this token," he intoned, "that was once and many times in your sacred possessions, and that bears the mark of your antique lives, I recognize, declare and sanctify you as prince and princess of love, king and queen of the world, god and goddess of time."

"Holy man, you command an obedient spirit," said Ixander.

"Joy and fear is with me," said Anori.

"But this mystic marriage is short and ill-prepared," said Pryo. "Go your separate ways, each of you, until Vodar and his gods give their sign that the wedding has taken place in heaven. Keep the sword, Ixander. And Anori, back to thy father's house I conduct thee."

CHAPTER VI.

Pryo was a glorious mystic, and it was the vaguer faculties of men's minds that he was fond to control. He beheld in governments crude expositions of righteousness; he observed in religion obnoxious portrayals of divinity.

He belonged to a secret order whose beginning was prehistoric to themselves. They had possessed the sword of Wah-wah and wished to confer it upon the winner of a set of championship games, assuming that Wah-wah would abet his favorite. Pryo was not an unswerving believer in the divine attendance on championship struggles, and, one night, gaining access to the shrine of the sword, abstracted it and informed the king that the order was given to philosophies insidious, impious and dangerous to the reign. Cambyzantes thereupon banished them all, having them escorted by cavalry out of the city, parts of the way on the run, and received Pryo in high favor, to the high jealousy of other oracular devotees.

This was a hasty act of royal self-defense. Kingships are not ordinarily secure. The supreme office is a bold occupation and likely to be coveted by others of the bold. It has, likewise, necessary enemies, always awaiting their opportunity to assail. The inherited kingship in the mind of every dignified man is eventually disastrous to the lord of all.

In opposition to this, monarchs are brave. The dangers of reigning are not deemed more than the casual perils which many men undergo picturesquely.

Cambyzantes had a royal will, but no other ideal of government. He felt that the monarchical duty is to govern. Unto him, such government was but a function of himself. He was king. The fact included certain prerogatives. Who would steal this would be acting upon the same possessory instincts as if filching the meat from a lion. Discoursing on the lion's or the king's manner of originally having obtained the subject of dispute was not to the point. The meat was under his paw. The pretender might rage, and the demagogue rant; Cambyzantes would rule.

The pretender, Harpakus, was a good man and sincere, even though Telles Eupator had observed that the virtue of pre-

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tenders is always to be viewed with suspicion. The first wish of Harpakus was that the Cecropolians should be affaired well; his second was to perform the betterment himself. He had occupied the throne a few years before. He was so preoccupied in the affairs of the citizens that he neglected the soldiery. Cambyzantes was averse to such frivolity and displaced him. It was a question of genealogy, the motive apparent. The family of Cambyzantes had always been represented in the government. The family claimed descent from Vodar; so did Harpakus. It was Pryo who had told Cambyzantes that he had the better claim, on the male side. At this time, Cambyzantes had the better army.

His reign consisted of demanding extreme crown privileges. These were gradually encroached upon by the nobles, law-givers, constitutions, the Council of the Five Hundred, the Seven Advisers, the Court of Justice, the Assembly of the People, the tirades of demagogues, and other makeshifts of liberty. Cambyzantes sometimes complied with them, sometimes resisted. Frequently he paid no attention to them; and occasionally this was after having promised to do as they requested.

Harpakus was a dignified patriarch with large head and woolly white beard. It was one of his hobbies to be staunch for the rights of the humblest. He was popular, but not magnetically so. However, his military strength was more than Telles Eupator had presumed. Hundreds of citizens were willing to follow him in an emergency. It was also said that he had made a secret pact with Gorlius, the demagogue, and that the latter would, at the needful moment, cast his following with the pretender's. But of these rumors Cambyzantes and Telles and Ixander heard little. To them, it was merely a case of pretenders and demagogues, who usually died in peaceful old age and were forgiven at their funerals. Now and then the suddenness of their deaths caused a profession of horror from the throne and a note of sympathy for the surviving family.

Not far from the scene of these frailties in power was the city of Pergasia. Its king, Perdicor, was most democratic. His ascension to the throne had been celebrated with an abrogation of all existing debts, the abolition of slavery, a public division of lands, trial courts for all, and many other reformations. Harpakus subsequently drew up a constitution and codes similar to Perdicor's and published them to the Cecropolians. And he swore by the Vodar Horkios, god of oaths, that he would substantiate his principles immediately upon clapping the crown to his head. The mob applauded these statements, yet made no overt move to fight for them. They returned to their homes and employments, and anon came again to Harpakus, to listen, to mutter, and to applaud. They shouted, "To the spears!" "To the altars!" "Assassination!" And they shouted the louder when the eloquence of Harpakus was finer. In bad weather, there was no demonstration.

Eventually, though, it was noticeable he had declared himself so often he became aweary and took to the maxims of philosophers. He was majestic and kind to his wife. Once he let a teardrop fall to the brow of his daughter and asked if she still revered him.

On the very afternoon of that night when Anori met Ixander at Pryo's house, Harpakus departed for the city of Pergasia, to seek audience and aid of its king.

Perdicor, when the other's business was made known, entertained him with the war dinner of black blood broth and pork cooked in blood seasoned with vinegar and salt. Then the War Senate of Twelve cast down their swords at the feet of the bronze War God to signify that while these weapons lay there every promise made to Harpakus would be an oath of war.

Perdicor was wise with that wisdom that only the virtuous possess. For their good intentions lead them to many sorrows that the merely crafty never know. He required a poignant motive giving battle to Cambyzantes. His soldiers would scarcely be interested in the good of the Cecropolians as Harpakus foreordained it. It was left to the ingenuity of Harpakus to force an issue, one that would zealotize the Pergasian troops to the onslaught rather than march them to the word of discipline. However, the war was to be

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for the good of the Cecropolians, be the purpose what it would.

Harpakus suggested that it be a religious war. The god Jidon was especially revered in Pergasia as its patron deity. There was a huge gold and ivory statue of Jidon in the Temple of Public Worship at Cecropolias, but one larger and more sumptuous of Vodar. Harpakus was friendly with a subordinate priest of this temple, and would promise him the chief priestship provided he would defile the statue of Jidon and thus insult Perdicor to the pretext of a fantical invasion. After insulting the statue, to the downfall of his monarch, he was to repent and serve the victorious deity.

"And thus," spake Perdicor, "the cities of Cecropolias and Pergasia will be the two flaming eyes of the world, the twin lights worshipped by all mankind as the models of justice and celebrity." (Here he looked at Harpakus.) "And were it not that the intermarriage of royalty breeds confusion of thrones, I should say, let the Prince of Pergasia and the Princess of Cecropolias give you and me our grandchildren in common."

"I am old," replied Harpakus. "I shall have no son. Give me your youngest for my daughter, and let our priests draw up from the oracles a code of dynasty that shall be forever free of quarrel, full of love."

"Let the two meet," said Perdicor, "and I have no doubt that two such choice spirits will find choice in each other."

Then the Senate of Twelve took up their swords and smote the barbaric oaken god of war that had been captured and affixed to the base of their own battle deity.

The next day Harpakus rejourneyed to his city and sped the news to Akon, the priest, whom he charged to confer with Pergasia's sacred body in arrangement of the dynasty.

With high pomp in his imagination and sanctity in his manner, Akon received these negotiations. Upon the next day he set out, a grim, purple-clad figure, with long black hair. The distance was a dim blue, and the road was gray. Slowly the swaying purple, tressed with black, moved along the gray and became dim in the dimmer blue.

Harpakus called his daughter in the garden. "Anori," he said, "you may yet be a princess of state."

She blushed under her native skies. She had partaken of a confusion of ideas and a confusion of facts within the few days, and which left her in that anomalous mind that is neither free to move nor free to tell of its chains. Surely and yet doubtfully she belonged to Ixander. Yet there was no Ixander beside her as a fact. For a few brief moments beneath the mystic oak, she had spoken to him, and then hurried away with the priest.

Harpakus repeated his statement in a more authoritative tone, as if demanding an answer. Anori, called upon to speak, began as abstractly as possible.

"Yes: I have been told."

"Who has known this?" the father asked with surprise.

"Pryo, the priest."

The Pretender raised his brows. Had he been betrayed by Akon to many, or had that chanting numbskull taken only Pryo into his elated confidence?

"And whereof does Pryo know this?" The question was put with seeming indifference.

"He has had it of an ancient oracle," she replied.

It was now the pretender's delightful confusion.

"Pryo oft finds the truth in superstitious ways," he declared.

Further he questioned, to the end that he was informed of the priest's acquaintance with her; but she did not mention Ixander.

In the meanwhile, Akon arrived at Pergasia, went to the altars of that city and conferred with its chief priest, as advised. This dignitary dealt with his visitor already as a conquest of war. He delivered an exact plan for the gods and oracles of Cecropolias when that city should be in the hands of Perdicor. The war was to be remarkable as a triumph of the god Jidon over the god Vodar. The statues and oracles of Vodar were to be made second to those of Jidon. It was Jidon's war. A mightier statue and more impressive than all was to be erected in the highest places. Vodar was to be disrated and gradually classed among the inferior deities.

To this plan Akon could at first only

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vent his astonishment. He had lived and prospered under the tutelage of Vodar. Vodar had been the dominant spirit of the universe. It was Vodar that had established the supremacy of the present hierarchy. All the gods themselves feared Vodar. He was Lord of the Thunderbolt and King of the Heavens. He had but to frown and the skies were overcast. He had but to shake his ambrosial fist at the world and the world was rent with storms and tremblings. Akon had prayed to Vodar, sung to him, fasted for him, feasted in his honor, sacrificed, ceremonied, collected tribute, coveted and retained relics, and even performed miracles in and by the grace of Vodar.

And here now was Jidon thrust upon him. Jidon, in Akon's eyes, had ever been a barbaric substitute, fit for an ignorant, unblessed people, worshiped by the Pergasians, because they knew Vodar's favorite city to be Cecropolias. Had not the great prophets told how Jidon once assumed to dispute the anger of Vodar, and Vodar, rising in a cloud of light behind his eternal shield, with a blast of thunders hurled Jidon down to earth, where the latter founded the city of Pergasia. Poets had sung this; sculptors had smitten it in marble on the frieze of the temple. How would Akon brook the alien insolence of installing the once defeated Jidon on the pedestals of prayer?

In answer to this from the bewildered mouth of the visitor, the chief priest said that that was Jidon's affair; that Jidon was the greater god, having passed through a period of labors and meditations; that he was now ready to appear in his destined power. At any rate, in the new order of things, Akon was to be honored as the chief priest in Cecropolias. Vodar had ever left him a subordinate; Jidon would exalt him to the first place.

The temptation and the logic was strong in Akon. He bent heavily near the light of the bronze lamp. Black shadows were around his purple robe. Huge, animated clouds of smoke rolled from the sacred flame of the altar. Glimmering bronze wreaths hung atop the marble columns. A heavy incense wrapped him. Perfumed, winking, terrible gloom filled the hall and seemed to shift about. It all told of the power of Jidon. Akon was there as a mere supplicant.

After some minutes of contemplation, and without more argument or ado, Akon, first with a gesture, signified, and then with words uttered the surrender of Vodar. He bartered the supremacy of gods. It was the business of priests. Yet he requested in provision thereof the pledge of maintaining one ancient custom: that of taxing the hearth-fires of all the inhabitants for one piece of silver at the first thunder-storm of each year. This had been for the service of the eternal fire of Vodar and the ceremonies of two attendant priests. Such tax was repugnant to the Pergasians and to Jidon, their priests always having denounced the custom. However, by virtue of the raising of the god, it was agreed that the prospective chief priest be allowed to continue the ceremonies of fire, but not attribute it as an equal joy of the new God of Thunderbolts.

He was then instructed to have a dream in which Vodar should bid him violate the statue of Jidon by offering it the unused parts of Vodar's sacrificial bull and casting some of these at its face.

These things Akon promised to do, and took leave of his entertainers.

(To be Continued.)

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AFTER THE UP-STAGE HAD PASSED

BY WALTER ARCHER FROST

THE MEN in the rear room of the half-way house admitted that things looked bad. Indeed, it was from sheer despondency that Fenn Colby, who was dealing, forgot to stack the pack. It was, however, only after the one inexperienced player had raked in the pot that the utter hopelessness of the situation became clear and the crowd, allowing the cards to fall upon the table or mingle with the sawdust on the floor, rose with one gloomy impulse to gaze again in the direction of the up-stage from Carquez, which had just come in.

There seemed nothing, in the appearance of the vehicle, to justify their state of mind: worn, bent and reeling, like an outcast acceptable neither to the local wilderness nor the civilization between which it plied, it grinned at them familiarly from the dull sockets of its unlighted lamps.

On the driver's seat, "Leredo" Dick lounged with professional taciturnity, the reins loose but ready in his hands.

So far, the men in the doorway saw no unusual thing, for the stage was but one of a common type, and Leredo was the same, though the hardiest and most reckless of his class.

What held the attention of the interrupted gamblers was the other figure on the box. "Yes," said Colby, after another long, unwinking stare, "I can't get what's brought him up here from the Southern run, but that sure is 'Law an' Order' Wade!"

After the comprehensive glance in which they had been photographed and classified, the man of whom they spoke ignored them utterly. He seemed oblivious of those around him and of where he was; and indeed he was so, for even Dick's roared command, the wild rush of the four against the traces, and the mad heeling of the coach, failed to tell him that they were again upon their way.

For John Wade had just entered a new world, the general admirability of which puzzled while fascinating his simple heart —a few moments before, when they had swung into San Peto for mail and passengers, the usual derelicts of a half-way house had surrounded them, and, just as he was turning from the too familiar sight he had caught a flash of white duck, a figure whose lissom grace he had noticed even before its slenderness, a tumble of blonde hair which the sombrero could neither control nor hide and, beneath it, gray eyes, merry and comprehending, which looked into his and smiled. This he had seen.

And she: a man, big-boned, and lean, tanned as to face and honest as to eyes, fearless, alert and forceful, yet fun-loving as became his perfect health. And one thing more: his sawed-off Winchester and his position on the box told her that he was the Express Messenger.

Their eyes had met only for an instant, and then the crowd had drifted back between; but the vision tarried with him, tarried to tell him that its subtly suggested comradeship had, unaccountably, terminated his loneliness.

He had been lonely: the peculiar respect, which was accorded him, rested heavily at times. He was young enough to attribute it to the office which he held, but the others knew that it was because, in the International Rapid Revolver contest at Nevada, the year before, he had established an almost unbelievable record in marksmanship. That had marked him, made his name a by-word in every gambling house and in a thousand lost camps among the hills. They went further, even knew his history, could have told you how he had left the East for ranching in the limitless Southwest, and, there being

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cleverly cheated of his patrimony, how he had struck northward, with boyish enthusiasm entering the great match, and won. And when a California company had immediately engaged him to guard the treasure weekly carried in the Carquez stage, the salary which had amazed him, struck them as being not more than adequate.

It also struck them as appropriate that they should leave him to himself. So much for the decision of the "unreconstructed" who formed the population's mass.

On his side, male and female alike, he pitied them, and sought them only professionally; he fell back, for companionship, on Leredo Dick, who, knowing a man when he saw one, loved him as a father might have done.

Tonight, however, Dick was disappointed in his protege. "'Re you 'sleep?" he asked, as they flew along their way. "Tell you what, this's yer first trip over here, and some of these places, you want to get familiar with. That thar, fer example," indicating a dark corner of buckeyes with his whip, "'s where Hank Conley, Messenger before you, got his."

Still, he was not answered.

"An' I meant to have told you that, just as we gits to the top, to turn down for th' flats——"

This time, he was interrupted: "Never saw anything like her, Dick!"

Leredo turned, then, following the other's eyes: "She sure 's a beauty. Looks light, too, fer her 100 stone. Got her at Dal's. Didn't want to let her go, but she'd took a plumb dislike to him, snapped a junk out of his shoulder, and, only the day before——"

The Messenger was staring into the weather-beaten face: "For Gad's sake, Dick, what are you talking about?"

Dick stared back, no less incredulously. "Talking 'bout? Same as you, of course; that thar new off-leader, cleanest little mare that ever come out of Arkansaw!"

"You're wrong," laughed Wade. "I was speaking of that girl."

"Didn't see her," said Dick, with evident disgust, as his eyes clung to the slighted mare. And, to the next question: "Not noticin' her, how could you expect me to recollect her *name!*"

Another did, however. "That was 'Rinda Collard," said a voice from the body of the stage. "Just back from the States; her father keeps the half-way house."

"Thank you." As he spoke, Wade turned, but night had come down suddenly in the defile, and he could not see the speaker's face. He recognized the voice, though: that of the tenderfoot tourist who, soon after they left Bolling, had shown urban interest in the Messenger's abbreviated rifle and 44.

He thought of this now; but the thought passed as colorless recollections will, and, as they took the down grade without break or slackening of their pace, he left the present for the future—and the girl.

At Fowler's, the next stop, he bought a pair of delicately-cut and rarely-beaded moccasins, which, from the seat, he had seen hanging at the door, addressed them to her, speculating with a laugh on their reception, as the stage swung out upon the main road again.

Then, lulled by the steady rub of the leather and Leredo's accompanying exhortation of the four, he relaxed utterly, imagination to grow until the actual passed into unreality, under the impulse of his thoughts: the close-growing foliage which on both sides hemmed the road, seemed hangings of velvet, and every star a planet in the unwinding ribbon of sky above his head; the forest glades reached endless, pillared by the redwoods, innumerable and infinite. And, through their quiet, not to be sounded depths, he was riding with her now, the two grateful for the solitude which made the more blest their all-complete companionship, and he was leaning toward her, had even—when, without warning, the stage gave a sudden and breathless reel, and a voice, which he had heard before, said evenly: "You're both covered, so I guess, young fellow, if you don't mind, you can pass me down that mail bag and the box."

Wade's whirl showed him only a tangled wilderness thrown out in a vivid circle by the lamps, and, directly before him, the long barrel of a Colt's, steady in the hands of the "tourist" who had examined his outfit with such well-acted temerity six hours before.

All this, he saw, as with one purely automatic swing, his Winchester came to his shoulder on a line with the masked man at the horses' heads; but swifter still was the dart of his fist, sending the supposed tenderfoot backward to the ground; then, seeing two more men spring out from nowhere in particular, he turned his rifle toward them, working the lever until it sung, the next instant down beside them. Colt in hand, to be nailed to the spot by the sight which met his eyes: the man at the leaders' heads still held the bits; the other two covered Leredo; the man he had struck, awaited him weakly but with smiling steadiness: not a man had he brought down.

Dazed, for he knew his aim at twice that distance to be infallible, he stared about him, to be at last recalled again by the leader's voice: "Don't blame yourself; your aim was all right: the trouble was, you used blank cartridges."

"Used blanks?"

"Exactly," smiling, yet more appreciatively.

"You exchanged guns with me back there." It was not a question: the words came self-denunciatorily.

"Quite so, to avoid the necessity of your 'getting' us, or, the alternative——"

"There would have been no alternative! But now?"

"Only the formality of taking away the things we had to have."

"You haven't got them yet!" With the words, he was at them, extinguishing the nearest lamp as he sprang. Leredo's shout, as he gave the four the lash, the grind of gravel under frenzied feet, then two shots and the brave wheelers down, and for a second time the stage was still, this time, with cut traces, anchored, motionless; and round it, one tall, reckless, heroic figure, fighting fearful odds, refusing to surrender while he lived. Then one lone shot, well aimed, the pleasant voice speaking regretfully: "He made me do it: I'd have spared him if I could." And the road agent, slowly mounting with the box and bag he had stopped the up-stage to have, looked back to where the Messenger, after reeling in an aimless circle, wavered and then sank, still resisting, to the ground.

Behind, the stage, its one lantern shadowed in the gloom; a voice, Leredo's, as he sought, but could not find: "They've took him with 'em; the poor lad's got his, either way you play the shot." Then, with an oath of vengeance, fearful in its primordial intensity, he rolled out the dead wheelers, forced the leaders into place, sprang to his seat before the newly affrighted passengers, and the up-stage had passed.

Darkness, the deeper, as the forest silence settled down; the night wind, wandering cool from far Sierran silvan heights, soughed gently, then ceased, and life seemed suspended, in the utter quiescence of the mountain road.

Then in the deeper blackness off the traveled way, came a flash as of a briskly ignited match, a low laugh, and John Wade, Express Messenger, whose obituary was at that moment being composed by loyal Dick, puffed strongly on a stubby briar wood pipe. And, that done, his back against a giant redwood, he gave himself leisurely to thought:

"It's my best move to lie here, for they may double, and I'm not armed too well just yet. They'll make for Toluma, the nearest railroad stop. No, not that, though, for they know Dick'll wire, and every place be on the watch. They'll strike one for the camps after getting supplies at the worst town they can pick out: and then back into the defiles until the posse has got tired of getting lost. And, after that, off to the south somewhere, probably into New Mexico.

"With friends in every low joint that bucks the law, and money to bribe with, they think they're safe. And they are unless—unless I can get to them before their friends have hidden them away. Until morning, then." And plunging for a noiseless hundred yards still further off the beaten track, beneath a scrub oak, he went immediately to sleep.

With the faintest dawn, he awoke, and hurried back to the deserted way, where good luck awaited him: for there lay a sawed-off Winchester, half-visible under a limb of the tree which had been dropped to block the road.

It had evidently been thrown there in the struggle. He lifted it, and something in its hang made him stare eagerly: in another second he had crammed his hand-

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kerchief into its muzzle, removing it, to find it clean: yes, it was his own gun, sighted to his eye, and charged with *ball, not blanks.*

In a second, he understood it: the road agent had been the victim of his own device, for, after being hurled from the stage by the Messenger, he had snatched up a Winchester, not Wade's, as he thought, but the blank-charged duplicate; it was with this that he had fired when, after his hand-to-hand onslaught, the Messenger had charged. Wade's well-studied fall had assisted the deceit; and the highwaymen had left for dead the man by whom, at that very instant, their capture was being planned.

John saw it, laughed aloud, then paled, looking narrowly about him, in fear of what seemed too perfect luck. But all was soundless, himself the only thing that stirred. Then, alert and armed as even he could wish, he was out, eyes on the road, fast upon their track.

For the first three miles, the fugitives had kept the stage road; but then their trail disappeared utterly, the only hoof-prints coming toward him in the direction taken by the stage.

Again and again he covered the fifty yards on each side of where the track had dropped, but he could find only the familiar foot-prints of the four. It was true that, not long before, three horsemen had ridden in from the West, but this did not help him—those he wanted were not *coming* from but *leading* there. Examining these more closely, however, he saw that the bounds of these three horses were not uniform, for, in the case of two, leaps were longer than those taken by the third; the three were hurrying, but the third horse had labored in his stride, a fact indicated further by his tracks, the weight instead of coming forward primarily to the toe, was lightest there, the deepest indentation being at the "corks." Then, in a flash, he saw it: the 'tourist,' with new cleverness, *had reversed the horses' shoes,* and four men were on the three: the third horse had done well to keep even the stride he did, *for he was carrying double weight.*

Yes, the trick was well out of the ordinary. But Wade admired it only as he hurried on, an hour later to come out, with their trail, at the tumble-down cabin of a mountaineer.

He approached the house cautiously; but, entering suddenly, found it untenanted.

The road-agents had, however, been on terms of intimacy with, even if they had not constituted, the inmates of the place, for there were two bunks, and two blankets laid out with some care to neatness on the floor, and all were fresh-used, for no dust had settled down.

In an open box in one corner, he found that local rarity, a razor and accessories, and, in the bottom, two or three rough suits of clothing, and the outfit of a prospector, bag and pick and pan.

Thought was action, with the Messenger, and when, ten minutes later flames broke out almost instantly to envelop the sun-baked roof, the clean-shaven young fellow who was their only witness, looked on contentedly: "It was the only way, for I hadn't time to 'cache' my outfit properly. Arson's a poor return for hospitality; but, some day, I'll take a vacation and put the shack up again. And, when I do it, she'll—— But I've got to get those moccasins for her, first, and they're in the outer bag that holds the inner and the mail." Then, he laughed frankly, for he had realized that his first thought had not been of the mail, but of the moccasins. "Gad, I'd better be moving!" And, with a swinging step, he again took up the trail.

And when, three hours later, the posse drew rein at the smoking ruins to breathe their horses and try to guess the secret of the blaze, the silent ashes helped them as little as the man who, further down, stepped off the road to let them pass. The pick on his wide shoulder showed what his calling was, and, already delayed, they did not stop to question him.

Still further on, a prostrate inebriate answered in fear and secrecy. "Four of 'em," he said, "come out here right early in the day, and, when they saw I marked 'em, they sent me a shot and doubled back that way."

As they turned in the named direction the posse admitted gratitude, and wanted to "make it right." But he would accept nothing: it hadn't cost him anything, he said, and he was willing to give the in-

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formation free of charge. As a matter of fact he could afford to, for others had paid him well for doing it.

At "The Morning Star" at Toluma, the crowd was large, that day, and the trade unusually brisk. Conversation, too was rampant, such shop-worn and stagnant topics as miners' brawls and differences at cards being gratefully abandoned in favor of the holding up of the Carquez stage, an incident whose happening, struck them, for this reason among others, as a direct act of Providence.

There was more than interest: there was a keen satisfaction in the way they spoke of it. And, oddly enough, they seemed to have known of it from the moment that it took place. Its success, they regarded with complacency; it was, they agreed, "a good one on the company."

Ready money had made the business thrive, and themselves garrulous. When the money was gone, they mounted and departed leisurely, almost the last to go being four men who, during the talk, had 'ordered' and drank from their saddles at the door, and these rode away quite deliberately in the direction in which their friends had gone.

Three minutes later, a traveler entered "The Morning Star." He had come far, from San Rafael, he said, as he ordered the local stimulant.

"Cooking for Hurlburt," asked the bar-keep, carelessly.

"No," answered the big miner; "playing the hand alone."

He might have been questioned further, but an interruption came from a table in the rear end of the room. "That cleans me, by——! No, there's my horse, that buckskin—goes for $100 down."

"Done," said the imperturbable winner, and the game went on.

Of the crowd, now only four or five remained. They sat idly, and, when they spoke, it was of the weather, the "strikes" at Goldfield, or the burning out of Fallon, at the Flats; of anything, in short, except the stage robbery.

The young miner waited with the best patience that he could simulate. He knew that, in all probability, the men before him could tell him all that he wished to know; but he knew, too, that any haste, in fact any inkling of his mission, would terminate his chance. He went further, admitting that the fact that he had not been fired on, when he entered, showed that he had not been recognized.

In the meantime, his men were escaping. In ten minutes, five, they would be gone unredeemably. Yet he could only wait for some incautious word, some hint thrown out by a tongue loose from drink, from anger or from temperament.

Then, just as he was at snapping tension, the losing gambler spoke again: "That does it, unless some one 'll give me five for these." The man turned, expecting still to see the crowd, but only the young miner answered him: "What have you got? I may be able to manage the five."

"Just these," and heedless of a warning sent by some one in the room, he threw something soft and yellow on the floor.

"I'll take them." There was an exchange, and John Wade thrust into the breast of his shirt the moccasins which he had bought on the preceding afternoon.

"Got any more," he asked, facing the other with a steady smile. "I'd like to get some of a larger size."

Careless of what came, for he had lost heavily and was mad with alcohol, the man laughed recklessly: "I haven't any more, but you might try the fellow that just left on the piebald; they's no telling what he an' his outfit's taken on."

Wade turned to the man who was winning: "That buckskin you just bought: is he for sale again?"

The other looked keenly at him, half shrugged his shoulders, and relaxed: "Why, yes. An'," coolly, "he's faster than that piebald, if that's what you mean."

"That's what I mean." As he spoke, Wade wheeled, and the bar-keep, whose hand had slipped absent-mindedly toward his hip, went, with its fellow, empty above his head. "That's right," the young miner said, glinting his eyes across the bar, "and just keep them up there until I say you can drop them. I'm John Wade, the Carquez Messenger," and, his hands in his pockets, he advanced upon the white-aproned man.

Sure that he was "covered" by a gun in one of the Messenger's unseen hands, the bar-keep allowed himself to be disarmed. And no one spoke or moved as "Law and

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Order" Wade backed swiftly from the room. Indeed, so well known was his skill that, as motionless, they watched him spring into the saddle, and ride out upon the piebald's trail.

After making sure of his seat and the qualities of his mount, Wade forced the horse to be satisfied with a moderate lope, unslung his Winchester from the bag in which he had hidden it, his eyes ever on the four men still visible ahead on the level, unbroken track.

The box had, of course, long since been forced open, but they still had the bulk of its fifty thousand and the mail. They would undoubtedly fight to keep it; but, armed as he was, he knew they were his. After a mile or two, he let his mount have his head, and soon flew by them, the buckskin's main and tail astream with the fury of his stride, and behind the next turn, with the sun behind his head awaited them.

At his command, they swerved, each reaching for his gun, but he swung his horse on them with the pressure of his knees. "Hands up!" he cried again, and this time they obeyed.

"What's the game?" came in the 'tourist's' pleasant voice.

"Just that fifty thousand and the mails!"

For a moment, dead silence. Then—"By ——! the Messenger!"

"Exactly. Your guns first, and then the rest of it. And carefully, for this time, remember, I'm not using blanks!"

The four Colt's dropped simultaneously from the upraised hands, and, though he seemed not to have moved, a bullet from Wade's rifle caught each, descending, and spun it in the air.

"Some shooting," said the familiar, pleasant voice. "Say, it's all yours. It's here in the bag. If you want, you can see——. I'll cut it loose for you."

"Thank you, but I'll do that for myself." He did so, the four sitting their horses rigidly.

"And now?" There was, for the first time, a note of anxiety in the "tourist's" voice.

Wade laughed. "Well, it's about this way: I've got you covered; but you've got too many friends around, for me to take you out of here. If the posse had kept with me—— But they didn't. So all I'm going to ask of you is some decent whisky. I bought some back there, but, considering where I was, it seemed wiser not to swallow it."

Before he had finished, a silver-mounted flask fell at his feet. "As a souvenir?" asked the pleasant voice.

"As a souvenir," Wade answered. The next moment his was the only figure on the road.

* * * *

It took him some time to explain it to the company, and, even after he had finished they were disgruntled at his leaving the road agents at large. But Lerado, joyed into incoherency at John's return, swore violently as to the exact degree the Messenger knew his business better than his employers did, reminded them that they had the treasure anyway, and they became satisfied.

There was, however, one who was deeply puzzled: it was upon receiving, in a roughly wrapped and dust-covered package, a pair of moccasins; and what puzzled her most was that, on the outside, there was written the word, "Delayed."

She asked her father, on the next day, and, on the next, Lerado Dick. But the grim driver would tell nothing. "I ain't the one to give that there away. They's only one man that's got a right to, and he's the Messenger; don't suppose you ever noticed him, when we was going through?" And, John coming up at that instant: "Here, she wants to know who sent these things, and why they was 'delayed.'"

Again the honest eyes laughed into his. "Do you know?" she asked him.

"I do," John answered.

"Will you tell me?"

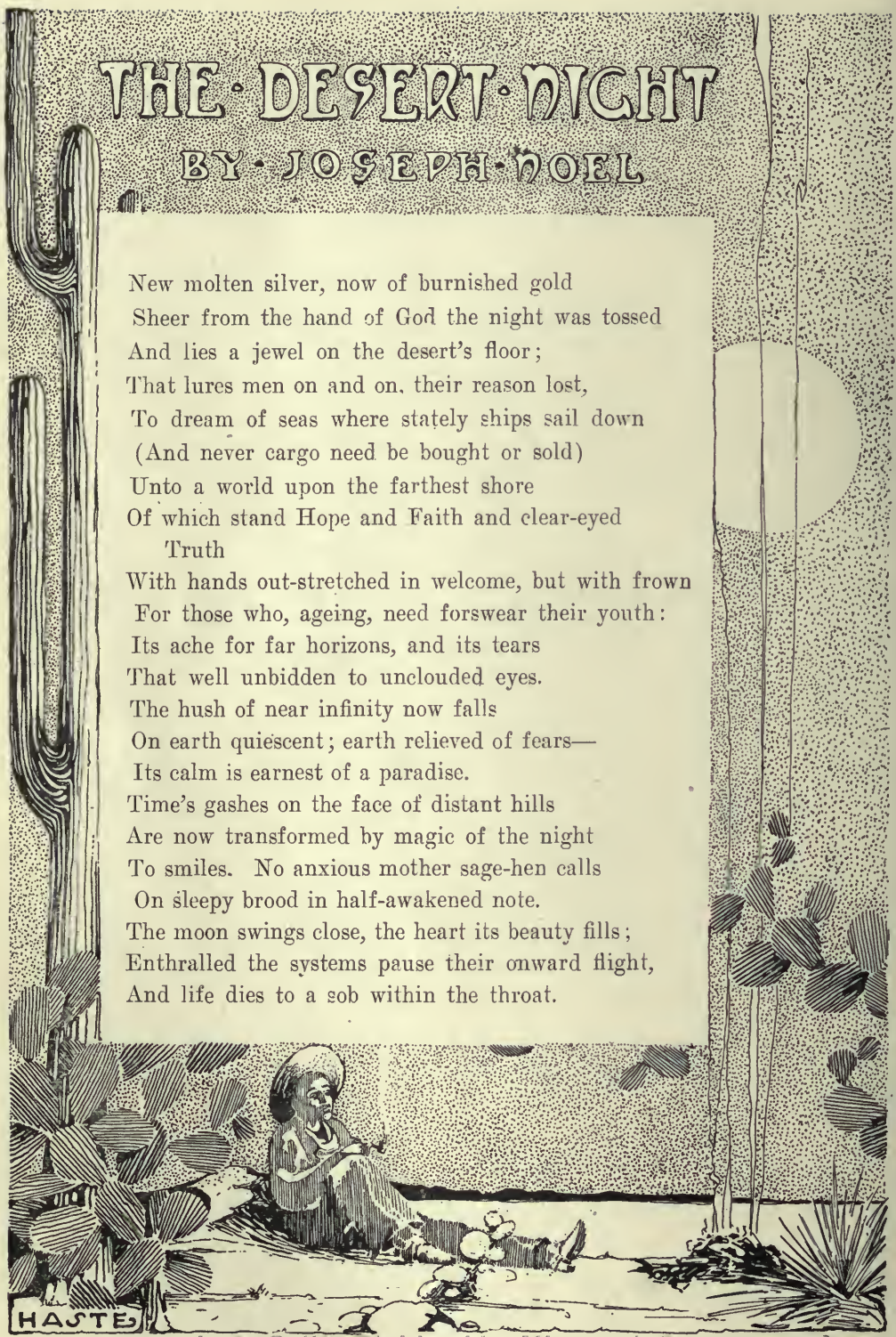
And he did.

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THE DESERT NIGHT

BY JOSEPH NOEL

New molten silver, now of burnished gold
Sheer from the hand of God the night was tossed
And lies a jewel on the desert's floor;
That lures men on and on, their reason lost,
To dream of seas where stately ships sail down
(And never cargo need be bought or sold)
Unto a world upon the farthest shore
Of which stand Hope and Faith and clear-eyed
Truth
With hands out-stretched in welcome, but with frown
For those who, ageing, need forswear their youth:
Its ache for far horizons, and its tears
That well unbidden to unclouded eyes.
The hush of near infinity now falls
On earth quiescent; earth relieved of fears—
Its calm is earnest of a paradise.
Time's gashes on the face of distant hills
Are now transformed by magic of the night
To smiles. No anxious mother sage-hen calls
On sleepy brood in half-awakened note.
The moon swings close, the heart its beauty fills;
Enthralled the systems pause their onward flight,
And life dies to a sob within the throat.



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THE DIVINE PROGRAM

VII—THE PREDESTINATION AND ELECTION OF THE BIBLE

BY C. T. RUSSELL

PASTOR BROOKLYN TABERNACLE



HE PRESENT generation but little appreciates the awful import of the words predestination and election as they were understood by their fathers in connection with the Divine Program in respect to mankind. The reason of this is, that these doctrines have not been taught to any extent during the last forty years. The catechisms which formerly instructed the children, the youth and the gray-haired, have now very generally been relegated to the rubbish heaps. A few tell us that this is because the public today "will not endure sound doctrine." (2 Tim. 4.3.) Our reply is, that the view of predestination and election entertained by our forefathers for centuries was neither sound doctrine nor sound reason. It was opposed alike to common sense and to the Scriptures. We are glad that the travesties upon the Divine Character and Government formerly identified with words predestination and election are no longer acceptable to any.

True, several of the largest denominations still declare that the "Westminster Confession of Faith" is theirs, but we know that in private conversation and in their hearts, this feature, at least, of that confession is ignored and denied. It speaks well for Presbyterianism that, while still holding to the Westminster Confession, it has adopted a new statement of faith for public consumption, which, while not denying these features, most happily ignores them.

The Erroneous View Criticised.

By way of emphasizing what the Bible does not teach, let us briefly review the rapidly-fading error on the subject of Predestination and election; errors which, perhaps, did more than almost any others to turn men away from God and from the Bible. Let it be understood that we are not criticising men, but doctrines. While criticising the doctrines of Brother Calvin, we are glad to admit that he had many noble qualities of heart and head, and that, in some respects, his teaching has exercised a powerful influence in the world for good. Undoubtedly his views of the sovereignty of God—his justice and his power—exercised a marked influence upon Christian sentiment along this line, leading to a greater reverence for Divine power, though we fear that it did not do much to cultivate love for God. From the Calvinistic standpoint, the Almighty, perfect in wisdom and power, mapped out in advance an unalterable program represented by the words Divine Predestination. According to this theory, everything, both good and bad, was foreordained and in its execution unavoidable. This doctrine, applied to humanity, declares that the Supreme Creator had from the beginning designed, predestinated, that a little handful, a saintly few, should constitute his elect, his favorites and be granted glorious things in heaven. The catechism was careful to mark out that this favoritism on God's part was "not for any works or worthiness of ours, but of his own sovereign will." Giving these words their full weight would signify that if the sovereign will had exercised itself with similar benevolnece towards the non-elect, they, too, would have shared the heavenly blessings. And since the Divine favor was not assumed to be connected with work or worthiness on our part it

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follows that the lack of works and the lack of worthiness, on the part of the non-elect, need not have debarred them from the chiefest of Divine favors had Divine benevolence willed favorably toward them.

As for the fate of the non-elect, their case was treated with the greatest delicacy possible to the situation by the pen of an able man. We were quietly informed that "God passed them by." The doctrine of total depravity lay at the bottom of this theory. It was claimed that Father Adam's transgression of the Divine Law merited eternal torment as the portion of Justice for himself and every child of his that should ever be born. We were told that this was a just penalty, and that God through Christ merely released the elect as an exhibition of his love and grace—passing the others by—not electing to save them from torment. And the doctrine of predestination attached to the doctrine of election by way of showing that God's elective preferences for those whom he would favor were determined long in advance of their birth, and that with equal deliberation he had foreordained that no help, no adequate relief, should be granted to the non- elect; they should be thoroughly passed by, and allowed to go to the doom to which they were sentenced—eternal torment. And that doom and the numbers of the non-elect were fully known to God in advance and approved as his unalterable will, his supreme good pleasure.

Wesley's Heart Rebelled.

John Wesley was reared under the influence of the above teachings, but, as a minister of the Episcopal Church, he felt that he could not so preach. His head declined to recognize such a course as loving even if it were just, and his heart wholly repudiated the thought that the Divine character and program could be after that manner. In his own largeness of heart Brother Wesley promulgated an opposite theory, namely, that since God is Love he must be doing all *in his power* to save our race from eternal torment. Brother Wesley urged that the millions who would reach eternal torment would get there on their own responsibility and in spite of God's best efforts to keep them out of it. Noble soul that he was, he braved persecution in his day in his attempt to tell of his love of God and to urge sinners not to consider themselves non-elect and doomed to eternal torture, but to hearken to the voice of Divine mercy and to turn to the Lord with their whole heart and be abundantly pardoned.

Wesley's heart-teaching triumphed over Calvin's logic. Not only has it resulted in the formation of the enormous bodies of Christians called Methodists, but far more than this, it has transformed the views of the Christian world of all denominations so that today, regardless of the denominational vows, the membership of practically every institution of Christendom holds to Wesley's views.

Both Right and Both Wrong.

Having commended both Calvin and Wesley as children of God, and many of the followers of their teachings as saints, it might seem to some temerity on our part to offer criticism of either, and particularly of both. We are encouraged to do this, however, from two reasons:

1. We wish to show that in some respects both of these doctrines are right and scriptural, and in other respects wrong and unscriptural.

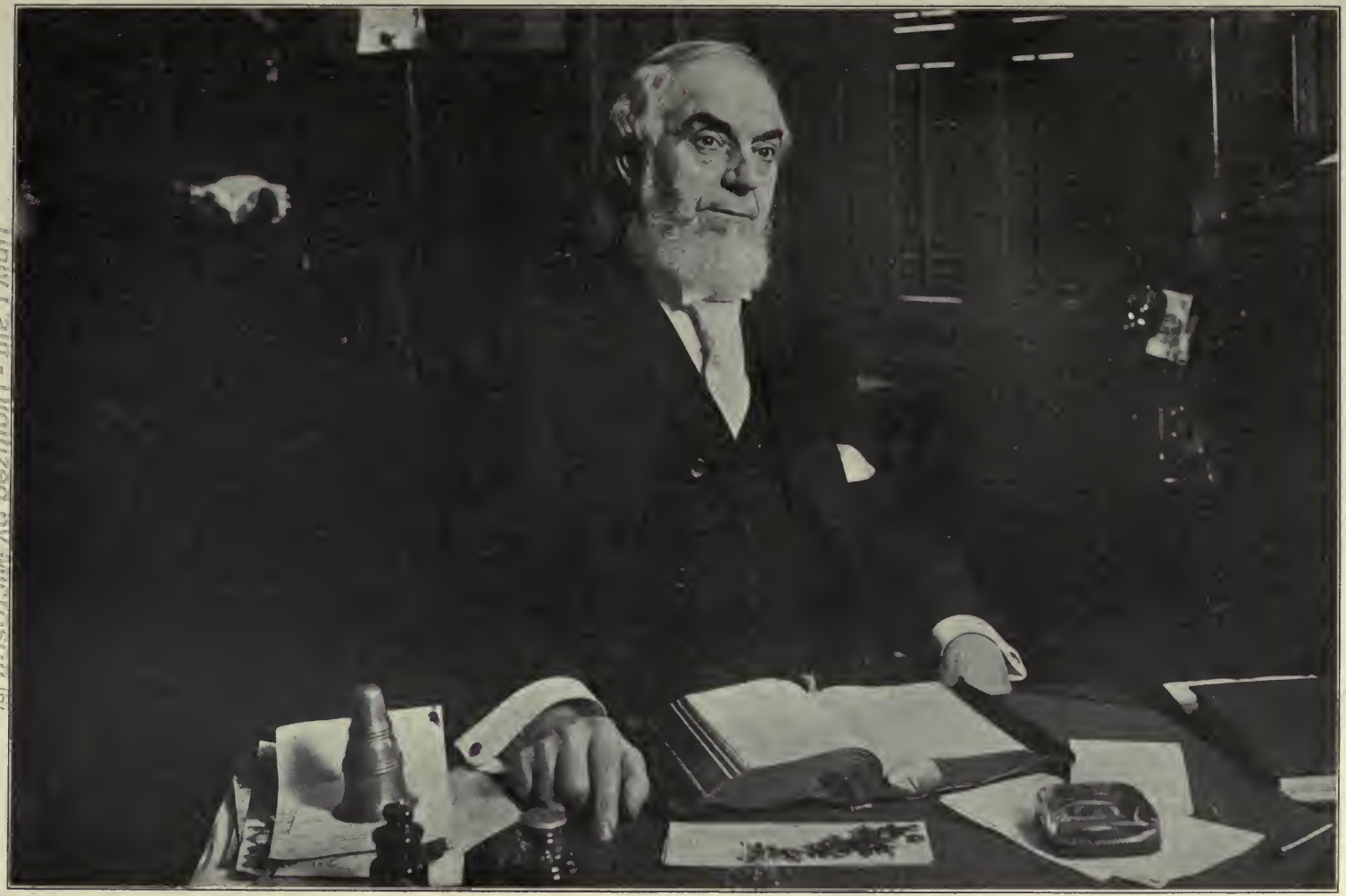
2. We are further encouraged to do this by the fact that denominationally these opposing doctrines are about evenly represented in the world, and all will admit that they cannot both be right while contradicting each other.

3. If we shall succeed in demonstrating that these two opposing systems can be harmonized and that elements of both can be shown to be Scriptural and to harmonize with each other, then we believe that the advocates of both schools of thought would have reason to thank us for the service, and thousands who, through the conflict of these doctrines, have lost their faith in the Bible as the Word of God, may be rescued from unbelief.

Reject the Errors First.

Before coming to the subject from the Scriptural standpoint, we must tear away some of the sophistries and errors con-

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Pastor Russell at his desk

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nected with these popular doctrines and must see them in their true light, in order that we may properly appreciate the teachings of the Scriptures on the subject.

First, then, let us note the strong points of Calvinism which must stand, which can never be repudiated by God's children with impunity—Divine Sovereignty, Foreknowledge, Purpose, Intention, Justice, and Power. "Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world." (Acts 15:18.) Note his own declaration through the Prophet, "So shall my Word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."—Isa. 55:11.

We must agree with Calvinism in the Divine foreknowledge of whatsoever comes to pass; and, more than this, that nothing could come to pass contrary to the Divine permission, although many things do come to pass, contrary to the Divine Law—being permitted for wise purposes. But while agreeing with Brother Calvin respecting these strong points of the Divine character, we must agree with Brother Wesley that love is not only an element of the Divine Character, but is, with justice, a dominating element in the Divine Program. We must agree with Brother Wesley that neither human justice nor human love could predestinate the doom of eternal torment for a majority of our race—nor for a single member of it. We must agree with Wesley that the Divine Program is that, eventually, God's grace of forgiveness for sin must be *free grace*, and must extend to every member of our race. If our standpoint of the freeness of this grace is broader than that of Brother Wesley, it may not signify that are hearts are broader than his, but that the due time has come for the lifting of the vail of ignorance and superstition and the permitting of the eyes of our understanding to see more clearly "with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of

"Love Divine, all love excelling,"

"and to know the love of Christ, which passeth all knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."—Eph. 3:18, 19.

Having shown that Brother Calvin's view recognized God as dignified and omnipotent, but deficient in love, it is appropriate that we show that Brother Wesley, while recognizing a God of Divine love theoretically, implied his deficiency in wisdom and foreknowledge. Brother Wesley admitted with Brother Calvin that only the handful of the saintly believers would enter heaven, and he admitted with him also that all the remainder would go to an eternity of torture. The difference between the two theories, therefore, had no practical bearing upon the sufferings of the lost, but merely upon the Divine character, and provision in connection with the suffering. Calvin taught that God willed it so. Wesley disputed this.

Evidently "the God of all grace" would need to embody in himself not only the loving qualities of Wesley's ideal, but also the dignity, wisdom and power of Calvin's ideal—between the two we would find the God of the Bible and the God of whom our reasons could approve. Fully balanced, fully co-ordinated, God's Justice, Love, Wisdom and Power, should be displayed in his dealings with humanity. What would it profit us to have the loving God of Wesley's teachings, who desired all sorts of good things for his creatures, if, with that love, he lacked the wisdom to direct a favorable plan or lacked the power to execute the favorable plan approved by his Wisdom and his Love? Let us rest assured that the God revealed in the Bible is perfect in all of his attributes. His Foreknowledge, looking down the avenues of time, would have foreseen every incident connected with the interests of his creatures. And had that Foreknowledge perceived that Divine Justice could not grant to the creature eternal life in bliss, but must perpetuate the existence in eternal suffering, then Divine Wisdom and Love would surely have determined that Divine Power should not be exercised for the creation of that being; and Divine Justice would surely have decreed that no being should be created whom Divine Wisdom foresaw must spend an eternity of misery.

Specious Arguments Rejected.

We are not ignorant of the *specious*

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arguments advanced by Brother Wesley and his coadjutors:

1. That God could create a human soul, but could not destroy one. Absurd! Unscriptural! We answer, Is it not written "All the wicked will be destroyed?" (Psa. 145:20.) And again, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezek. 18:4); "Fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in Gehenna" (Matt. 10:28); "The wages of sin is death."—Rom. 6:23.

2. The specious argument that God has left the destinies of the heathen in our hands and has determined that, dying at the rate of ninety-five millions a day, they should be sent to eternal torment if Christian people do not send them word respecting Christ and his redemptive work. How absurd! Is it any wonder that infidelity laughs to scorn so abominable a misrepresentation of Divine Justice and Love? Surely the Heavenly Father's character has been grossly traduced by his own family, his own children! Our hearts and our heads cry out for the living and true God of the Bible, who knew what he was doing when he undertook the creation of our race—a God not only benevolent in his designs, but thoroughly wise, capable and powerful for the carrying out of all his intentions. In the Bible, and in it alone, we find portrayed a God of this character, with a Plan of this calibre.

Election and Free Grace.

Briefly stated, the Scriptures teach an election in the present age of the "Church of the Firstborns, whose names are written in heaven," but it does not teach that the non-elect are doomed to eternal torment. It does teach that the dead are really dead, but not hopelessly dead, not dead as the brute beasts. It teaches that the sentence of death came upon our entire race, and has resulted in our mental, moral and physical blemish and decay. It teaches that the death sentence upon us as a race would have been an eternal one, had it not been for God's mercy expressed through Jesus and the work he has accomplished and will yet accomplish for our race. It teaches that the hope of our race is a resurrection from the dead, and a release from the domination of imperfection and sin.

The Bible does not teach that Free Grace has yet reached mankind, but, on the contrary, that an elective process is now in operation, and that in due time, after the election shall have accomplished its selection of the Bride of Christ, then Free Grace will obtain throughout the whole earth and every creature will be brought to a knowledge of the Lord—"all the blind eyes shall be opened, all the deaf ears shall be unstopped." That time of Free Grace will be the Millennial Age; and throughout that Age the Church of Christ, now being elected, will be joint-heirs with Jesus in his Kingdom and its glorious work for human uplifting from sin and death conditions. Thus "the elect" of this present time will ultimately be used of the Lord as his "Royal Priesthood" under Christ Jesus their Head, their Chief Priest, in blessing of all the families of the earth with the fullest and most absolute opportunity of attaining restitution to human perfection and life eternal—or, rejecting this favor, to die the Second Death, to be as though they had never been.

We are asked, Do not the Scriptural statements which teach that there will be an "elect" Church, thereby imply that the masses of mankind are non-elect? and if non-elect surely they cannot go to the same happy abode with the elect, but must be remanded to eternal torture!

How strange that these evil surmisings respecting the character and Program of the Heavenly Father should so persist in our minds! Do we reason so falsely on other subjects? The civilized world in our day is accustomed to this word election. We elect Legislatures and Congresses. The number chosen to these offices is small indeed in comparison to the populace. Thus continually we have before our mind's eye an elect little company and the non-elect multitudes—millions. Do we reason that those not elected to the Legislature or to Congress, by reason of their non-election, must surely suffer some kind of torment? And is it not equally preposterous to reason after this fashion in respect to the elect and non-elect of the Scriptures?

On the contrary, as legislators and judges are chosen from amongst the people because of their supposed suitability for special work and as they are ordained

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in office for the purpose of conserving the interests of the non-elect, so let us see the election so prominent in the Divine Program. The Church is being elected to membership in the Body of Christ—in the Spiritual Seed of Abraham. And the Divine declaration is that in this Seed of Abraham, this elect Church, all the families of the earth shall be blessed. Surely this is the only reasonable and sane view of this question, the only Scriptural view, the only view which enables us to appreciate the character and the Program of our God in dealing with Adam and his race.—Galatians, 3:29.

Foreknowledge and Predestination.

Has God predestined or determined in advance just which individuals shall be blessed with the opportunities of the High Calling of this Gospel Age to joint heirship with Christ? and, correspondingly, has he predestined which members of our race may have the Restitution blessings of the next Age? and which shall be esteemed unworthy of eternal life on any plane and be remanded to death—the "Second Death;" eternal destruction? We reply that nothing in the Scriptures can possibly be construed to favor the view suggested. The predestinations of the Bible are of a Divine character. The Creator foreknew man's fall into sin and its death penalty, and his own plan for redeeming and restoring the race. He fore-knew that he would tender the privilege of being the Redeemer, first to his only begotten Son. But the matter was open to the volition of the Logos. It was not compulsory, but optional with him.

Likewise, our Creator foreordained or predestinated that an opportunity would be granted to some of the race to become joint-heirs with the Redeemer in his Kingdom and nature—such a *class* was predestinated, foreordained, but no suggestion was offered as to the individuals to compose that foreordained *class*. On the contrary, the statement is definitely made, that in harmony with the Divine Program many should be called to this high position in comparison to the few that would be chosen. And the conditions upon which any of the called ones would be chosen are clearly set forth in the Scriptures; and those favored with the call are specially exhorted to consider the matter as wholly dependent upon their own faithfulness, because "Faithful is he that calleth you, who will also do"—all that he has promised; hence it remains with the called ones to "make their calling and election sure."—1 Thessalonians 5:24.

St. Paul sets forth this matter of predestination in most explicit language, and distinctly points out that Divine predestination does not apply to the individual, but to the class and to the characteristics of all who will belong to that class. He predestinated that none could come into harmony with him or be eligible to this class unless first they believed in Christ as their Redeemer, turning from sin—unless first they were justified through faith in the precious blood. Next they must consecrate, taking upon themselves holy vows of devotion to the Lord, his Truth and his service—even unto death. Not only so, but to the best of their ability those consecration vows must be kept, must be lived day by day to the end of their period of trial and testing. Meantime, begotten of the holy Spirit, these favored ones must cultivate the fruits and the graces of the Spirit and become at heart copies of God's dear Son, however blemish and imperfection may affect some of their outward conduct and words.

This is God's predestination; says the Apostle, "Whom he did foreknow (the elect Church), he also did predestinate (predetermine) to be conformed to the image of his Son." (Rom. 8:29.) Whoever of the "called" ones fails to attain the character likeness of Christ fails to make his calling and election sure, and will be rejected from membership in the same, because God has predestined that none shall be of that glorious elect company except such as, by his assisting grace in Christ, shall attain to the glorious character likeness of the Redeemer.

We hold that from this stand-point, the doctrine of God's elections and fore-ordinations in respect to the Church and those who shall become members thereof is a glorious one, and one well calculated to develop Christian character, to enthuse with apostolic zeal the called ones. And as to the Free Grace of the Divine Plan surely it is a most glorious provision from

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this standpoint—promising blessed opportunities to every member of the race. As it is written, Christ, "the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."—John 1:9.

A beautiful symbolic picture of the Millennial Age and the blessings extending to all mankind under Israel's New Covenant, is set before us in the Book of Revelation. First the "elect" Church is pictured as "the New Jerusalem adorned as a Bride for her husband" descending from heaven to earth, establishing the Divine rule amongst men. Then follows a further symbolization: "a river of the Water of Life, clear as crystal," is represented as "proceeding forth from the throne" of the New Jerusalem, flowing out to bless all the nations of the world. The result is Paradise with trees of life by both sides of the River and "the leaves of the trees for the healing of the heathen." Then we read the message of Free Grace, so attractive to Brother Wesley and to us all—"And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him come and take of the Water of Life freely."—Rev. 22:17.

BALLAD OF BRONCO JIM

BY HARRY COWELL

I guess I never told you, mate,
Of my old pardner, Bronco Jim;
As how that there cayuse called Fate
Could noways get the best o' him.
A downright ornery Satan's limb
Was James McGowan of Gold Dust;
But grander ner the mass his grim
"Stick to the leather, boys, or bust!"

No, pard, I do not mean to state
That J. M'Gow'n Esquire would nim
Her candy from a kid of eight,
Or pennies from a dead man's glim—
Just kind o' far from seraphim,
A-darin' Fate to do her wust,
An' she a-buckin' by hell's brim:
"Stick to the leather, boys, or bust!"

Well, sir, to watch 'm sit that skate,
An' match his will agen her whim—
Siree! you bet y', it was great!
It beat the slickest Mr. Prim
Sky Pilot hollow; sorter im—
Improvin' like. Young gent, you just
Should hear old Mac with all his vim:
"Stick to the leather, boys, or bust!"

Envoy.

Stranger, maybe, on ranges dim,
Where fust are last an' last are fust,
He's chantin' 'mid the cherubim:
"Stick to the leather, boys, or bust!"

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A MAN'S REASON

BY BILLEE GLYNN



RACIOUS!"

"Hello! Oh—I beg —I beg your pardon —I——"

Kyle was sitting in the place where he had stopped rather suddenly on slipping helter-skelter down the smooth surface of the spur of rock and was looking at her in bewilderment.

Then, realizing his ungraceful position, blushed swiftly and rose to his feet, doffing his hat—which he had to pick up and put on his head for the purpose.

"Believe me—I didn't mean to intrude —I couldn't know you were here—really I couldn't. I went up the ravine on the other side to see what it was like, and thought I would clamber over and——"

Again he paused—not without an acute inward sense of helpless vexation at himself—flushing and confused before the peculiarly limpid and inquiring glance of her dark eyes, the picture she made in the background of the shaded nook of rock; the rare childishness of her with just a June line or two augmenting the lily-like girlhood; the pure cream of the skin, the touseled picturesqueness of the black, curling hair, the half-fairy, half-passionate aspect of the face with its free-roving eyes, its look dreamily intense.

He had much the same feeling as if he had stumbled unexpectedly on a naiad unclothed.

And yet she had on the fluffiest of white fluffy dresses, with a dash of red at the throat—he fancied it would reach about to her boot-tops if she stood up, a pair of particularly expressive slippers tied with big bows; and just above the glimpse of daintily-filled hose, even the flutter of a white petticoat showing.

All this, of course, impressed itself on Kyle in a glance, while he stood there floundering—without knowing why—before the direct naivete of her look. Then suddenly—seeming to have decided in regard to him—she came to his rescue, a rich wine of merriment sparkling the pended judgment of her eyes—and with a voice so much like the rest of her that you unconsciously looked at the whole of her when she spoke.

"And you fell, of course," she said, at last breaching the pause which to Kyle was becoming eternal; then added in a manner of old-fashionedness—"at my feet, too—quite natural in a man."

Kyle's eyes opened and he came to himself in such a hurry that he was forced to control a throb of surprise that he had not arrived before. Was she older than she looked? He glanced at her keenly.

"Really," he made haste to say, smiling, "they are pretty feet."

The next instant he was flushing once more with the feeling that he had committed an indiscretion—for her eyes had suddenly gone back to their first expression of pending judgment, despite even the quivering flicker of her lips.

So much depended on that judgment, he felt, and yet writhed under it with a ludicrous anger at himself for feeling so; for his school-boyishness before a mere child. A mere child!—that was it! A belle of society wouldn't have mattered; but——

He became aware that she had dropped her book in her lap, and was pointing at his hand, her lips forming into a faint "Look!"

He glanced down and saw that he had scraped a finger in his fall and that it was bleeding.

Then suddenly she had risen to her feet, drew him down beside her, and before he could say a word had torn up a perfumed cambric handkerchief of dainty dimensions and was wrapping it around the wound.

Kyle, however, didn't protest. She was too close to him for one thing—too exquisitely near, in fact; moreover, their

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eves had a more intimate chance of meeting each other—as they did, indeed, two or three times; and the delicate odor of her hair was an incense to dreams.

So, dreamer as he was, a would-be twanger on the chords of things, Kyle was duly delieately thrilled. A mere child, but——

"There, I think it will be all right now," she said, looking up earnest-eyed.

Kyle would willingly have permitted some one to cut the finger off in order that she might have cause to dress it before he would have belittled the necessity of the eourtesy.

"I am sure it will," he concurred.

"You know I once before dressed my big brother's hand." She leaned toward him confidingly, her elbows on her knees.

"You don't say. Tell me about him—it" squatting near her with interest.

"Oh, there isn't much to tell. For a long time in the long, long ago we lived together in a house surrounded by a big orchard. The big brother picked the fruit and I played and sometimes picked fruit, too, and the housekeeper kept the house. Then one day the big brother died, and Aunty sent for me, and she has been trying to make a lady out of me ever since. That's all."

Kyle paused for a moment, silently regarding the tremulous lip and the haze of tears in the far background of her eyes, still meeting his so directly.

"It was too bad," he said at length in low tones. "He was really your 'big brother,' of course?"

"Of course." And the 'of eourse' was so different that it made Kyle sit up to a distinctly masculine utterance.

"It would be nice to be your 'big brother'," he insinuated.

She laughed almost gleefully. "You would like to, wouldn't you?"

"But of course I couldn't be."

"Still I could let you, eouldn't I?"

"But even then I wouldn't be."

"For all that I *could* let you, eouldn't I"—this time with an insistent beating of her ankle.

"Of course," assented Kyle, graciously.

"Then I don't know about it." A distracting lift and downward fluttering of the eyelids.

"Please. Oh, do." His voiee and manner all pleading in an instant.

"I'll consider the matter."

"No, now!" He dared to lay a hand on her little one.

She lifted her face. "Let me look into your eyes, then. Hem! Let me see! Yes—I guess—you'll do—in a pinch. Now you'll have to take care of me, mind."

Kyle was leaning toward her—glowingly, peculiarly in earnest about this childish play.

Then she made the moment dramatic with a finger on her palm.

"You'll have to take care of me like a good 'big brother,'" she repeated, "and see that I do not elimb the trees."

Only the lips of the laugh which followed belonged to a woman—an arch one; the laugh itself belonged to a sylph that had never grown up and never would. Kyle was startled at the lips and confused at the sound.

She sprang quickly to her feet. "And now I must run away to Aunty—if you won't take me."

He was beside her in an instant. "And who is Aunty?" he asked.

"Aunty! Don't you really know Aunty? She would be vexed if she thought that. Aunty is Mrs. Campbell. Ah, I see you know now."

Kyle did—at least by report. With a faee not unlike the military genius, Mrs. Campbell Napoleoned society at the Point. She had a reputation of being at once a woman of religious ideals and social ambitions and with a capability for never getting them mixed. She had an especial hankering for charity. But she always fed her beggars dressed in gowns of silk, and kept herself quite aware all the time that her gowns were silk and her beggars beggars. That was her reputation.

So this was her niece. Well——

They were away down the path of rocks now near the sandy open, Kyle replying as well as he might to the rather aimless wander of her talk—when suddenly she turned on him.

"You haven't told me what you are—what you do?"

"Oh, I am—a dramatist," he returned stammeringly. "That is, I—mean to be."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter if you are not. Nobody is anything at the Point in

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summer time—except Aunty. A dramatist is a poet, I suppose?"

"Sometimes."

"A poet is a poet only sometimes, too, isn't he?"

Kyle laughed. "Most often."

She was regarding him earnestly between half-curtained eyes. "Where do you write?—I mean where do you live?"

"In an attic in New York City when I am at home." He had paused first considerately, then given the words a sardonic tone.

The curtained glance rolled up to one of amusement. "Gracious. I don't think I would like that; I remember trying to pack hay in a mow once."

He burst out uproariously, then checking himself, turned on her seriously. "What would you like?"

It was the parting of the ways—and she stood for a moment regarding him with the old dreamily intense look again in her eyes; till away down from the depths the woman once more came to the surface and flashed on her lips.

"A big brother, of course," she rippled —and ran away.

* * * *

They met in the same place the next day—and the next and the next—till it became the customary thing. The Aunt found it out after it had become the customary thing, and luckily enough saw no reason to object.

She knew Kyle—or, rather, knew of his great grandfather. The great grandfather's wife had been a lady of beauty and much personal charm, standing high in the society of that period—for the great grandfather had been rich! His son, it was true, had managed to make the family hopelessly bankrupt, but Kyle nevertheless was still a descendent of the great-grandfather and the lady standing high in society—even if he hadn't a cent to his name, and was further embeggared by literary tendencies. So if Kitty, the impossible little witch, wanted to call him her "big brother," and he wanted to be cadged around wherever she went, it gave only greater opportunity to Mrs. Campbell's own daughter, Blanche, to capture Claude Sifton, the young moon-faced millionaire (not that Mrs. Campbell would have called him moon-faced at all despite his golden color.) Besides, it was mostly due to Kitty herself—Kitty who was so passionately insistent in her fairy way—and she was altogether too much of a child for anything serious to come of it, either for herself or for this big, strong, tragic-looking fellow who was without doubt just enjoying her Kittishness, as everybody did.

If she thought there had been any danger for Kitty, Mrs. Campbell, of course, would have immediately stepped in and put an end to the proceedings; for, having taken her niece from poverty she would never under any consideration have permitted her to marry herself back into it again. But there wasn't, and just now it was the crucial time with Claude Sifton —when outside impressions were not the prescribed diet for that young man's heart if he were going to offer it to Blanche Campbell.

So freely the days drifted one by one. The great silvery, purple haze of the islands, splashed with spray, lifted and grew, wreathed and spun; the waves lapped in an insistent, low-tuned melody on the shell-glinted sands and farther reaches of the rock-girt shore; and the mellowed sky looked glowingly down on it all—smiling as only a sky can in August when the earth melts into it and clasps it haze-like with the breath of fruit in its kiss.

And through it all, second-rate society of the Point lifted up its arms and yawned; laughed or tittered and made love; waxed into gossip and engagements; shook hands with its worst enemies and held them up in holy or unholy deprecation behind their backs; in a word, behaved as second-rate society (and first-rate, too), always will when it has nothing to do but lounge at the seaside with its hands jingling the money in its pockets and the devil rampant in a land of nature and an ocean of it, too.

And through it all, as well, the child-sprite Kitty dragged the man-child Kyle —or rather he followed of his own accord so closely at her heels that he must surely have tramped on her skirts had they been long enough. And the summer grew around them, for them, and of them—to the fall!

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They, too, laughed and dreamed, made mud-pies in the sands of fate, and bathed their souls in the sparkling waters of a unique friendship. They, too, gossiped and held up their hands in holy or unholy deprecation; did everything, in fact that the second-rate society of the Point did or wouldn't do—even to shaking hands with their worst enemies, which were themselves; everything except make love or engagements.

So let it again be said the days drifted—the golden, mellow days; and on one of these days towards the latter part of the month a boat drifted with it and the child-sprite, and the man were in it—drifting, too!

Kitty had something on her mind, and was wondering how to say it, and wondering, also, why she found it so difficult. As for Kyle, he was silently considering the matter of how much further he was from the solution of the subtle, wind-blown charm of her personality; today (if his senses were any proper guide—which they were not) more subtle, wind-blown and charming than ever. It was on this author's excuse of solving things he had of course begun. And now, whenever self-consciousness became a thing too much for him he always went back to that first excuse, and having taken it off the shelf and dusted it carefully, held it convincingly up to his view—never forgetting, however, to put it back on the shelf again—and drift!

This, of course, because no man can drift and carry his reason with him, and because no reason is half so convincing as Kittishness itself.

So, when Kitty drew herself in from gazing into the opalescent depth of the water, and, flinging the hair out of her eyes, turned her face toward him, he at once quit assuring himself that it was only for a month (when he would be again back in his attic in New York) so didn't matter, and looked at her as if it were only for a moment and that moment an eternity condensed.

As he was in the habit of sometimes looking that way at other things, however, the look neither said too much to himself nor too much to Kitty. Indeed, it was one of the things she most liked him for—because in the unexplored depths of her youth she didn't quite understand it; though it thrilled her vaguely at times—almost to the point of premonition. It always brought that naked, inquiring, dreamy gaze to her own eyes—there now as she sat regarding him.

"Do you know," she affirmed, with her usual unexpectedness, "I am beginning to like you."

The man who had already written volumes on divers things and was ambitious about plays blushed to his very ears. For an instant his form grew tense, then relaxed itself, while he dabbled an oar in the water and returned her smile.

"Thank you. I began quite a while ago to like you."

"I am so glad." It was a genuine outburst apparently.

He sat up to it with the flash of something again in his eyes, wondering if it were too genuine—but this time to startle her to a vague foreboding.

"I thought Bobby, you know, was the only one who did that—liked me, I mean," she added quickly, almost in an undertone, the blood for an instant warming into her face.

"Bobby?" He was still sitting there, staring at her, now a little open-mouthed, a sort of trouble struggling on his brow. Then he drew back easily again, dabbling the oar in the water.

"Bobby is a girl, of course," he explained audibly to himself.

"Bobby is nothing of the kind," she interposed, a little nervous and not a little anxious, as she leaned toward him, a crimson spot in either cheek. "Bobby is a young man, rich and nice-looking, and we've been in love with one another ever since the day he found me in the big orchard with my big brother—because his father's four-in-hand had broken down on the road."

Then something timid and soft leapt into her voice as she went on. "I should have told you before, I guess—but I just didn't—because men are so funny—and I don't suppose I would have said anything about it now only—well, Bobby's come!"

Kyle turned and looked at her.

"Yes, he's here, or will be to-morrow, I mean. I don't know what Aunty will say when she finds out that—that we are

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in love with one another. But of course she'll think Bobby's all right."

"Of course. He's rich, isn't he?"

But she missed his point and resounded the phrase eagerly in her praise. "Oh, yes, very rich. That is, it's left to him when he becomes of age, and he will be twenty-one this month."

Then with a queer, sudden shyness at all she had said, she paused, her hands pressed together, looking at him—while his gaze fastened itself inscrutably out upon the pulsating edge of the ocean horizon.

"Of course," she added, after a while, "it will be really too bad that we won't be able to see so much of each other now that Bobby's come—for I suppose he'll take up most of my time, but——"

"Not at all," put in Kyle, turning upon her almost cheerfully. "Shall I take you home now?"

He had already taken up the oars, and she made a slight assent with her head. For all his smile, the harsh, dry note of his voice stirred her strangely—somehow rankled with even stronger note of premonition to depths still in many ways unconscious; depths that flashed out on her at times in a way to surprise even herself, and whose delicate suggestion she always carried; but which nevertheless she had so far only skimmed with the laughing grace of her youth—a youth that asked first as all youths must for the rainbow glamour of things—the color of substances and not the substances themselves.

It was this thing so monstrous, so pitiable in its conclusion that leapt into Kyle's eyes when they had separated a few minutes later; eyes which till then had so carried their joy-tone that it was the girl who had wondered and been silent.

As she fled down the path away from him—the gossamer path of her young dream it seemed—he saw it fade and break to the depth and realization of years, and in the swift-running currents of the tragedy she held out her hands in an agony of helplessness. To him? That didn't matter, he told himself; it was because she held them out. Then he turned away with a wry smile. It was because, after all, that he, himself, was the thing monstrous and pitiable. He had not yet seen "Bobby."

* * * *

It was two weeks later. Kyle and Bobby stood face to face at last—staring at each other; for nothing less than stare it was, even in the most euphemistic interpretation.

In the first place, Bobby, with his new gold-chained monocle and his still newer title of Mr. Robert Birks—lately of age and heir to the estates of his father, deceased—could do nothing but stare if he tried ever so hard; and loosed the pane of glass in his eye in the same reckless manner at everything from a common cur on the street to a high-toned lady in a high-toned drawing room. In the second place, Kyle himself had been waiting to stare—waiting, in fact, with a desire so morbid, so intense, that it had been his only reason for staying on at the Point these last two weeks. He wanted to meet the man she called Bobby, to look into his eyes and strike the real estimate of him. If it were a good estimate—and he meant to be fair about it—he was prepared to go away making the best attempt at resignation possible. And if the estimate were not good, he was still prepared to go away, though in a different manner—with something of a grudge perhaps against the fate that cast pearls before swine.

He might have met him before, it was true. He had seen him at a distance, and could have met him a dozen times, perhaps, if he had cared to meet the girl along with him. But such a meeting possessed a peculiar aversion for him. At the thought of it the golden August days he had spent with her seemed to crowd around in a body and suffocate him with their very perfume. So he shrank from the contact, bitterly passionate, yet clung as intently to his idea of meeting the man face to face and alone.

And now the moment had come—or rather had Bobby of his own accord—at ten o'clock at night, and to Kyle's own room—Bobby, with the big flashing diamond in his meagre shirt-front, the big, flashing solitaire on his little left hand, the dapper gold-headed cane in his right, the slight wiggle in his neat, boyish body

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when he walked, and the smile that showed all his fine white teeth—and was intended to—and never came off.

Kyle stood staring at him—behind the mask; the outward flush of youth that in its way was rather taking and wholly genial, stood staring and reflecting.

Continued silence, however, was not one of the traits of Bobby's character; moreover, he had a mission.

"So you are Kyle," he said. "Kitty's been telling me about you."

For the instant, Kyle was engaged in the mental struggle to command the blood that threatened to rush to his face. He was frowning unmistakably.

"Kitty!" he emphasized.

"Well, Miss Rogers, of course. She's been wondering why you've been keeping so much to yourself lately. And I've been telling her that you literary chaps always have something or other on your mind to cause you to prefer loneliness."

"Yes, that's it, of course," endorsed Kyle, somewhat relieved. Then for the first time he thought of himself and offered his visitor a chair.

Bobby seated himself in a manner becoming a man of his size of solitaire, and spread his hands on his knees.

"I'm not one of these rum, jealous chaps, you know," he explained, philanthropically. "The girl I go with is as free as the wind. And Kitty is certainly a character to interest one in the literary business."

Kyle was silent. He was afraid to speak lest the other would look up and see what was passing in his face—the wrath which, if he had given it vent, would have liked nothing better than to take this unwittingly impudent, cocksure individual by the neck and thrust him out the open window.

Bobby had no motive to look up, however. He was sitting there, his hands still on his knees, reflecting on the enormity of his own generosity typified in a certain red globular spot in the carpet. Then suddenly he flashed a hand to his pocket, flashed out a jeweled watch, flashed it in again with a snap—and did look up.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed briskly, rising to his feet, "I pretty nearly forgot myself. It's time I should be off, and I haven't yet told you what I came for. The fact is, old man." (he had come over and laid a hand familiarly on Kyle's shoulder) "Kitty and I are going to have a Gretna Green tonight. Going to make a runaway match down to Enderton and back. Only twenty odd miles, you know—four or five hours will do it, I guess—but still, novel, romantic, exciting, and a regular Gretna Green—waking the preacher out of bed, and all that. The old woman, you know, favors my suit, but doesn't want us to get married till Kitty's twenty—three years yet. And I am simply taking the matter in my own hands and have persuaded Kitty to do the trick right off. So we are away to Enderton tonight behind the fastest pair of greys that ever tread mud in this flat-footed, high-shouldered country. If Kitty would have heard to the auto, we'd do it in half the time; but she thinks they're spooky at night. She's in spirits, though. And Lord, why shouldn't she be! Why, we'll send the Point fairly reeling with gossip, and the old woman, once she hears it's done, will come around like a hen on eggs. She's doing a shirtwaist social or something with the set tonight, and we are taking advantage of it."

He paused for an instant looking into the other's dumbfounded face, then hurried on.

"Now, what we want you to do, old man, is to jump into your duds and come along with us. There's a girl friend of Kitty's waiting down the road a piece, and you'll make a fourth. You see, we want to do the thing up with all the customary form, even if we are making a stampede of it. And Kitty has great faith in you. She's been talking of you all along. I know it's a little rotten of course dropping in on you so the last minute, and I wouldn't have bothered you myself at all if the other chap I expected had turned up. But he didn't, and we just had to take our chances on you going by. Kitty sent me up whether or no—said you wouldn't go back on us if you were here—kind of hankered for you, indeed. So it's up to you to be up to expectations, old man. She's down there in the rig waiting for us now."

"What!"

The exclamation—so sudden, so storm-laden—cut the other's volubility like a

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sword-edge, so that he stood slightly gaping and aware for the first time that there was something unusual in his companion's face.

For half an instant Kyle stood glaring at him, then turned with quick steps and swept apart the curtains of the side window. Sure enough, the outfit was standing there, opposite the ladies' entrance, a boy on the box, and the horses' heads set straight on the road to Enderton. The magnificent moonlight and the electric globe overhead made it all plain. Yes, and she was there, too, her back toward him, dressed in shimmering white, with some dark, fluffy covering about her shoulders. And long afterwards did he recall the pretty nestling look of her as she sat there; a picture that even imprinted itself on his anger—at that moment at boiling heat.

He turned to his visitor with a half-frantic gesture of his hand.

"Yes, she is there waiting," he hurled, "and why is she waiting. Why in the devil's name have you kept her waiting, sir?"

That was the preposterous thing to him—that this moon-faced toy of a fellow should have dared to sit down, rub his hands, and explain himself at such length—while she waited!

Then he stood hot-shod, silent, gradually growing calm, and becoming slowly aware that his own conduct might be appearing a little preposterous, too.

Bobby, in the meantime, thought he saw light. He drew up his cane, twirling it between his hands, and smiled appeasingly.

"Oh, don't mind about it," he soothed. "It's not your fault, you know; I'll take all the blame. I'll go down and tell her now while you dress."

Again something hot flashed into Kyle's face, but went out as quickly. He controlled himself with visible effort, and took a step nearer the other, put a finger on his arm, and then with a sudden shrinking let it fall.

"I'm not going to dress," he said flatly, in a hushed, dry way; "I am not going."

Then as the blood mounted for an instant to his face beneath the other's glance—"I—I have to catch that twelve train to New York tonight."

His visitor gasped slightly, putting his cane to his mouth. "Oh, well, I guess we'll have to do with witnesses, then," he said, a little sourly.

"And now"—Kyle had gone swiftly to the door and opened it—"you will not keep Miss Rogers *waiting* any longer. Tell her I wish her every happiness, and that—that—I am *sorry!*"

The other passed slowly out, looking back at him, and he closed the door upon him with a click.

He stood there, however, for seconds afterward, listening intently, his head crushed between his hands, his senses wonderfully acute. He heard the dull thud of the fellow's footsteps down the stairs, fancied he even distinguished their individual ring on the pavement below, heard him, at least, speak in his glib, gushing voice to some one down there—then a low-spoken word or two at the side floating in through the flowing curtains, the rattle of stirring harness—and in a half frenzy he flung himself to the window and stood peering out.

She had just turned to look back at something, as it were, her white, oval face peculiarly clear in the soft, moon-flecked night; and standing there, framed in the light of the window, she caught a sight of him. So for a long moment they remained regarding each other, her eyes so near in the floating indistinctness that they seemed to be peering into his soul—his face expressing everything, hers a growing wonder; till at length at a word from her companion she drew about again and settled the wrap on her shoulders, her back toward him and her face toward Enderton—while the team spanked gayly out into the night.

He watched it, his hands clenched fiercely together; then with a mad instinct made a race for the telephone. He picked up the book and rummaged the leaves; he traced the names blindly with his finger till he came to that of Mrs. Campbell; then he snatched up the receiver and stood waiting.

Good Heavens, how long they were! His mind teemed rapidly with images of Mrs. Campbell at her shirt-waist social, as the other man had called it; the expression of her face when she would receive his message; the immediate means she would set

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in motion to stop this ridiculous, yet tragic, affair. For stop it she would, and moreover, the fellow would never stand another chance with her—having once over-ruled her authority.

He laughed harshly, then became suddenly conscious that some one had called "Number!"

What devil's joke was this? He had forgotten it. He stood fumbling in his mind, his hand again stretched toward the telephone book; then paused, staring. It was at that white, oval, perfect face he had seen turned toward him with its look of growing wonder the moment before. But now there was a smile of impossible contempt wreathing the lips. Then suddenly right beside it the number he had lost stood pictured in his mind. He read it over audibly—almost unconsciously. Then as the girl at the other end repeated it—"three—three—two"—turned to the phone with a sort of choking sound.

"No, no," he stammered; "Two—one."

It was the number of a night expressman which he remembered.

A gruff voice almost immediately sounded in his ear. He answered in low tense tones.

"Three trunks from the Queen's Hotel for the twelve train tonight, New York City," he said. "Fergus Kyle, Room 47."

MOON-STRUCK

BY ROSA BERNAUD

She is yellow and blonde and bare,
With a flame in her eye-balls lit,
As she floats where the star-men sit—
Pale mask with a light behind;
And she gloats as she holds me there
In the strands of her twisted hair,
Me—dazzled and mazed and blind!

With a grin on her faded face,
Like a bawd of the skies she leers,
And gibbers and mouths and jeers
At me as I writhe in vain,
Till I tear at the flimsy lace,
With the web of a goblin trace,
She tangles about my brain.

See her locks on the wind a-swirl,
And the flash of a gleaming limb,
As she lolls on the mountain rim
Her cheek to the leaning sky:
And the star men around her whirl
For a touch of the white-faced girl,
Who drifts like a vapor by.

But I know that her foils are set—
I can see by the grin she wears
She has baited her golden snares:
"Deep, deep, of my opal bowl
Ye shall drink and forget—forget!"
But I strain at the strong white net
She meshes about my soul!

It was night by the op'ning stars,
As he lay with his face upturned,
Where the eyes of her blazed and burned;
Now she passeth exulting slow—
It is dawn by the closing stars—
With a soul in her strong white bars,
And a mindless hulk below.

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THE UTILIZATION OF EUCALYPTUS

BY C. STOWELL SMITH

Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture.



CCORDING to statistics collected by the Bureau of the Census, the amount of hardwood cut in 1906 showed a decrease of over 15 per cent from the amount cut in 1890. The remarkable thing about this decrease is, that during the same period 1899-1906, the cut of softwood timber increased over 15 per cent and structural materials generally showed a substantial increase. It is proved, then, that hardwood users are facing a condition of serious shortage in supply.

One of the results of this shortage has been a more comprehensive investigation of the qualities of those hardwoods which up to a comparatively few years ago were not found in the market in large quantities. Examples are the tupelo and birch. Both of these woods are of great value for furniture and other high grade use, and yet were practically unused for such purposes until the price of oak rose to such a point that the discovery of a satisfactory substitute became necessary. In 1899 the cut of birch in the United States was 132,601,000 feet, while in 1906 it rose to 370,000,000 feet, an increase of 179.4 per cent. In 1906 the reported cut of tupelo was 47,882,000 feet. Figures are lacking for the year 1899, as the cut was so small that it was not considered worth while to collect the statistics. It is safe to predict that the demand for hardwoods will never lessen. It is also fairly certain that practically all of the native woods which might prove to be worthy substitutes for the vanishing oak and other well known and widely used hardwoods, have been investigated and, where satisfactory, brought into the market. The available supply of all such hardwoods has been estimated by various authorities, the highest estimate made being 400 billion feet. It is assumed that the annual consumption is not less than 25 billion feet. Of this about 8 billion feet represents the trees actually cut into lumber, and the rest is distributed between railroad ties, poles, piles, posts, fuel and the waste occurring in lumbering and manufacture. At this rate, about 16 years will see a hardwood famine of sufficient proportions to seriously cripple a large number of important American industries if some means of relief are not discovered.

What are the possibilities for relief? First, the importation of hardwoods from foreign countries; second, the substitution of other materials such as iron or steel to take the place of the vanishing hardwoods; and third, the growing of hardwoods in sufficient quantities to supply the ever-increasing demand.

The foreign countries capable of furnishing hardwoods which might be satisfactorily employed to take the place of our own woods, in many cases consume a large share of their output. In most cases where this is not true at the present time it will be true in the near future, due to internal development of wood-using industries. Our possessions, as well as Mexico, the East Indies, and the countries in South America, will be able to furnish the finer cabinet woods for some time, but the supply is limited. Furthermore, the available foreign woods are largely cabinet woods, and, except in a few cases, do not offer successful substitutes for the cooperage, vehicle, agricultural implement, and other wood-using industries of great and increasing importance to this country.

If foreign supplies cannot be depended upon to relieve the situation, the alterna-

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Cutting a stand of blue gum. Stumps cut low, and trees piled ready for cutting into fuel wood. Trees four to ten inches in diameter six years after planting

tive of using other material than wood in the manufacture of articles now commonly made of wood, presents itself. Already considerable time and money has been spent in developing steel implements, furniture, cars and even interior finish; and concrete alone and in combination with steel has been wisely used in general construction. Attempts have been made to employ softwoods to take the place of hardwoods, but on account of a lack of strength, elasticity and toughness, such substitution has been unsuccessful. In spite of the development of substitutes for it, however, the consumption of hardwoods has steadily increased, and new uses have been found. Probably 20 per cent of the total hardwoods produced in the United States goes into furniture. Metal furniture will never be acceptable, and softwoods will not give the necessary hardness and rigidity. It is hard to conceive the condition of the furniture industry if the hardwood supply fails. Another important industry is the manufacture of cooperage. What will become of the cooperage industry if oak disappears? Wagons, carriages and automobiles consume the best grades of hickory and oak. Vehicle manufacturers are making strenuous efforts to try out all possible woods, but up to the present time no satisfactory substitutes for hickory, hard maple, oak, ash and elm have been found.

The need for hardwoods is apparent unless some of the most important industries are to be seriously crippled or destroyed. We cannot depend upon a foreign supply. We cannot count upon the development of satisfactory substitutes for all purposes. The last alternative, therefore, is to conserve the present supply of hardwood by wise use and to provide for the impending hardwood famine by planting species which will make timber suitable for the various hardwood using industries. At the present time, attempts are being made to cut down the waste which occurs in logging and manufacturing high-grade hardwoods. This is especially true of hickory and white oak. But such economies will not be great enough to materially affect the total supply. It is therefore largely a question of caring for the present young hardwood growth until it reaches maturity, and of

planting such species as are best adapted to our soil and moisture conditions. It is true that certain hardwoods will grow in certain parts of the Eastern United States to good advantage. The rate of growth in the Appalachian Mountains, for instance, is rapid, and the land is particularly well adapted to permanent forest growth, being as a rule unsuited for agricultural purposes. One of the soundest business policies, therefore, which the people of the United States have an opportunity to adopt at the present time is the policy of placing the non-agricultural lands in the Appalachian Mountains under conservative forest management for the production of hardwoods. If this policy is adopted at once, much good will be accomplished, but on account of the damaged condition of the present Appalachian forest it will take many years of careful and systematic protection and management to bring it to a condition of maximum yield per acre. In the meantime, however, the seemingly inevitable hardwood famine looms up and something must be done to meet it.

The most promising solution of this difficulty seems to be the growing of eucalyptus in those sections of the United States which are adapted to its growth. Such territory is limited, as the eucalyptus will not stand extremes of cold or heat. Up to the present time results seem to indicate that portions of California are particularly well suited to the growing of these interesting trees. In fact, there seems to be little question but that they will grow, and grow successfully, providing the different factors influencing growth, such as temperature, soil and moisture, are taken into consideration in selecting the species to be planted.

What are the qualities which recommend eucalyptus? First, it is probably the most rapidly growing hardwood which has ever been planted in this country. This is taken for granted and consequently will not be discussed. Second, certain species appear to possess certain physical characteristics which give promise of adapting them for use in the manufacture of cooperage, vehicles, tool handles, plow beams, frame work for agricultural implements, insulator pins, furniture, interior finish, flooring and in fact wherever the best grades of hardwoods have proven successful. In addition to these high grade uses may be mentioned



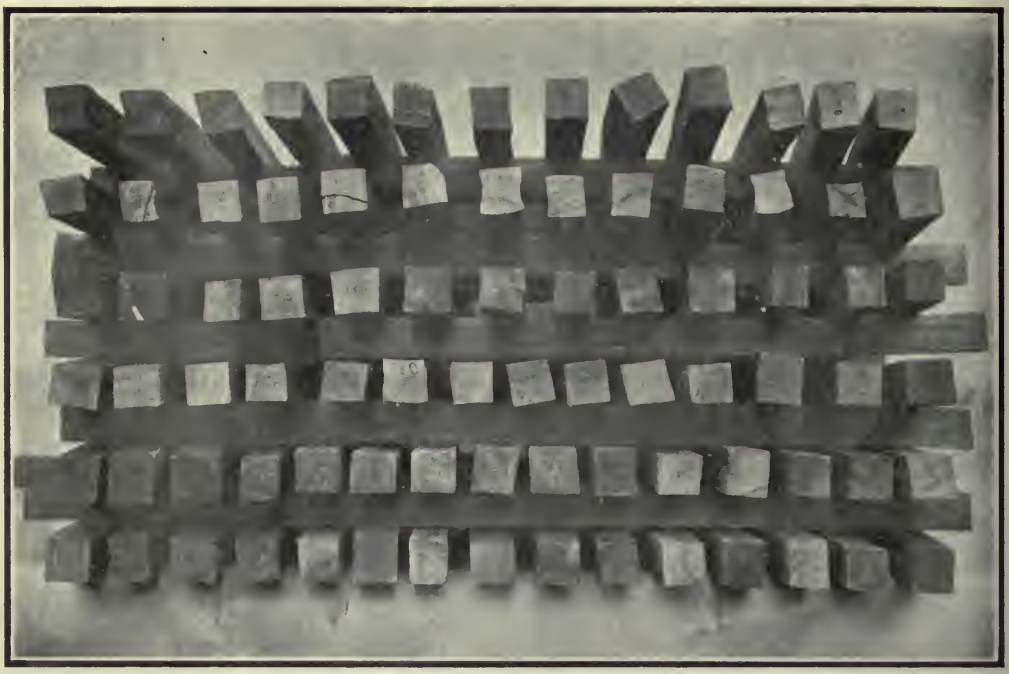
Unthinned sprout stand of blue gum five years old. Trees four to fourteen inches in diameter and eighty feet high



Blue gum logs, showing appearance of wood when split—interwoven fibres.

railroad cross-ties, piles, poles, posts, dimension material, cordwood and charcoal. The first mentioned class should, of course, be made up of the straight, clear timber, and the second of knotty trees or trees having other defects which make them unfit for the manufacture of clear lumber.

The question is often asked: "Isn't it true that most of the species of eucalyptus planted in the United States have been successfully utilized in their native habitat?" This is the case, but care must be exercised in adopting Australian or Tasmanian results as applying to the same species grown in this country. There are two main causes which may affect such results. First, foreign experience in utilizing these species has been confined largely to mature timber; and second, conditions of soil, moisture and temperature are not identical with those found in this country. It is absurd to expect that the groves of eucalyptus which are being planted at the present time in the United States will be allowed to grow for one hundred years or so, until they have reached a rate of growth and physical condition comparable to the species in their native home. The average business man is anxious to get his returns in the shortest possible time; consequently the maximum rotation allowed for growing eucalyptus will be not more than 30 or 35 years, and very few groves will reach an age of 25 years. These facts bring out forcibly the need for a comprehensive, detailed study of the physical characteristics and uses of our rapid-grown and young timber. The results obtained in foreign countries are highly suggestive and are sufficient warrant for the extensive planting which is being done, but such an important industry should have definite reliable, first-hand information which can be directly applied to our conditions. It is with the idea of furnishing this information that the Forest Service is undertaking a study of the utilization of eucalyptus actually grown in California. In



Eucalyptus sticks. End section, showing distortion during seasoning.

co-operation with the University of California, extensive strength tests on all of the most important species are being made. In co-operation with various manufacturers and users of hardwoods, the most available species, Eucalyptus globulus, is being made up into staves, vehicle parts, tool handles, agricultural implements, cross-arms, insulator pins and furniture. In co-operation with individuals and independently, an exhaustive study of methods of seasoning blue gum (Eucalyptus globulus) is under way.

The average strength values which have been obtained up to the present time for green Eucalyutus globulus, based on tests of small, clear specimens, approximately 2x2x30 in., are: Bending modulus of rupture or breaking strength, 11,510 pounds per square inch (139 tests); maximum crushing strength parallel to grain, 4810 pounds per square inch (198 tests); crushing strength perpendicular to the grain, 1310 pounds per square inch (84 tests); and shearing parallel to grain, 1640 pounds per square inch (113 tests.)

(As the study is not yet completed, the results must not be considered final.)

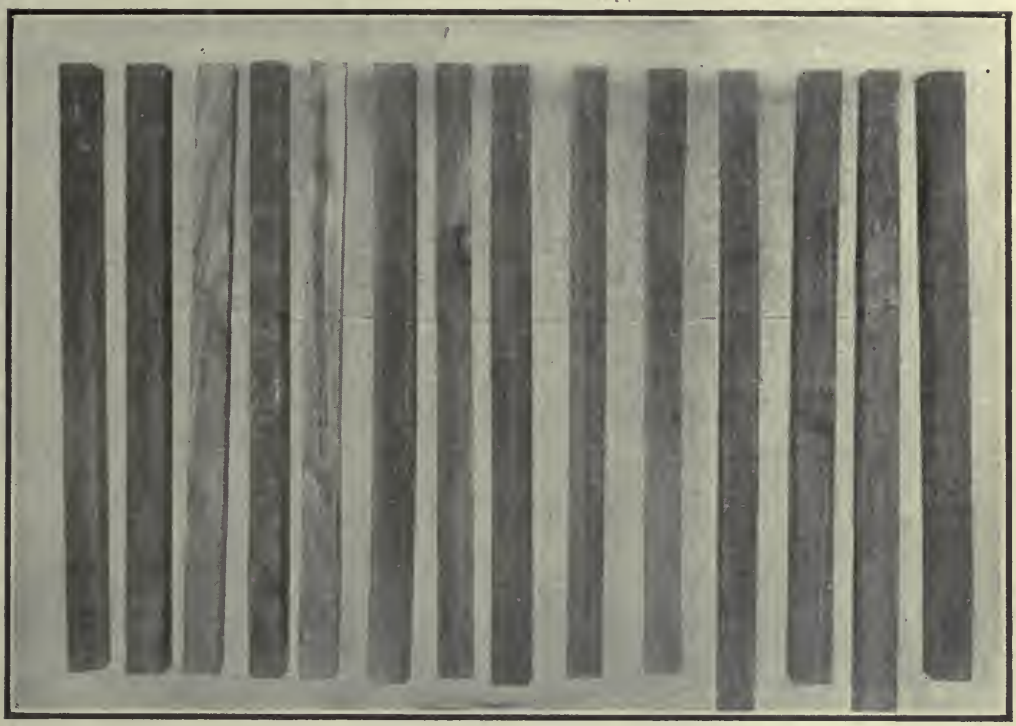
Taking the common blue gum, Eucalyptus globulus, in a green condition, as 100, the ratios of the strength of the others to it are as follows:

Species—	Bending Modulus of Rupture	Compression parallel to grain Maximum	Compression perpen'lar to grain at elastic limit	Shear'g parallel to grain max'um
Blue gum—E. globulus	100	100	100	100
Lemon-scented gum—E. citriodora	156	179	187	116
Sugar gum—E. corynocalyx	143	150	...	131
Australian box—E. hemiphloia	122	130	140	113
Yate—E. cornuta	126	128	125	112
Leather jacket—E. punctata	114	125	...	...
Red box—E. polyanthema	98	139	118	...
Flat-topped yate—E. occidentalis	122	123	106	105
Bastard box—E. goniocalyx	105	113	119	109
Red gum—E. rostrata	103	111	124	106
Ironbark—E. sideroxylon	99	106	136	100
Gray gum—E. tereticornis	99	112	101	93
Apple-scented gum—E. stuartiana	96	100	108	90
Manna gum—E. viminalis	86	90	89	93
Karri—E. diversicolor	90	101	70	89
Red mahogany—E. resinifera	80	92	...	...

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These results are based upon a comparatively small number of tests and must be considered suggestive rather than conclusive. A few tests were made on air-dried and kiln-dried material, with the following result:

Species—	Bending modulus of rupture Per cent of green		
	Green	Air-dried	Kiln-dried
Sugar gum	100	116	146
Blue gum	100	123	168
Red gum	100	105	122
Red mahogany	100	138	168
Karri	100	128	168
Manna gum	100	110	134



Eucalyptus sticks, seasoned without distortion or twisting

The following table forcibly brings out the relative strength of small, clear specimens of eucalyptus and hickory:

Comparative Strength of Green Eucalyptus and Hickory.
(All tests made on small clear specimens, approximately 2x2x30 inches.)

Species—	Modulus of Rupture		Compression parallel to grain	
	No. of tests		No. of tests	
Sugar gum (E. corynocalyx)	11	16480	30	7220
Blue gum (E. globulus)	139	11510	198	4810
Hickory (H. alba)	157	10900	163	4580
Hickory (H. glabra)	223	11835	235	4210

Of course the fact that a timber fulfills all strength requirements for the most exacting uses does not necessarily prove that it is adapted to such uses. For certain purposes, such as vehicle manufacture, etc., other properties besides strength are required. The question of flexibility for instance will often determine the use.

In addition to laboratory tests, the best method of showing the value of certain woods for certain purposes is to have them manufactured into various articles and to put those articles to practical use. This is being done in the case of eucalyptus. Manufacturers and users throughout California have shown a willingness to co-operate with the Forest Service in this work, and already arrangements have been made to manufacture various articles from blue gum as follows:

Furniture and tool handles: Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts.

Cooperage: California Barrel Company.

Insulator pins and cross-arms: Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Hay forks: Benicia Iron Works.

Vehicles: Waterhouse and Lester Manufacturing Company.

Axe and pick handles: Mount Tamalpais Cemetery Association.

During manufacture the workability of the wood will be determined, and upon completion, the various articles will be placed in actual service under the most severe conditions, and the results compared with other well-known species. In addition to the above tests, it is planned to install a number of the different species of eucalyptus as cross-ties in a test track where their service can be noted. This will give not only the relative resistance under mechanical strains, but also the relative resistance to decay. The durability test will apply to posts, poles, and all timbers which are placed in contact with the soil. A number of pile sections of different species of eucalyptus will be placed in salt water and exposed to the attacks of marine borers at different ports along the California coast. Sections of piles cut from other well-known species will be placed in close proximity to the eucalyptus piles and the relative resistance to marine borers determined.

After its suitability for the various uses is demonstrated, there still remains the problem of getting it in shape to be used; that is, the problem of seasoning. This is undoubtedly one of the most important problems confronting the eucalyptus growers to-day. There is no question but that it can be successfully solved, and long before the groves being planted at the present time are mature and ready for market the best method of handling will be known. It is a well established fact that seasoned timber is much more durable than green. It is also known that as the amount of moisture decreases, strength increases. In order to avoid subsequent checking, warping and shrinkage,



Eucalyptus blocks after testing, showing characteristic failure in compression parallel to the grain

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Blue gum beams before testing

Blue gum beams after testing, showing characteristic failures in bending.

timber must be seasoned. For certain purposes an air-seasoned condition is sufficient. This will apply to cross-ties, poles, piles and posts. For furniture, vehicles and all material where even slight checking or shrinkage will seriously injure the stock, the timber must be dried in a kiln until it reaches a very low moisture condition. This will insure a stable condition of the stock after it is worked into final form. It is true that a considerable amount of eucalyptus has been successfully seasoned, but it has required a very long time. Moreover, repeated handling of the lumber during the process has resulted in excessive labor charges and a large amount has been wasted through checking.

To furnish authoritative information on the best methods for handling this timber, therefore, the Forest Service has instituted a comprehensive study of eucalyptus trees from the time they are cut until they are worked up into the finished product, whether it be poles, tool handles, or furniture.

The experiments under way include blue gum poles and logs. A number of trees of pole size have been girdled and allowed to die standing with the bark on. A similar group has been felled, worked into poles and skidded high enough from the ground to allow a free circulation of air around them. Half of the skidded poles have been peeled, and the other half left with the bark on. As soon as cut, the poles were weighed. This will be repeated at thirty-day intervals, until the poles cease to lose weight. When this point is reached, the girdled trees will be felled, worked into poles and their condition compared to that of the skidded poles. During the process of seasoning, careful records will be kept of shrinkage, checking and warping. This experiment will be repeated at stations throughout California and on groups of poles cut at different seasons of the year.

Another experiment includes logs seasoned in water. At various stations, blue gum logs will be cut at different seasons, weighed, and immediately placed in fresh and salt water. At intervals of from three to twelve months a number of them will be removed, weighed and immediately cut into lumber or allowed to air-season on skids. If cut into lumber a portion of it will be allowed to air season and a portion placed in a dry kiln.

Another group of fresh-cut logs will be steamed for varying periods, cut into lumber, and air and kiln dried. Still another group will be immediately cut into lumber and a portion piled in various ways to air season, while a portion will be kiln dried.

The results obtained from the above described experiments will undoubtedly suggest further work along similar lines. It may require a year, or possibly two years, to complete the project.

To sum up, the need for hardwood is well established. The available supply of native hardwoods is rapidly being exhausted. Eucalyptus, from tests already conducted, seems to be a worthy substitute for many of the most valuable hardwoods.

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A NEW COUNTRY FOR AMERICANS

THE WEST COAST OF MEXICO

BY JOHN ALDRICH

WHEN THAT famous and intrepid explorer, Ponce de Leon, sailed from Spain to Florida, he was seeking that fountain of youth, for which all search had been futile. The hunt was romantic, suited to the Spanish character and temperament, and the final reward the usual one which befalls quests of that character. Nowadays, when the explorer goes out to seek he looks for the fountain of gold, in most cases looking for it in the rock, but, there being no miraculous Moses to intervene and smite the rock so that the living stream of gold flows forth, his reward usually meets with failure. Modern science has shown farmers and cultivators what water will do for dry and arid lands, since hydraulic and irrigation engineers have solved many puzzling problems. The land upon the North American continent, where rainfall is abundant, has practically all been secured and occupied; there is, indeed, another fountain to be developed; not of youth, but of gold and prosperity, which, when once found, gushes forth its crystal fluid, and through the magic transmuting powers of scientific application, diligent industry and faithful effort, turns the living waters into a veritable fountain of gold.

The question now is not of the land but of the water. Where shall we find the water? Land is a secondary consideration. It is well known that almost any land, handled scientifically with proper application of water, will yield more or less of crops, but that the best of land, without water, is useless. The so-called "dry-farming" cannot produce any results whatever without a certain amount of



The work of previous years on the irrigation ditches is of the most permanent character, and the above is an example. This photograph was taken on the Hacienda de Tres Hermanos



The village of San Lorenzo has very good streets. The main thoroughfare

water and with a fair distribution given throughout the year. Water has become so precious in Southern California that the regular stated valuation per miner's inch is not less than $1000 in gold.

Any territory or State having fine level lands subject to irrigation can practically assume its natural values as based upon the available water supply by estimating the amount of water obtainable at $1000 per miner's inch. Calculated upon this basis, the West coast of Mexico is perhaps one of the richest regions on earth. Beginning on the north at a point about the Yaqui river, and extending south to a point about due west of the city of Guadalajara, in the State of Palisco (say at Banderas Bay in the same State) are to be found millions upon millions of miner's inches of clear crystal mountain water, finding source for the most part in the Sierras and high altitudes of the magnificent mountain ranges to the east, all of which can be made available for irrigating lands of first productive quality. Tens of millions of acres of the most fertile, rich, irrigable and productive lands on the west coast of the entire North American continent are to be found in this stretch of land. There is perhaps more good land than there is water supply to cover it, but if one estimates the value of these millions, even tens of millions of miner's inches, at $1000 per inch, as it will eventually come to be valued, not many years in the future, it will be seen that the potential riches and values of the west coast of Mexico are practically incalculable.

The territory is almost virgin, not one per cent of its values having yet been exploited, but up to the time of the building of Harriman's road from Guaymas on the north, at the head of navigation on the Gulf of California, to and beyond the City of Mazatlan, Sinaloa's great seaport, there was little or no development or advancement in agricultural or horticultural lines. Commencing with the opening of the new Southern Pacific Railroad down the West Coast of Mexico to Guadalajara, on July 1, 1908, there has been more advancement during the past year than in the preceding twenty years. It is safe to prophesy that during the next ten years more progress will be made than in the past three hundred years. It is hard to understand why, with prices in California, Oregon and Washington on only fairly good lands, with an inconsiderable supply of water, ranging from $100 to $2,000

per acre, the enterprising American hesitates for one moment going further down the coast and take advantage of these immeasurable and immense values. Can it be possible that all of our boasted enterprise and Yankee shrewdness is but a myth? Are we afraid of an imaginary border line? A practical demonstration of peace, prosperity and development has been made by our sister Republic of Mexico during the past twenty-five years, under the wise and able administration of that grandest of all grand old men, President Porfirio Diaz. Are our farmers, horticulturists and cultivators generally going to wait until the entire territory is taken up and occupied by capitalists and land-grabbers before they see their golden opportunity? Let us hope not. The man of courage and foresight, determination and energy who packs his grip and takes a month's trip down on the west coast of Mexico, along the Harriman lines, has a revelation awaiting him. Splendid level coastal plain lands; enormous quantities of pure mountain water; a variety of crops of which we can hardly estimate the value; cheap and fairly efficient labor; the very best of transportation both by rail and water; high and constant markets; a delightful climate; excellent health conditions and in fact everything that the pioneer or the developer needs, are right to his hand, simply awaiting his utilization. There is only one practical way to be convinced, and that is to go there and see for yourself.

Let us take a swift glance at the situation as it stands today. We will start down the line from the seaport of Guaymas, at the head of navigation on the Gulf of California. Guaymas is a thriving city, substantially built, prosperous and growing in wealth and population. Situated as it is as the northern terminus of all steamship lines operating on the Gulf of California and south to Central America, it does a large shipping business and is a supply and manufacturing center for the entire north coast of the Gulf littoral.

From Guaymas we ride rapidly over a smooth and finely constructed road-bed (80 lb. steel rails, oak ties and gravel ballasted) south and east to the Yaqui river. In a few hours we have traveled the seventy miles from Guaymas to the station of Esperanza, which is the point on the Yaqui river where the American colonists enter that new and promising land, so long held by the resolute Yaqui Indians. These Indian troubles have all now been satisfactorily adjusted, and the wonderful riches of the Yaqui valley are



The variety of fruits and vegetables grown in the Sinaloa country, and in fact throughout the coastal region, ranges from those of the tropics to those of the North temperate zones. Plantation of young Zapote—melon trees, Sinaloa.



The Sinaloa is a majestic stream, and at Bamoa presents a beautiful expanse of clear water.

being thrown open to Americans. Hundreds have availed themselves of the opportunity, and the clearing of lands, planting of crops, building of homes, preparing for irrigation, and other necessary work of development, is proceeding rapidly. Immense capital is behind the project, fifteen millions, and names of international fame are associated with it, such as John Hays Hammond, Harry Payne Whitney, and others no less notable. A large canal is already constructed, many miles of laterals built, and crops now growing and producing excellent results. The success of the Yaqui project is past any question, and lands there now sell readily at $25 per acre, with water rights. This Yaqui valley will be a large American colony in a few years. It was never more than sparsely occupied by either Indians or Mexicans, and the new development will bring in a flood of American settlers and capital which will thoroughly Americanize the entire valley.

The soil is unusually rich and fertile, the water supply ample, the climate most healthful, and better conditions for the farmer or colonist are hard to find on this continent. It will grow vegetables and fruits as well as grains, and eventually be a second Imperial Valley, with the advantages of a milder and more equable climate, and 14 inches of annual rainfall, as against perhaps a third of that amount in the Imperial Valley. The soil is fully as rich and productive as the Imperial country, and the market as good, at even higher prices.

The Yaqui valley soil is of excellent quality, works well, is everlasting, and the land lies splendidly for irrigating.

A fair tree growth exists, and firewood commands good prices. Drinking water is palatable, and although the days in summer are hot, the nights are fine and cool enough for sleeping comfortably.

Leaving Esperanza, we ride south fifty miles through a country almost identical with the Yaqui, except for the lack of a water supply. At Navajoa, we see the Mayo river, a fine stream not yet utilized. Here lies Yaqui country, only almost undeveloped. A few Mexican companies and "haciendados" have made some development here, and reaped enormous returns in growing garbanzos (a variety of chick pea which is in great demand for export to Europe, where it is highly prized as a food.) In fact, some of the stories of the enormous profits in raising garbanzos read like fairy tales. Occasional instances are cited where the yield from a single sack

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of garbanzos planted has been as high as 375 sacks selling at from $5 to $7.50 per sack in U. S. currency, or a gross return of about two thousand dollars per acre. The facts seem to be that the average rate of yield is about 150 to 1, and that the average market price is somewhere near $5 per sack in gold.

The Mayo is a very beautiful river, its waters clear and pure, and its little valley possesses some of the richest lands to be found. It is yet awaiting the influx of energy and capital, which cannot now be long delayed.

From Navajoa, our journey takes us almost due south some four hours' ride to the station of San Blas on the great Fuerte river, at which point the Southern Pacific Railroad intersects the line of the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railroad (Stilwell Road.)

This is the first real view of Sinaloa's greatest river, with its sources in the Sierras 350 miles east at altitudes of nearly ten thousand feet. The writer has seen the Fuerte River in the month of October when, at San Blas, it measured 2160 feet in width and averaged 34 feet in depth, its current perhaps three and one-half miles an hour.

It is at this point that one first begins to get a faint idea of the great future awaiting this new empire on the west coast of Mexico. Leave the train at the station and ascend the hill nearby, and let us take our first look at northern Sinaloa and see for ourselves this magnificent panorama of the beautiful Fuerte valley. We ascend by a rugged and thorny path, and find ourselves at an elevation of about 500 feet, which gives a commanding view of the country for fifty miles in any direction. Turning to the east, we see a series of foothills, covered with grass and brush gently undulating away as far as the eye can reach and merging mistily into mountain ranges and peaks. Turning slowly toward the north, our vision sweeps over ranges of distant mountains, down over the higher foothills to the undulating lower foothills through which the Southern Pacific Railroad winds its way to-



Everywhere one meets with the picturesque. The above scene represents wash-day in the Rio Praxtla

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Fermenting the crushed mescal roots in the sun. Picturesque scene at Zaragosa



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ward San Blas from Navajoa. So far the scene has not appealed very much save to the esthetic sense. One realizes that out over yonder lie fine forests of pine and oak and valuable hardwoods; mines of copper, silver and gold; deposits of lime, magnesite and other mineral values, and great stretches of excellent grazing lands, with occasional valleys of good agricultural lands, and also good fibre lands, but there is nothing to rouse special interest or enthusiasm. But let us keep on looking, turning constantly to our left and westward. As our eye turns toward the Gulf of California, we see the glint of the waters of the Bay of Agiabampo, sixty miles to the north, and the eye rests on level coastal plains and beautiful fields. Nearer by, a few scattered chains of hills meet the eye, but they are not appreciable in the vast extent of level plain. Turning almost due west, we follow the windings of the great Fuerte river on its passage to the sea, and our eye is caught by the beautiful green of the delta lands lying between the two mouths of the river.



The newly cleared land at Bajonea



Loading corn in sailing vessels. Toriqueyara, small port in estuary near mouth of Fuerte River

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The rivers, even in the dry season, have plenty of water



Cleared land for the large canal at the mouth of the Fuerte, near Bajonea

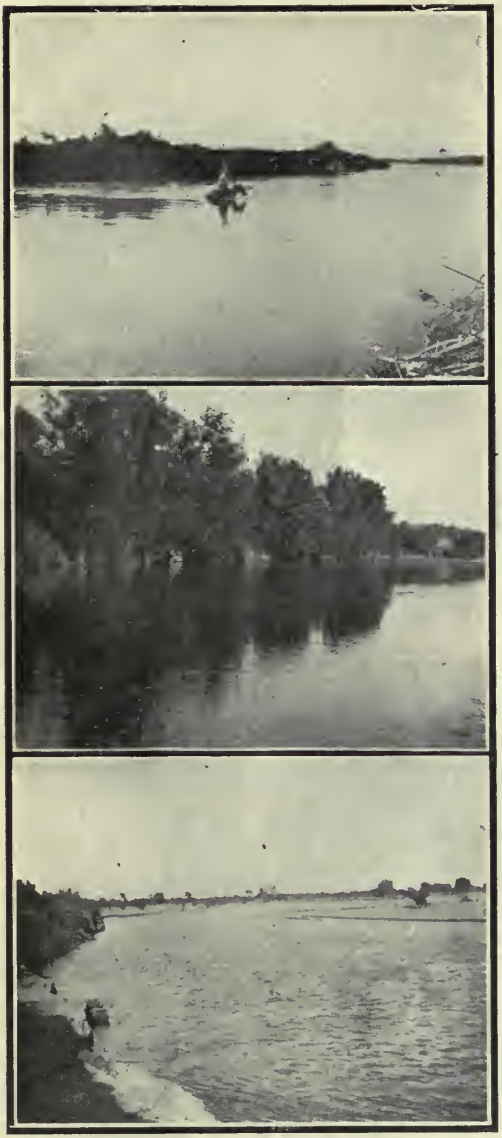
A tributary of the Fuerte on estate near Bajonea, Sinaloa

Digging the main canal on estate of Bajonea, delta of the Fuerte, Sinaloa



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Primitive in many directions, yet good roads abound. This photograph shows a ranch headquarters on Tavay, the main stage road junction



1. The Fuerte river crossing south of Bajonea
2. The Mecovite river, Sinaloa, has plenty of water the year around
3. The Sinaloa river at Bamoa

Finally we turn almost due southwest, and then for the first time we get the full view of the great fan-like expanse of beautiful coastal plain lying on the south side of the Fuerte river, and extending 50 or 60 miles south to the Sinaloa river. We glance down at the lordly Fuerte river at our feet, and then out over the flat, level plain commencing within a stone's throw from us, and paint in our mind's eye the picture of the day when this magnificent river shall be diverted at San Blas and flow over this vast expanse of rich lands, a million or more acres in extent, and bless the settlers with its abundance. It seems to the looker-on as though this had been created by nature to order for man. The soil, water, topography, climate, harbor, the two trunk railroad lines, nothing is lacking. It needs not the eye of prophecy to foretell the future of this wonderful valley of the Fuerte. Given the factors of rich soil capable of growing almost all the crops of the temperate and semi-tropic zones, a million acres of level lands that look almost as though they had been graded by hand from the foothills to the sea, a large and inexhaustible river flowing into this plain from the mountains ready to be delivered right on the land, a fine deep water harbor, two main lines of railroads connecting directly with the United States, an equable climate, sound conditions of Government under which to live, and a strong and ever-eager market where good prices prevail. Two and two make four in mathematics, always has and always will. The problem here is as simple of solution. Nothing can stay development. It is inevitable. The only question involved is: "Who is going to get the immeasurable increase in values, the added wealth water will bring? Who is going to reap the millions?

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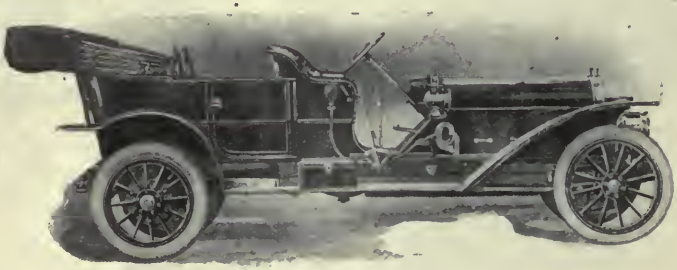
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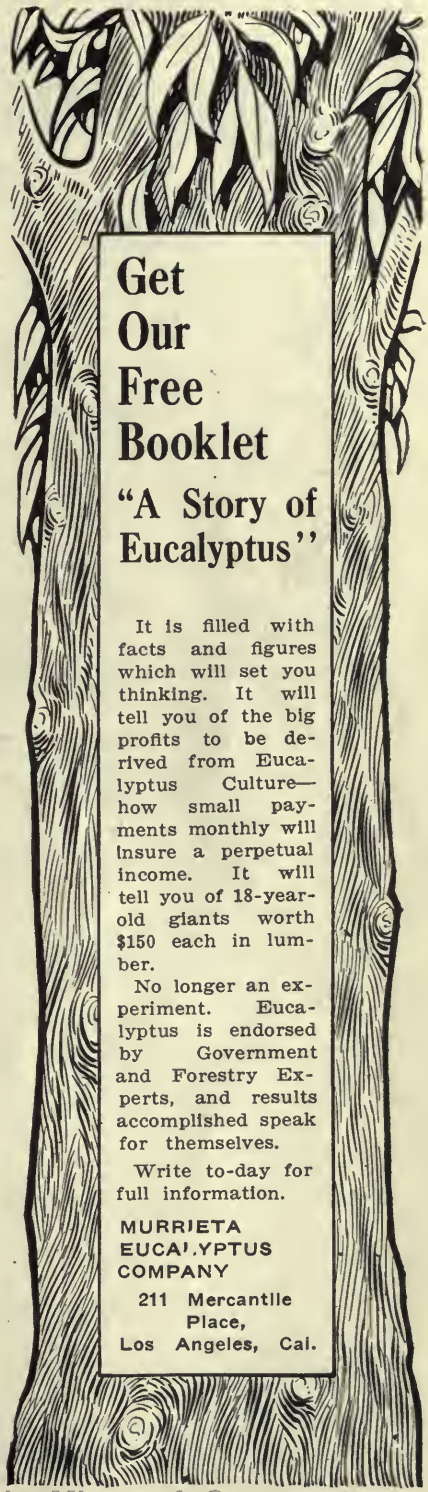
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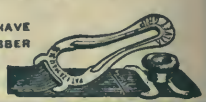
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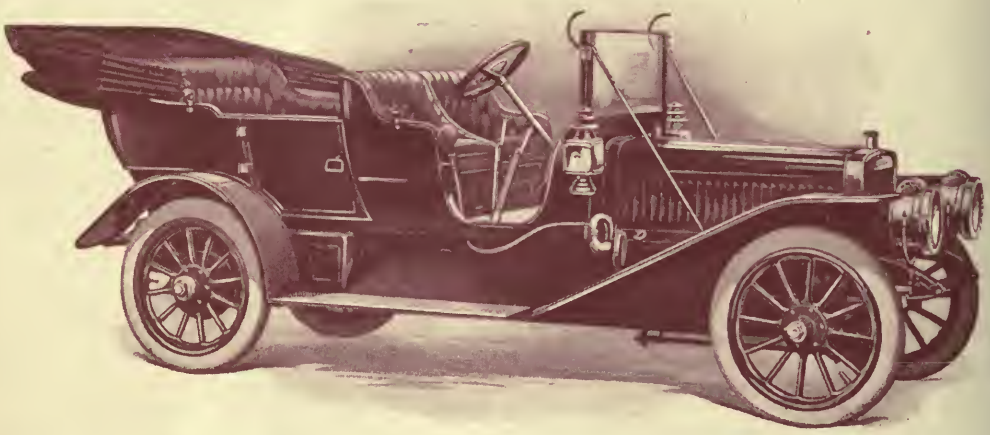
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Vol. LIV No. 3

OVERLAND MONTHLY

An Illustrated Magazine of the West

SEPTEMBER 1909

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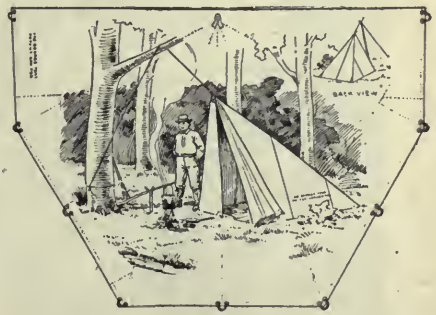
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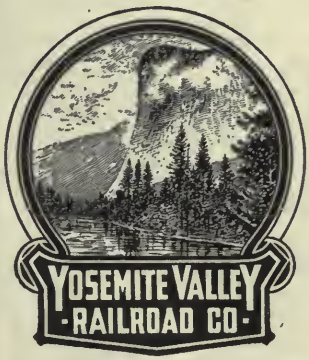
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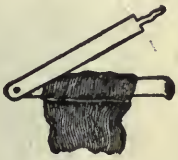
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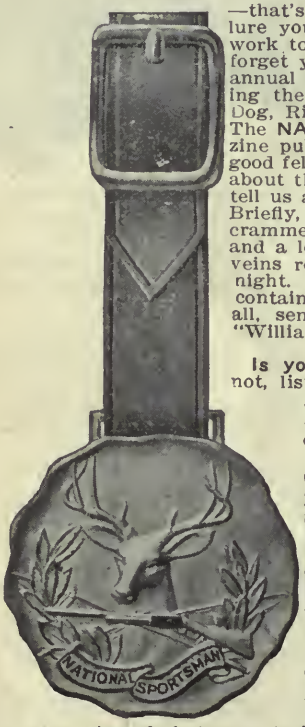
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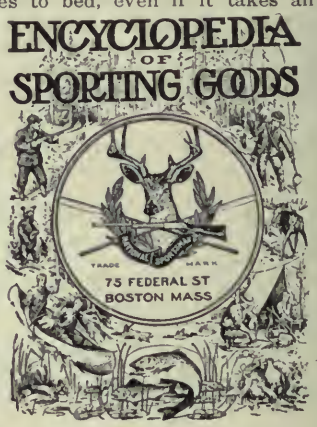
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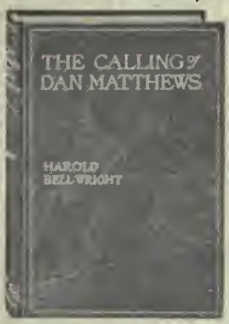
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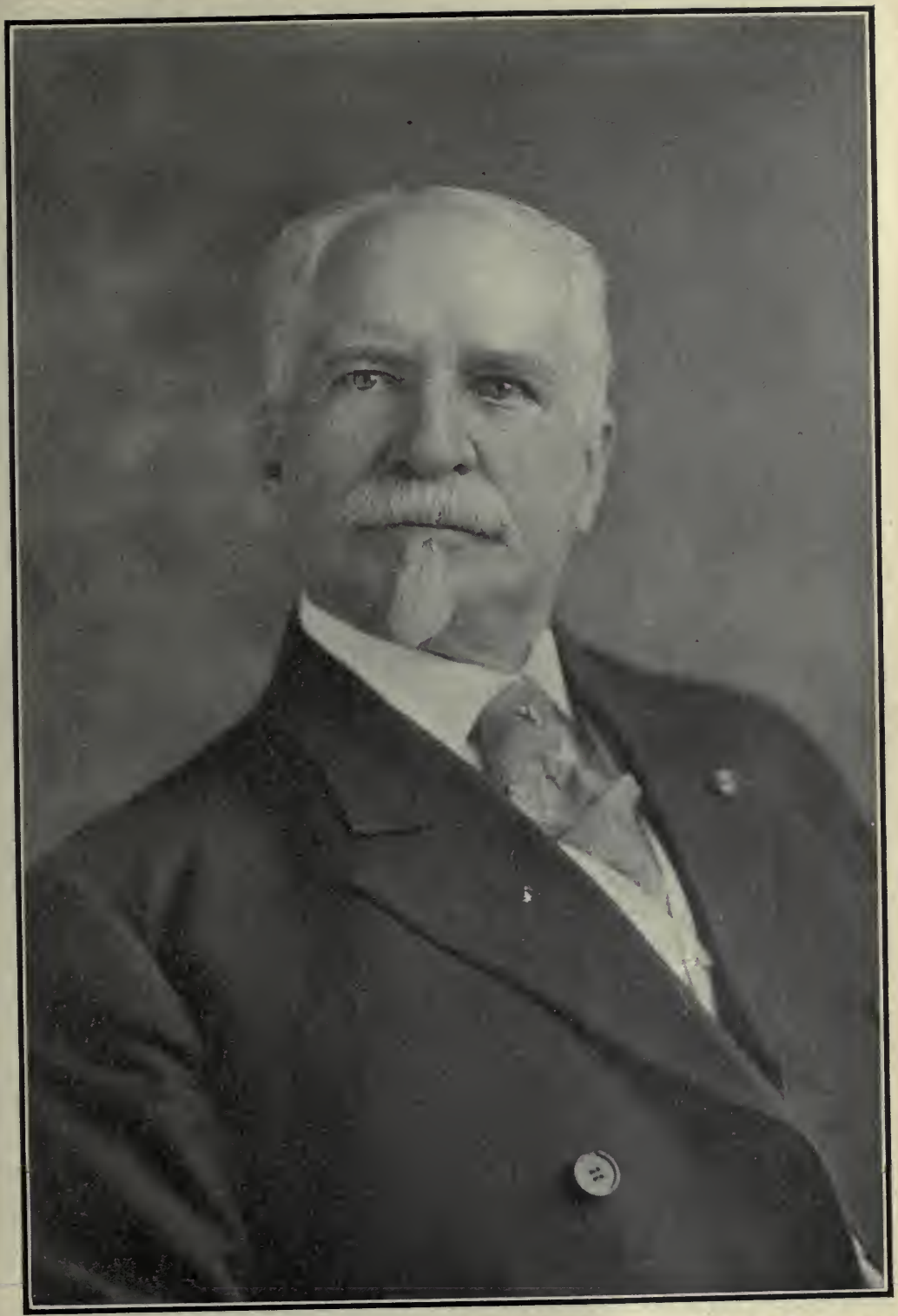
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Major-General John F. Weston (M. H.) U. S. A., Commanding Department of California, Seventh U. S. Cavalry until November, 1875



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SEPTEMBER, 1909

No. 3 OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LIV

Founded 1868 Bret Harte San Francisco

A PLAIN PURSUIT

BY FRED A. HUNT

THE DEPREDATIONS of the Indians in the great Southwest had become so virulent and persistent that a punitive force was organized to scout through the Panhandle of Texas and southern Kansas. Pursuant to a request of Colonel Nelson A. Miles, Fifth Infantry, to General William T. Sherman (Colonel Miles being a nephew of General Sherman by marriage) he was placed in command of the expedition, which comprised eight companies of the Sixth Cavalry—organized into two battalions commanded by Majors Charles C. E. Compton and James Biddle respectively—four companies of the Fifth Infantry, from which an artillery detachment was made under command of Second Lieutenant James Worden Pope, Fifth Infantry, and a detachment of thirty-nine guides and trailers, commanded by First Lieutenant Frank D. Baldwin, Fifth Infantry, the Indians of this latter detachment being under the leadership of Fall Leaf, a Delaware Indian.

The various troops were assembled at Fort Dodge, Kansas, a post near Dodge City, which was at that time the Western terminus of the Atchinson, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway. There the numerous details of preparation and outfitting were made, and in the early part of August, 1874, the start was made; Major Compton with his battalion, one company of Infantry, and the guides departing on August 11th, and the remainder of the command on August 14th.

On the first day's march of the second command an untoward incident occurred, owing to the defective knowledge of the guides about the natural resources of the country to be traversed. Always on the march, the canteens are filled and luncheon rations distributed. The day was imperturbably hot, and the trail sandy and drought inducing. The officers inquired of the guides if there was plenty of water at Mulberry Creek, the first halting place, and on an affirmative reply being received, they told the troops that they need not husband their water, as there would be ample to replenish the canteens at Mulberry Creek. But on arriving there, the water holes were as dry as a lime-kiln, and the thirsty soldiers instantly went raving mad. The famishment of hunger is a desperate condition; the unquenchable longing for a chew of tobacco is an unenviable predicament; the craving for a cocktail after a night off is an unpleasant aridity, but the insatiate and demoralizing state of a thirsty man is a species of dementia. Wherefore, soldiers gashed their veins and sucked the blood, and did all sorts of other abhorrent things in a vain attempt to assuage their frightful and uncontrollable ravenousness for water. General Miles (he was then a Major-General by brevet), when he apprehended the predicament, unloaded a couple of wagons and put barrels on them, and sent them and an ambulance ahead to

a creek, whence they speedily returned with the heavenly fluid for the parched soldiers; although the few hours thus necessarily consumed seemed like days to the suffering men.

The agony thus entailed, however, taught the men an excellent lesson, and that was to be miserly in their consumption of water, unless they were in the immediate vicinity of a stream or water-hole or laguna (a depression where water gathers during the rainy season and remains —according to the depth of the cavity— until dried up by the summer heat.) As a slight intimation of the expedients resorted to when a man is "real dry," it may be annotated that the writer, when scouting on the Staked Plain (El Llano Estacado), was thus assailed by a most exemplary thirst, and his canteen was as empty as a drum. He came to a buffalo wallow in the cups of which, made by the hoof of the bison, was some green, slimy fluid. He laid down beside these cups (face downward) and sucked up some of the abominable saline fluid. But it was wet! Buffalo, when drinking and after quenching their thirst, void their urine into the water; thus, evaporation had taken away the most of the water, but left the noxious ingredients behind, and it was this poor apology for water that the writer, in his sore straits, drank. Another instance: One of the command was lost (by straying) from the route in the Bad Lands (Mauvaises Terres) of Montana. He wandered about, first hopefully, then dejectedly, his hunger and thirst becoming more and more dominant. At last he became demented from thirst and drank unheedingly from a water-hole (near which were usually basking several rattlesnakes, who seemed to thrive on that species of water) that was strongly impregnated with gypsum and alkali. When the man was ultimately found, he was a raving maniac, hence immune from the Indians, who respect a madman (Hit-tan Mo-mote-tah), or a bald-headed man (Hit-tan Vo-ist-tsi-ah).

From the crossing of Beaver Creek, near Kiowa Creek, Lieutenant Baldwin, with his scouts and a detachment of forty-nine men, proceeded along the line of the Palo Duro (Hard Wood) to Adobe Walls, on the Canadian River, and arrived at Adobe Walls in the nick of time to repulse a second attack upon that hunting station made by the Indians, an account of which was published in the Overland Monthly under the title of "The Adobe Walls Argument." From Adobe Walls this detachment proceeded down the Canadian River (its members valuably augmented by a number of the erstwhile buffalo hunters who took service with the Government), surprised and fought a band of Indians near the mouth of Chicken Creek and rejoined the main command which, in the meantime, had moved down from Camp Supply, Indian Territory, along Wolf and Commission Creeks, twelve miles west of the Antelope Hills, arriving there August 24th.

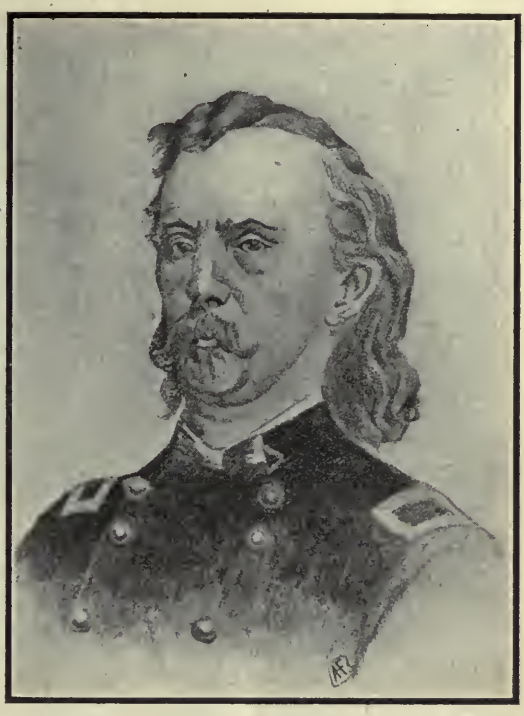
While traveling along Wolf Creek, a soldier who had strayed away of his own sweet will from safety and the main command, was sallied on by a small party of hostiles and killed and scalped in full sight of the moving column, that was powerless to render him valid assistance or save him from his untoward death. But the command thus learned another valuable object lesson—a kindergarten of Indian warfare—not to abandon the main command. For the expediency of Indian campaigning was always to anticipate and to expect the unexpected.

The country traversed along Wolf Creek and through the Panhandle was of primeval beauty and marvelous fertility; it is now one of the garden spots of the Oklahoma territory, and is both interesting from its fecund soil and its peculiar geological formation. On ascending the hills skirting Wolf Creek and examining their soil and formation, it was found that the substratum was composed of myriads of small shells and little fragments of shells, causing the conjecture as to how many aeons had lapsed since those hills were of the sea's bed, or what upheaval of the ocean bottom had made them features of the dry land. All species of nummutae were present, designating the early tertiary period, as well as portions of shells whose time of activity would tax the capacity of an expert conchologist.

A fossil of a more recent period was found on the site of an abandoned Indian camp in the form of an antique

squaw, whose walnut-shell face and general decrepitude would class her as somewhere about one hundred and fifty; she had evidently been abandoned by the tribe as a piece of worthless bric-a-brac, whose only claim to consideration was because of her mummified condition. She was instantaneously dubbed the Witch of Endor, and various sketches made of her exemplary ugliness by the artists among the soldiers. Also in her vicinity was found a small, tailless dog, whose lack of caudal ornament was ascribed to the butcher knife of some Indian; she also was adopted by one of the soldiers and subsequently was accouched of a litter of four puppies, and, marvelous to relate, these also were devoid of any means of expressing their sentiments by wagging their tails—for they, also, had no tails. The Witch of Endor was about scared to death, but speedily realized that her capture by the troops was a piece of paradisaical fortune, for she received consideration and care that she had never known in the heyday of her youth and comeliness (if she ever had any of the latter quality, which was stretching the imagination to the breaking point), and from an abject, despondent hag she became quite chipper and bossy; so readily does the feminine character adapt itself to a fortunate environment. One of the soldiers became a sort of foster-father to the ancient lady, and proclaimed that he could converse with her. As she was ignorant of English, and he was obtuse of Cheyenne, this statement aroused interest, which was further added to by his assertion that he talked with her in the Gipsy, or Romany, dialect. This could not be disproved, and much linguistic discussion among the ethnologists ensued, and many learned investigations resulted, with the result, after some time, that the soldier was declared an unmitigated fraud and a would-be bunko steering philologist —but he had a soft time pottering around the ancient vestal while his fraud lasted. And she was old, but not senile.

The route pursued was much in the same general direction as that of General Custer in 1868, that culminated in the battle of the Washita on November 28th, an account whereof was published in this magazine under the title of "The Sub-



Lieutenant-Colonel George Armstrong Custer, Seventh U. S. Cavalry, Brevet Major-General U. S. A.
From photograph in the War Department Collection

jugation of Black Kettle," and of which contest some of the principal participants are illustrated in this article, many of the Indians of the Washita turmoil also being the objective of the Miles' expedition, known in War Department annals as the Indian Territory Expedition.

Many skirmishes and engagements were had with desultory bodies of Indians, Cheyennes, Kiowas, Arapahoes and Quahadas, or Staked Plain Comanches, the most notable culmination of these being on August 30, 1874, when some six hundred warriors were energetically encountered at a point some twelve miles north of Red River (that after pursuing its tortuous course ultimately empties into the Mississippi near Marysville, La.), and opposite the mouth of the Tule. General George W. Baird (a most estimable officer and magnificent gentleman, now deceased), thus tersely described the action: "August 30th was the day, and the "breaks" of the Red River, some thirteen

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Reading from left to right, the first picture is Major Albert Barritz, U. S. A. (retired), Bvt. Col. U. S. A., Captain Seventh U. S. Cavalry in the "Black Kettle Fight," brevetted Colonel for gallantry on recommendation of Colonel Custer and General Sheridan. Second—Brigadier General Geo. W. Baird, U. S. A. (deceased.) Third—General James Biddle

miles from its bed, the place where the fight opened. Suddenly, from behind bluff and bush, as if they sprang from the bosom of the earth fully armed, the hostiles came tearing down upon Baldwin's scouts and Indians, with the 'crack, crack' of their rifles and the whoop of their war-cries. But Baldwin was the man for the place, and Miles knew it; his sufficient discretion never had a touch of hesitancy or timidity, and he was fitly seconded by brave old Fall Leaf, of the Delawares. Meantime, Colonel Biddle, under the immediate command of General Miles, deployed his battalion of cavalry forward at the run; Colonel Compton, giving rein to his horses, swung his battalion out on the right. Lieutenant Pope's artillery, with infantry support, came rapidly up in the center, and there began a running fight over thirteen miles of sun-baked earth, glowing with a furnace heat, gashed in gullies and deep ravines by the flood-like rains which at times prevail there. Whenever the Indians made a stand, the troops were hurled upon them and the fight which, if it had opened timidly, would have been a stoutly contested affair, soon became a rout and a chase. Colonel Biddle threw forward Captain Chaffee (now Lieutenant-General Adna R. Chaffee, U. S. Army, retired, resident at Los Angeles) with his troop as skirmishers, who there made his famous battle-speech: 'Forward! and if any man is killed, I'll make him a corporal!'

"Down through the jagged ravines the troops pursued across a half mile of sand, where at times (during the winter rains) a river flows, up the right bank and into the Valley of the Tule, a branch of the Red River where a burning camp, abandoned utensils, and a trail leading up a precipitous cliff, told of the hasty flight of the Indians. The long chase before the fight, the rapid pursuit after through the intolerable heat of sun and earth, and the absence of water, made it necessary to call a halt. Men and animals were famishing —some men drank the blood of a buffalo, and all the water found in Red River was a small pool of saturated gypsum and alkali, rendered indescribably vile from having been for a long time a buffalo wallow. (Many of the soldiers, to obviate drinking at this pool, dug holes in the sandy bed of the whilom river and thus found water, but this was also impregnated with alkali and gypsum, but devoid of buffalo urine; it, however, although affording moisture, had the cathartic effect of croton oil.) With infinite

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labor, the command, after resting, followed the trail over which Pope (now Colonel and Assistant Quartermaster-General) by devoting the night to it, had dragged up his Gatlings and so climbed out of the valley of the Tule and followed the Indian trail for miles out on the Llano. It became evident that no pursuit could be successful without supplies, and that before a train could be brought through the ravines and breaks of the valley to the table-land on the right bank of the Red River, the Indians could get beyond pursuit. Hence a recall was sounded."

During the progress of this movement, some two hundred and fifty Kiowa and Comanche warriors broke away from their agency and went on the war-path, subsequently surrounding and attacking General Miles' supply train, which was under escort of Captain Wyllys Lyman for four days near the Wichita, from September 9th to the 13th, and where scouts Amos Chapman (called Amos by the Indians before that, afterward Tam-e-yukh-tah, or Cut-off Leg, losing a leg in the surround) and William "Billy" Dixon, called Has-ta, or Long Hair, and four soldiers were held at bay in a buffalo wallow also for four days. The stout resistance made to the Indians and the approach of a battalion of the Eighth Cavalry, under Major William R. Price, raised the siege and the supply train was enabled to proceed to the command on the Washita, whose famished condition it fortuitously alleviated. Meanwhile the command had had very short rations, that they pieced out with horse-meat and acorns from the scrub oak. Acorns are alleged to be nutritious food; from the personal experience of the writer it can be conscientiously said that they are most abominably distasteful and puckery—like an unripe persimmon—and that horse-meat has a tendency to stick in one's throat going to the stomach.

Scouting parties were continuously kept in the field around the Canadian, Washita and Sweetwater, and from Oasis Creek along the Canadian and Wolf Creek to the Palo Duro and Adobe Walls, but no Indians were found in the vicinity.

On October 10th, Major Compton made a scout toward Mustang Creek and Palo Duro and intercepted and engaged a body of Indians that were afterward driven one hundred miles through the sand-hills and to the Canadian, where, October 18th,



Capt. Fred W. Benteen, Seventh U. S. Cavalry. (deceased), Brevet Brigadier-Gen. U. S. A.



Charles King, Brig.-Gen. U. S. V. Eighth Corps, Manila, 1898-99



Anson Miles, Brig.-Gen. U. S. A. (retired), a well-known Indian fighter.

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Ben Clark, scout, guide and interpreter—Mi-e No-to-wah (Red Neck.)

William Dixon

they were dispersed. A detachment of cavalry under Captain Curwen B. McLellan, Sixth Cavalry, and another under First Lieutenant William M. Wallace, of the same regiment (now Brigadier-General, U. S. Army, retired), were sent out scouting; during these scouts, the capability of Ben Clark and "Billy" Dixon was especially demonstrated and valuable to the commands. The prowess of Ben Clark (Mi-e No-to-wah, Red Neck), was specifically mentioned in "The Subjugation of Black Kettle," heretofore alluded as published in this magazine, and it is impracticable to sufficiently eulogize the modesty, efficiency and admirable marksmanship of this most excellent scout and trailer.

Again the general command took the field over the Staked Plain and amid the most bitter winter weather; the streams were frozen so hard that the loaded wagons and artillery crossed on the ice without difficulty; "sun dogs" were a steady phenomenon in the sky; picket pins would turn so that they resembled fish-hooks when they were driven into the marble earth; the only way tent pins could be used to hold up a tent was by pecking and picking a slanting hole in the ground, into which the tent pins were afterward put and tamped; northers seemed to be unceasing, and "Black Jack" (Lieutenant-Colonel John W. Davidson of the Tenth (colored) cavalry had twenty-seven horses frozen dead one night on the picket line, though the line was stretched in a ravine where it was supposed there would be adequate protection from the bitter winds. A negro soldier was termed Mok-e-ti veho nut-okh-e, Buffalo soldiers, by the Indians, and for a long time the negro warrior was an object of mystery and fear!

A tangible evidence was obtained of an exploit of Colonel Ranald S. MacKenzie with the Fourth Cavalry during the scouting of the Staked Plain, and near Canoncito Blanco (an affluent of Red River), when he had attacked a band of Indians there and captured the pony herd. The unkilled Indians skedaddled for the safety of their unpunctured skins and the pony herd was shot. Despite the cold weather, the aroma from the numerous carcasses of the ponies was as pungent to the smell and as offensive thereto as

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Navat, (Left Hand) Southern Arapaho, who was in command of the Indians who massacred Joel H. Elliott, Seventh U. S. Cavalry, and his detachment at the battle of Washita, November 24, 1868. Navat is now living in Blaine County, Oklahoma, on the Canadian River

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Mokh-e-tav E-to (Black Kettle), and his head warriors



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Little Robe (Ke-vo-okh-hah-kit), Southern Cheyenne

Wah-tsiv-is Wo-wo-Has (Spotted Fawn.) A Cheyenne girl.

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Mutch-has (Long Knife), Arickaree Government scout

the Red River seepage water was to the taste.

Notwithstanding the licking that the Indians had received at the breaks of Red River and elsewhere, their numbers made them insolent, and many times a tepee pole, to which was attached a gonfalon of buffalo robe or a piece of gingham, would be found as a guide-post in the center of the broad trail; the many tepee poles being dragged, making the trail like ground that had been gone over with a very broad and very narrow-toothed harrow. The trail led toward Spring, or white Deer, Creek, and to Salt Fork (Palo Grande, Big Wood), and there divided.

On November 8th, Lieutenant Baldwin (now Brigadier-General U. S. Army, retired), sent word to the main command that he and his scouts had discovered an Indian village on the North Branch of the Lellan Creek, and that he was going to attack it. He was then some eight miles distant from the command, the mobile part of which was instantly hurried to the scene of action, where it arrived too late for any participation, however, for Baldwin had already attacked the camp with such vigor that he had captured it, as well as the two little captive white girls, Julia and Adelaide German, whose parents and brothers had been killed on the Smoky Hill route in Western Kansas, and their elder sisters, Sophia and Catherine, taken into captivity worse than death.

So with this happy redemption of these little girls from the savages, this narrative will close, with the request that women who may read this story will give due credit to the heroism and dangers of the pioneer women of thirty years ago whose undaunted fortitude and staunch bravery as the militant deeds of their husbands and brothers in opening up the Far West to become the comfortably habitable Near East.



Ho-too-ah Mokh-e-tav (Black Buffalo), Arickaree Government scout

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A GODDESS OF THE TRAIL

BY LEIGH GORDON GILTNER

IT HAD BEEN a particularly hot afternoon and Kent was in a particularly bad humor as he trudged, gun in hand, along the lonely, dusty trail; the disgust which he felt for things in general increasing with every step and extending even to the altogether charming sunset and wholly unobjectionable landscape, which he mentally designated "a beastly flat."

Luck had been dead against him that afternoon. Game had been unusually scarce to begin with; he had missed several good shots; his dog had started a rabbit and deserted him, and now with disgust in his heart and game bag almost empty, he was returning to the ranch where Chartris, he knew, was awaiting him, seated on a verandah which though small was shady—Chartris, cool and comfortable, in the easiest of chairs and the airiest possible negligee, a tabouret at his elbow with glasses, siphon and decanter in tempting array; a good cigar, half a dozen belated newspapers and a Daudet novel at hand wherewith to while away the tedium of the long hot afternoon. Kent swore softly to himself as the picture crossed his mind and the thought thrust itself upon him that Chartris was even then reveling in the consciousness of a wisdom superior to that of his friend, who, hot, dusty and weary, was returning in no very happy frame of mind from his afternoon's sport.

"Sport!" ejaculated Kent contemptuously, "nobody short of an idiot of the 'nth degree would call it sport to tramp for hours with a heavy gun with the thermometer at 90. Chartris was right—he's generally right—confound him!—and he's got such a deucedly superior way of letting one know it, too. Chartris is well enough in the main, but he can be confoundedly disagreeable when he likes!"

Having paid this tribute to the absent and unconscious Chartris, Kent was proceeding to touch upon things in general and "all the uses of the world" with a caustic bitterness worthy of the melancholy Dane himself, when suddenly a dog—not his own, but a gaunt, ill-favored cur with a distinctly hostile expression—ran down the trail toward him, barking viciously as he came.

Glad of some tangible object on which to vent his ill-humor, Kent raised his gun and fired. That this shot was more effective than his previous ones was attested when the animal turned and fled up the trail, limping painfully and yelping dismally as he went. Thoroughly contrite and ashamed, for he was usually rather good natured than otherwise, Kent followed slowly, guided by the fast receding howls of his victim.

A few moments brought him in sight of two miserable, jaded horses grazing near a dilapidated prairie schooner, in the shadow of which a man, gaunt, grizzled and unkempt, was lying, apparently asleep.

"Hello!" cried Kent, involuntarily, and his salute was promptly answered by a boy of perhaps twelve or fourteen years, who thrust his frowsy tow head from beneath the cover of the wagon, while the man sat up and stared sleepily at the intruder. The boy swung himself to the ground and stood contemplating the stranger—his hands in his pockets and an expression of frank interest and curiosity on his freckled face.

"I reckon 'twuz you that shot Shep jes' now," he remarked dispassionately, indicating the dog, which, crouching beside his master, was regarding Kent with marked disfavor.

"Yes," Kent admitted guiltily, "it was. I am very sorry."

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"Oh, 'tain't no matter," answered the youth good naturedly. "He ain't hurt bad and he ain't much 'count nohow. But," as a sudden thought presented itself, "Sal——"

"Sal," the man interrupted in a soft, slow drawl in which there was a sibillant quality occasioned by the loss of one of his front teeth, "Sal will raise H——ll!"

"Sal?" Kent repeated vaguely, while a vision of vengeful Brunhildas crossed his mind—"Sal?"

"Yes," the boy answered. "She's gone to a spring—over yon way." Kent involuntarily glanced over his shoulder—"and I reckon she'll be back in a minute."

Kent, having small fancy for females of Mephistophelean tendencies, was fain to plead an engagement and depart; but women were rather a novelty in the vicinity of "Wild Goose" Ranch, and Kent had had always a weakness for the fair sex, so he lingered tentatively while his frowsy-headed interlocutor went on:

"I reckon we'll make camp here or hereabouts, Mister. We came from Baldwin's ranch—stopped there a couple o' days on our way out from Mizzoury—and Dad 'lowed we'd git on to Placerville to-night, but the team's plum wore out, so I reckon we'll stay right here, though it does look sorter threatenin' in the west."

"Dad," who seemed of a contemplative and philosophic turn, had lighted his pipe meanwhile, and sat puffing peacefully away, looking far off toward the distant horizon, his bronzed face wearing an expression as placidly reposeful as if he had been under his own "vine and fig tree" instead of a lonely Western trail, with night and a probable storm coming on. Kent was wondering whence "Sal" derived her polemics—surely not from this peaceful ancestor, presumably her father—when the boy cut short his reflections by announcing the approach of that redoubtable female herself.

Kent instinctively removed his hat as he turned, hoping devoutly that no mention might be made of the luckless cur until he had made good his escape; but, unluckily, the animal no sooner espied the approaching figure than he set forth to meet her, displaying his limp to the utmost advantage—with deliberate malicious intent, Kent was sure.

The girl—she could scarcely have been more than nineteen—stopped at once to examine the wounded member; then, lifting her eyes questioningly, her gaze fell full on Kent, standing rather awkwardly holding his gun, and he saw that she took in the situation at once. She did not utter a word, but something in her glance made Kent uncomfortable, none the less because the eyes that viewed him accusingly were very handsome ones.

He saw, as she bent down, that she had a fine, strong profile—her profile was rather finer than her full face, he afterward discovered—and a straight, vigorous figure the unconscious grace and power of which Kent admired as she lifted her pail of water and moved toward the wagon without vouchsafing him further notice. Without a word she filled and offered the rusty dipper to the man, who drank in eager audible gulps. Kent shifted his position uneasily. The silence was growing embarrassing, and he was casting about in his mind for some propitiatory mode of address when the boy broke in pacifically:

"The dog ain't hurt to speak of, Sal. 'Twus only bird shot."

"Indeed, I am very, very sorry," ventured Kent, advancing with his most conciliatory manner. "I did not think—it was a moment's impulse, a very stupid and cruel impulse, and I regret it very much. I do, indeed. If I had guessed—"

To his surprise, Sal suddenly turned to him with a smile which made her face—a trifle heavy and sullen in repose—positively exquisite. A dimple, which seemed a bit incongruous with the rather severe cast of her features, displayed itself momentarily; and Kent told himself that this Diana of the trail, whom he had at first thought merely picturesque, was something of a beauty as well. There was, however, a simple directness in Sal's gaze which discouraged even admiring scrutiny, and Kent, visibly embarrassed, continued to stammer his apologies, until presently the girl, pleased and amused at his evident contrition, broke into a low, musical laugh, in which Kent and the boy relievedly joined, while the philosophic "Dad" smoked on serenely.

"It's all right, Mister," the girl said at last. "I reckon Shep ain't hurt bad." Her

voice was of a quality deliciously deep and rich, and the drawl which in her companions proved simply irritating, Kent found oddly attractive in her.

"You are very good," he said, delightedly, "much kinder than I deserve. Your brother"—with a note of interrogation in his voice—"tells me you think of making camp here tonight, but there's a storm in prospect and I fear you'll find it anything but comfortable."

Then turning to the senior, still peacefully puffing, "My ranch is less than a mile from this—just over that ridge to the right—and I'm sure we could put you up comfortably there. We've plenty of room, and both by friend and I will be pleased to have you, Mr. ——?"

"Crenshaw," supplied the stranger drawlingly, "Crenshaw's my name. You are real clever, stranger, but I reckon we won't bother you. Bud and I air used to roughing it, and I reckon Sal kin make out."

"But I assure you it will give us real pleasure," Kent insisted hospitably. "And if I mistake not, the storm's going to be a pretty severe one." He pointed to the West where, the sun having sunk on a sky like a blood-stained shield barred with gold, a dark cloud was fast spreading itself over the dying roseate glow. A strange amber light shone round them; little breezes shivered in the long, dry grass; the distant trees were swaying and bending in the wind, turning their leaves' silver linings upward to the breeze; while now and again the ominous growl of distant thunder was heard.

"Dad" smoked a moment in meditative silence with a reflective eye on the darkening clouds, then:

"I reckon you're right, stranger," he conceded. "Hook up the team, Bud."

To Kent's utter surprise, Sal walked calmly to one of the grazing animals, led it to the wagon and began deftly to arrange the dilapidated harness, while Bud on his side put in the other horse. Neither the lad nor his parent seemed to find anything unusual or strange in the girl's action, but Kent, who was a Kentuckian and chivalrous to a degree, was horrified.

"Allow me," he began, but the girl fastening a tug as deftly as Kent himself could have done, only answered quietly:

"Much obliged. I'm 'bout through, though, and I'm used to it."

Then to the man who had risen and was stretching his long limbs preparatory to action, "You kin drive, ef you like, and Bud and I will walk on." Kent's rapture at this arrangement was tempered somewhat by a mental vision of Chartris' probable expression when he should behold his errant friend returning from the chase under convoy of a tattered, freckled urchin and a Diana-like young woman, with a dilapidated mover's wagon bringing up the rear.

"He'll roar, of course, confound him, but I suppose I'm in for it, and there's nothing to do but make the best of it," he inwardly encouraged himself as the procession got under way.

"I don't think I've formally introduced myself yet," he said aloud as they took the trail together. "My name is Kent—Fordyce Kent of 'Wild Goose' Ranch, where my friend Chartris and I keep bachelor hall." The girl smiled, but made no answer, and he went on with a view to making conversation:

"I mean to try to restore myself to Shep's good graces with an extra large bone to-night. Do you think that might propitiate him?"

Sal's dimples again displayed themselves, while Bud showed all his large, equine teeth in polite appreciation of his host's amenities.

The air was close and oppressive, and suddenly the girl took off her broad straw hat, disclosing the fact that her hair was cut short, lying in loose curls about her face and giving her more the appearance of a handsome boy than the conventional young woman.

"Jove, she's handsome, though she's not my style!" thought Kent trying valiantly not to stare. A dainty, peachy-tinted bit of femininity appealed to him far more strongly than classic features and Juno-like outlines; yet he could not deny the girl's wonderful picturesqueness. Her conversational powers were evidently not in an advanced state of development, for she scarcely spoke as they approached the ranch. The house was a sufficiently comfortable, though primitive structure, with a wide piazza running about three of its sides, while back of it lay a long shed-

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like building—the quarters of the rancheros.

Chartris lounged on the veranda, occupied much as his friend had pictured, and the expression of his countenance when he beheld the motley cavalcade fully justified Kent's anticipations. However, in spite of his superciliousness, Chartris' courtesy was unfailing and hospitality is a fundamental principle in the West; so by the time his guests had approached, Chartris had tossed his book aside and was advancing to meet them. Even as he stood upon the piazza step he was scarcely taller than the girl, and the delicate hand he extended in welcome was smaller than Sal's shapely brown one. His fair hair was parted with precision in the middle, but one little blonde lock curled tightly on his forehead —to his intense disgust; there was a general air of good society about him, of which even the careless negligee he was wearing seemed to partake. His delicate fairness made the girl's large beauty seem a trifle coarse and over-blown, Kent thought; but evidently no such thought suggested itself to Chartris. He viewed her with an interest which Kent found a trifle too pronounced, as he bustled about in her service. One of the men cared for the jaded beasts, while Kent and Chartris bestirred themselves on behalf of their guests. After a brief optical consultation it was decided that Sal should have Chartris' room as more suited to feminine occupancy than Kent's disordered den, which Chartris would share with him.

When a little later the girl emerged from her improvised boudoir, having given sundry little feminine touches to her dress and hair, so radiantly, so compellingly lovely she looked that her host positively gasped as he escorted her to the adjoining room where supper was served. The supper (dinner Chartris always called it, insisting upon its service with an observance of form and ceremony most bewildering to the half-breed woman who presided over their Lares and Penates) was a tempting one, and the travelers did it full justice, rejoicing as the storm broke in all its fury in the Providence which had so sheltered them.

Afterward in the anomalous apartment which Chartris had begun by calling the "drawing-room," but which had deteriorated into a "den," constantly littered with pipes and whips and other masculine belongings, Chartris played the violin. Chartris played exquisitely—it was one of the few things he took pains to do well—and as the girl listened, the color flaming into her cheek and her dark eyes alight, her beauty was beyond cavil or question. When at length Chartris languidly laid down his bow, Bud, who had listened with patronizing interest, drawled slowly:

"Sal kin play, too. She kin play most any tune, can't you, Sal?"

For answer, the girl took the violin from Chartris' hand, holding it tenderly, lovingly, as she began to play. It was merely a trite popular melody which she had evidently picked out by ear, but she played with a fullness of tone and a freedom of bowing which Chartris recognized as indicative of native talent. Then gently, as if loath to give it up, she laid the instrument in its case, saying wistfully:

"Ef I could only learn to play—ef I could learn to play like you!"

"I wish I might have the pleasure of teaching you," Chartris answered with a note of tenderness in his voice which made Kent glance at him warningly. Then, at the girl's entreaty, he played again and again till "Dad" was discovered snoring in a corner, and the hosts found with contrition that it was very late.

When Sal found herself again in Chartris' characteristic chamber she looked about her with an interest and curiosity which her former brief tenancy had not permitted her to indulge. It was hardly the sort of room one finds in the home of the average Western ranch. Rich rugs were scattered about the floor; bits of bric-a-brac stood here and there; a few very good engravings and a number of bold sketches in black and white adorned the walls; the tennis racket Chartris had used at Harvard hung over the table; a pair of foils were crossed above the chimney piece; while all about the room were scattered in lavish profusion autographed portraits of ladies with corsages extremely decollete and skirts extremely abbreviated, failing to recognize whom as famous coryphees and soubrettes, it is to be feared that Sal indulged in reflections of a nature uncomplimentary to Chartris' feminine acquaintance.

The next day, which was Sunday, the young hosts insisted that their guests should remain with them instead of pushing on to Placerville, fourteen miles distant. They had visitors so seldom, Chartris said, that they liked to make the most of them. Crenshaw, nothing loath to spend the day on the piazza with his treasured pipe, readily consented.

Leaving Crenshaw and Bud to the tender mercies of Kent, Chartris proceeded openly to devote himself to the girl, bringing out for her delectation his choicest conversational efforts, his most effective blandishments; on his own part investing this unknown goddess with all sorts of charms and graces, most of which existed largely in his own fancy.

Like most men of small physique he had a pronounced penchant for strength and size, and, looking at Sal's lithe, powerful figure, he mentally likened her to Juno, to Diana, to Boadicea, to Brunhilda—to every goddess or heroine, in short, of whom he could think at the moment. True, his admiration experienced a slight diminution when, at luncheon, he chanced to note that his divinity used her knife with a freedom and impartiality not altogether sanctioned in polite circles; but it revived ten-fold when as they strolled together later she suddenly lifted her gun (which she had insisted upon carrying), and brought down a hawk which was wheeling slowly above at a height which Chartris would have regarded as prohibitive.

All through the day and through the long moonlit evening Chartris hung about the girl with increasing fascination and an admiration so palpable that Kent was not surprised when, as they sat smoking on the piazza after their guests had retired, Chartris remarked in a tone rather too elaborately indifferent, as he carefully knocked the ash from his cigar:

"Miss—er—Crenshaw—is a wonderfully fine woman, eh?"

"Yes, rather," Kent assented, "a trifle too large and highly colored for my taste, though. Conversation isn't exactly her strong point, so to speak, is it, old man?"

Chartris smoked a moment in reflective silence—then suddenly burst out:

"Look here, Kent, I half believe I'm in love with that girl. I'm sick to death of the conventional specimens one meets in society nowadays, and it's like a breath of fresh air to find a woman like this one—simple, unaffected, untrammeled by the restraints and conventions of society. I've been thinking all day how much happier a chap could be out here with a woman of that kind than with a simpering, giggling creature—like Maud Waring, for instance. By Jove, Kent, she's a splendid creature! She walks like a goddess. You know those lines of Kipling's—I can't help thinking of them when I look at her—'he trod the link like a buck in spring.'"

Kent roared with laughter.

"I'm afraid Miss Crenshaw wouldn't consider the quotation respectful, Chartris. Better stick to plain Anglo-Saxon, old chap."

"Well, say Diana then," submitted Chartris, undaunted. "I can quite imagine her with bow and spear returning from the chase——"

"So can I," answered Kent dryly; "rather better than in your mother's drawing room or at one of Mrs. Murray-Hill's receptions. Have you considered her grammar?"

"Oh, confound her grammar!" wrathfully.

"All right, if you like. *She* does, at any rate. But seriously, Chartris, the girl's all right in her own environment, with a setting of sage brush and chapparal—but take her away from this and it would be another 'Lord of Burleigh' case."

Chartris flung his cigar away and began to pace the floor with strides as majestic as his limited stature would permit.

"It may seem a joke to you, old fellow," he said, presently, "but I'll tell you, Kent, I'm in earnest this time."

"Yes, I know," said the unsympathetic Kent, "you're *always* in earnest, deeply, painfully in earnest while it lasts. I remember at college you had a new whim every quarter. First it was the cornet, which you practiced with a persistence which made you—unpopular; then you took to charcoals and alienated all your friends by doing execrable likenesses of them; then it was entomology, and I dwelt among bugs, beetles, tarantulas and centipedes till I was on the verge of D. T. You would always have a fad—this is your latest; take a reef in your sudden confounded enthusiasm, Chartris. Say, old

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chap, to oblige *me,* couldn't you drop this and make it paleontology?"

Chartris faced him angrily.

"You seem to give me credit for great tenacity of purpose," he said. "Will it convince you of my sincerity if I tell you that I have made up my mind to speak to Mr. Crenshaw in the morning"—Chartris had imbibed what Kent called a "lot of fool foreign notions" while abroad—"and ask his permission to pay my addresses to his daughter."

Kent was staggered. He had had no idea that Chartris was so much in earnest, and he realized that he himself was in large measure to blame, knowing as he did that opposition always but made Chartris the more determined. The legend of the man in Chicago who made a fortune by confining himself strictly to his own affairs recurred to him with painful significance. He got up and walked over to Chartris.

"I didn't mean to annoy you, Chartris, on my honor, I didn't, and I beg your pardon," he said. He held out his hand, and after a moment's hesitation Chartris laid his delicate fingers in Kent's big brown palm. "If you're really in earnest, I haven't a word to say, but I do wish you'd promise me to wait a day or two, and then, if you feel as you do now about it, you can ride over to Placerville and have a talk with Crenshaw. Do this for my sake, Chartris. I'll feel better about it, and I don't doubt you will too."

After a moment's consideration, Chartris said slowly:

"You're right, Kent. I'll wait a week, and then I presume I'll know my own mind." And with this Kent was fain to content himself.

The week which followed was rather an uncomfortable one for the two friends. An impalpable barrier had risen between them, and neither knew how to break it down. After the departure of the Crenshaws, being no longer under the spell of the girl's beauty, the crudities of her speech and manner began to recur to Chartris with painful distinctness. In remote perspective, she seemed less and less attractive, and but for his promise to Kent he would willingly have let the matter drop. But Chartris was one of those to whom belief in the infallibility of his own judgment is imperative, and he would have wedded the "Witch of Endor" before he would have acknowledged his error.

Kent for his part was equally uncomfortable. He was sincerely fond of Chartris, who, in spite of his peculiarities, was scrupulously honorable, gentlemanly and even generous. Kent realized that the boy was sacrificing himself to an absurd, theatrical fancy of the most ephemeral. He longed to speak frankly to Chartris and have it out with him, but he realized that would be but to make matters worse; so he and his friend continued to meet with a constraint which had never before divided them.

It was therefore with a feeling almost of relief that one day exactly a week after the departure of the Crenshaws, Kent saw Chartris mount his horse and ride away.

Chartris, immaculate in a London-built riding costume, which contrasted queerly with the rough and ready garb of the local cowpunchers, looked as faultlessly trim and elegant when, after a long and dusty ride, Placerville appeared on the horizon as when he had left the ranch two hours earlier. Chartris' elegance was impervious to outward conditions.

Suddenly on the trail before him he observed a figure which, even at long range, he recognized as the subject of his then far from agreeable meditations—the girl Sal. She wore the dress in which he had first seen her, and she carried her beloved rifle with an ease and grace which bespoke long usage.

Chartris urged his horse forward, and in an instant was standing with bared head by her side. The girl turned toward him, her handsome face aglow with life and color—a veritable goddess of the chase.

"So glad to see you again," Chartris heard himself saying inanely. "You cannot know how dull and stupid the ranch has seemed since you left. I hope you've not quite forgotten us?" The girl's big, bovine eyes met his with simple directness.

"No," she answered quietly, "you all wuz mighty kind to us."

"Kind!" Chartris echoed. "It was our pleasure—our very great pleasure. I—" he checked himself abruptly, recalling the letter of his bond. He began to fumble about for some subject of conversation. "But I rode over today to speak to your

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father, Miss Crenshaw. Shall I find him in the village, do you think?"

A puzzled look came over the girl's face. She looked at him questioningly for an instant, then suddenly light broke in upon her.

"Ef you mean Crenshaw," she said at last in her slow, musical drawl, "he ain't my father—he's my husband. I'm his second wife. Didn't you know?"

For an instant Chartris stood looking at her with an expression which beggars description; then with some murmured incoherency he mounted his horse, lifted his hat, and a moment later was riding swiftly in the direction whence he came.

REVOLT

BY GRACE HELEN BAILEY

Behold! deep in the hearts of us, desire
  Enkindles flames to burn on altars thrust
  From out the very selves of love and trust.
Consuming all the nays of creed, this fire
Sears fiercest when prophetic vision dire
  Puts ban upon unholiness: a rust
  That ne'er can tarnish. Sweet, our lawless dust
But makes our passion's spark leap all the higher.

When all the world, my Sweet, in springtime swoons,
  And life, the sap, goes coursing through all things;
    And aeons gather time's immortal flower
And dust it with the silver of new moons—
  We shall, Beloved, be essence of those springs:
    Deathless for aye! We snatched from life our hour.

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THE DIVINE PROGRAM

VIII—THE JUDGMENT SCENE BEFORE THE GREAT WHITE THRONE

BY C. T. RUSSELL

PASTOR BROOKLYN TABERNACLE

ST. PAUL DECLARES that Christian believers, when they receive the Holy Spirit, "Receive not the spirit of bondage and fear, but the spirit of a sound mind." For the long centuries of the dark ages, however, Christianity was merely a nominal affair, except with the very few. Instead of the Holy Spirit, instead of the spirit of love and of a sound mind, the world was at that time dominated by a spirit of fear. To some extent this is still true. Nevertheless, increase of knowledge is taking some of the shackles of fear from off of the intellects and permitting us to look at everything more honestly, more logically, more with the spirit of a sound mind than ever before. We are glad of this, and purpose now to examine our subject in the light of the Scriptures and with the spirit of a sound mind, divesting ourselves, so far as possible, of the "fear which bringeth a snare."

The Day of Judgment, or, as it once was called, Doomsday, had an awful significance to our forefathers. To them it brought pictures of Christ upon his throne of judgment surrounded by myriads of holy angels intent upon executing his decrees, good or bad, and to the vast majority of those decrees were supposed to mean eternal torment. A once famous preacher of this famous city of churches pictured the Judgment scene most grotesquely as represented in the public prints of about thirty years ago.

He pictured the Second Coming of the Lord Jesus in his power and great glory, seated upon a cloud in mid-heaven, surrounded by angelic hosts. Before him appeared the world of mankind, brought back from heaven and hell and the dust of the earth. In grandiloquent language he pictured the earth turning upon its axis during a period of twenty-four hours, so that the entire worldful of people could see the Judge on his cloud-throne. The Judgment picture was a mere farce, for the Judge merely said to those who had come from heaven, Go back. Resume your crowns and harps. And he said to those who had come from hell, Go back to your eternal torment.

This and other very similar misrepresentations of the Day of Judgment have so repulsed the intelligence of many as to turn their minds away from the Bible toward Agnosticism. It is our purpose on this occasion to, if possible, set forth the Bible presentation of Divine Truth on the subjectof God's Judgments so clearly, so self-evidently, that none possessed of a sound balance of mind could possibly object thereto.

A Judgment Day in Eden.

A totally wrong thought seems to have gotten possession of all of our minds in respect to the meaning of the Day of Judgment. It is generally understood to signify a day of condemnation. However, the expression in the Scriptures really signifies a day of crisis, a time of decision, a period of trial;—not a day of inflicting punishments for crimes previously adjudicated. The Greek word *crisis* translated *judgment* has been so frequently used in our English language that it has become an English word as well. Hence its meaning, the same in the Greek as in the English, is well known to us all. For in-

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stance, if in our home we have a patient who has taken the fever and a doctor calls, we may inquire how soon recovery may be expected. The doctor asks the date the fever began, and answers that its crisis will come on the seventh, fourteenth, twenty-first, twenty-eighth, or some other day a multiple of the seventh day from its commencement. His meaning is, that then the testing will come, the trial, the determination whether the person will sink into death or recover from the fever. This gives us the proper thought connected with this word *crisis* or *judgment;* the proper thought, therefore, connected with the expression, Day of Judgment. For instance, there was such a Day of Judgment in Eden when God forbade our first parents to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. At that moment their testing, their trial, their judgment, began—to demonstrate their obedience or disobedience, and thus in turn to determine their worthiness or unworthiness of life eternal. In that Judgment Day, as we have already seen, our first parents were disobedient and a death condemnation came upon them, which has been inherited by all of their children in a natural way. Partaking of their flesh and blood, we partook also of their weaknesses, mental, moral and physical; hence we are a dying race—dying because our first parents failed in the first Day of Judgment or trial.

The Jewish Judgment Day.

While God foreknew that the Law Covenant made with the nation of Israel through Moses would not effect a deliverance of the nation from the effects of original sin, he nevertheless, for good reasons, gave that nation a trial or judgment or testing under the provisions of that Law Covenant. It was a life or death agreement. Any who could keep the requirements of that Law Covenant might under it claim eternal life. Whoever failed of keeping the requirements of that Law Covenant would die. This trial or test came upon that nation at the time of its deliverance from Egypt, when they passed through the Red Sea and were baptised into Moses in the sea and in the cloud—the sea on the one hand and the cloud overhead. They were baptized or buried into Moses. For nearly fifteen centuries that nation was on trial or judgment, yet the results of the judgment were not decreed until our Lord's Second Advent, when he was declared of the Father to be the One, and the only One born under the Law Covenant who inherited its blessings of eternal life by absolute obedience to its every requirement. Not only so, but the remainder of that nation were all adjudged unworthy of any further trial, as our Lord himself expressed the sentiment, saying: "Your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord—at his Second Advent.—Matt. 23:38, 39

The Apostle Paul, reviewing the results of those fifteen centuries of their judgment or trial, tells us that the Law Covenant made nothing perfect; that it merely showed to be perfect the Perfect One who had left the heavenly Courts and become a man, in order to redeem Adam and his race. St. Paul, however, shows us also that, throughout that Jewish Age of trial some were found possessed of faith far beyond their fellows. He enumerates many of these, and then calls attention to the fact that they died without having received the things promised to them, but that they did receive Divine approval in that the Lord declared that they pleased him—not by perfection of works and obedience to the Law Covenant, but that he was pleased with their faith: they demonstrated that if they had been free from the blemishes of the fallen condition, blessed with perfect bodies and minds, they would have delighted to have kept the Law perfectly.

Spiritual Israel's Judgment.

The Gospel Age is represented as an epoch of trial or testing or judgment for the Church of Christ—the Body of Christ—those to be joint-heirs with Christ in his nature and his throne—"the Bride, the Lamb's Wife."

The Scriptures point out to us that during this epoch God is drawing and calling from the world of mankind a "little flock," and that he is permitting the way of response to his call to be made a narrow one and a very difficult one. This

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Pastor Russell at Brooklyn Tabernacle

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is to the intent that the class that will hear, obey and walk in the footsteps of Jesus in this narrow way may be a very special class, a "little flock," each one of them copies of God's dear Son, the dear Redeemer. It will be seen, then, that in a very special sense there is a trial, a testing, a judgment, in progress—not a judgment in respect to the world, but of those who have accepted the "call" and made living sacrifices of themselves in the Lord's service, to the knowing and doing of the Lord's will. These are required to make their calling and election sure by demonstrating their loyalty to the Lord and his Word and the brethren, under various trying conditions, of which the Apostle Peter says, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you." (1 Pet. 4.12.) The trials are necessary for the development of character and for the proving of the faithful ones; hence the overcomers in this trial must be found faithful, not only in reaching the mark of perfect love, but in maintaining their stand there, resisting the various attacks of the flesh and of the Adversary, Such "conquerors" will be granted "the crown of life," which God has in reservation for them that thus love him.

With the end of this age, the trial or judgment will be completed, finished. The "little flock" of overcomers will receive the reward of joint heirship with their Lord and participation in Divine nature; while those not counted worthy of this glory, yet faithful in many respects, will receive blessings of spiritual nature without the "crown." Others still, failing entirely in the trial, will be accounted unworthy of eternal life on any plane, and will die the Second Death, as says the Apostle: "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened , and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Spirit, and have tasted the good Word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame." (Heb. 6:4-6.) Again, "For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the Truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment, and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries."—Heb. 10:26-27.

The World's Judgment Day.

The Apostle declares: "God hath appointed a day, in which he will judge *the world* in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead."—Acts 17-31.

It will be noticed that this cannot apply to the original Judgment Day, in which our first parents failed in Eden; neither can the words apply to the judgment or trial which came to Israel under the Law Covenant, nor to the church on trial during this Gospel Age; because it is put in the future tense. The Apostle used these words in the beginning of this Gospel Age, and the words apply beyond this Gospel Age to an appointed day or epoch future. The day referred to is "the day of Christ"—the Millennial Age —the thousand year day of the reign of righteousness, when Messiah shall be King over all the earth, to rescue it from the reign of sin and death and to bless all the captives of sin and death—the entire human family, already redeemed by the precious blood. The Apostle's words clearly state that he refers, not to the church's trial period, but to the world's. Certain things are necessary to a righteous judgment or trial of the world.

1. They must all come to a knowledge of the Truth. (1 Tim. 2:4-6.) They cannot be saved in ignorance and superstition and vice. They must all be brought to a knowledge of the redemption accomplished by the sacrifice of Christ; to a knowledge of God's willingness to receive them back again into his fellowship. They must all be proffered assistance out of the degredation which came upon them through the disobedience and fall of our first parents, in the first trial or judgment.

2. They cannot be on trial for life everlasting without first having been judicially set free from the original condemnation—the original death sentence pronounced upon our first parents in Eden and inherited by all of their children. These conditions have not yet been met,

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and hence the world is not yet experiencing this trial or judgment or testing which, the Apostle tells us, God has appointed for them. It will come to them, however, in the time appointed of the father, called in the Scriptures "God's due time." Furthermore, the time for the world's judgment or testing cannot come until the trial or testing of the church shall have been completed and the worthy ones been found, because it is the Church that is now on trial, and that is to furnish the judges for the world's trial day. Mark the Apostle's words to this effect: "Know ye not that the saints shall *judge* the world?" (1 Cor. 6:2.) Nor is this thought out of harmony with the other text, "God hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained." On the contrary, we have already seen that "the mystery" of this Gospel Age lies in the fact that Jesus, the Redeemer of the world, is the Head of the Church, which is his Body, and which is now being selected or tried or judged for its position in glory, only the faithful receiving the reward, or membership, in the glorious Prophet, Priest, King, Messiah, beyond the veil.

The wrong thought respecting the Day of Judgment has made of it the day of terrors to the Church and to the world—all who have heard of it. It has been supposed to seal the doom of humanity: that thenceforth the Lord will have no pity and show no mercy. But the Scriptures, consistent with themselves, point out that the coming Judgment Day of the world signifies, to it, a great day of judgment, trial and blessing; just as the Churches judgment day signifies a great blessing to us; the privilege of becoming heirs of God and joint heirs with the Redeemer in his Kingdom glory. As to these facts, notice the words of inspiration by the Prophet David. Prophetically looking down beyond this time to the Millennial Age, the Prophet declares:

"Let the heavens be glad,
And let the earth rejoice;
And let men say among the nations,
Jehovah reigneth.
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;
Let the fields rejoice, and all that are therein.
Then shall the trees of the wood sing aloud
At the presence of Jehovah;
BECAUSE HE COMETH
TO JUDGE THE EARTH.
O give thanks unto Jehovah, for he is good;
For his mercy endureth forever."

To the same day the Apostle also points, assuring us that it will be a glorious and desirable day, and that for it the whole creation is groaning and travailing in pain together—waiting for the great Judge to deliver and to bless the world as well as to exalt and glorify the church.—Rom. 8:21, 22.

In John 5:28, 29, a precious promise for the world of a coming judgment-trial for life everlasting is, by a mistranslation, turned into a fearful imprecation. According to the Greek text, however, they that have done evil—that have failed of Divine approval—will come forth unto resurrection (raising up to perfection) by judgments, "stripes," testings, disciplines. —See the Revised Version.

The Great White Throne.

The Book of Revelation is recognized by God's people to be a book of symbols. One of its beautiful pictures relates to the Judgment Day. We read, "And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."—Rev. 20:11-13.

This is one of a series of pen pictures of the Millennial Kingdom of Christ and the blessings it will bring to mankind—the blessed privilege of a fresh judgment or trial for everlasting life. The first judgment of the race in Adam resulted in failure and condemnation of our first parents, and we were merely included in its losses, its disasters. By Divine arrangement, our Redeemer has died, the Just

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for the unjust. The application of his merit to father Adam will extend a blessing eventually to every member of his race, securing to them all a full release from the original condemnation or sentence and from all of the blight which came upon our race as a result. Setting aside the original penalty does not give either Adam or his children eternal life, but merely provides for all a new judgment or fresh trial for eternal life. Adam had perfection of life and held it tensively on condition of his obedience. The redeemed race will come back again to Adam's position of trial and testing, as respects worthiness of life everlasting.

However, instead of bringing mankind back by instantaneous process from the tomb and from our present fallen condition of mind and body to the full perfection of human nature, which Adam enjoyed, God proposes a still better way. He will give his fallen creatures through Christ an opportunity to climb up out of the sin and death conditions into which Adam's transgressions brought all. Some are more fallen; some less so. None could be recovered except by the Redeemer, whose death provides the ladder, so to speak, by which mankind can be raised up to full human perfection and Divine favor and all that was lost in Adam. The opportunity for thus rising up by their own exertions and by the assistance of the glorified Redeemer and his glorified Church will be during the Millennial Age. That opportunity will constitute the world's trial or judgment.

Various offices are attributed to our Lord, in connection with his great work for the world of mankind. Thus we read that he is to be the great Prophet, the great Priest, the great Mediator and the great Judge. We have already seen that the foundation for this great Kingdom and Judgship was laid in our Redeemer's sacrifice of himself; but the execution of the great Plan of God, the Divine Program, was delayed to permit the selection of the Church, the "little flock," the Judge and associate judges.

A gradual testing of the world by uplifting processes, by the binding of Satan and the making of the knowledge of the Lord to fill the whole earth, etc., will be much better for all concerned than if they were instantly made perfect and then put on trial as Adam was. The thousand years of uplifting influences and the striving against sin and the forming of character according to the Divine will will be helpful to the world and enable them to overcome, in the trial which will come to them in this gradual way. Help at each step and assistance out of every unintentional blunder is provided until at last all the willing and obedient shall have reached the full perfection of human nature—all that was lost by Adam and redeemed by Jesus or, refusing it, will have been destroyed in the Second Death.

The "great white throne" represents the powers of the Government and the purity or fairness of the trial which will be granted to the world of mankind. When we read that heaven and earth fled away from the presence of him upon the throne, it identifies that throne with the end of this age, and the opening of the Millennial Age. Present institutions are represented thus: the heavens, the church, etc., and the earth the political and social interests of "this present evil world." As St. Peter tells us, present institutions shall "pass away with a great noise," and instead the Lord will reveal a new heavens and a new earth—that is to say, new spiritual powers, the Church in glory; and new earthly powers, the new political and social conditions—along better lines than those which now control: along lines of Justice and Love.

The judgment or trial is before God in the sense that it will be along the lines of the Divine Law, though the Law Giver in this trial will be represented by the glorified Mediator. The judgment will not be along new lines, but along old lines, as our Lord Jesus declared: "My Word shall judge you in the last days."

However, so far as the world is concerned, our Lord's words are as yet hidden mysteries, words not understood. Only the Church, enlightened by the Holy Spirit, has been able to appreciate the Divine Word clearly. But when the world's judgment or trial will be on, during the Millennium, the books will be opened—the books of the Bible—and the dead will be judged, will be tried, will be tested along the lines of teaching found in those books of the Bible. Those who give

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heed to the message of the Lord, its doctrines, its precepts, will make progress from grace to grace, from knowledge to knowledge, from strength to strength. Their Restitution or Resurrection will gradually progress as the Truth *tries* or *judges* them and finds them responsive, obedient to the voice which speaketh from heaven. St. Peter tells us that it shall come to pass that the soul that will not obey that Prophet, that Teacher, that King, will be destroyed from amongst his people. (Acts 3:23.) On the contrary, all who do obey the Lord's Word will, by the close of that Millennial period, have reached a full human perfection, mental, moral and physical. They will be as perfect as was Adam, and additionally possess a wider range of knowledge, and many of them, we trust, a firm texture of developed character. Still, however, at the close of the Millennial Judgment Day a great final test will be provided, which will thoroughly demonstrate the heart loyalty or disloyalty of each one. And all the disloyal will be utterly destroyed in the Second Death, without hope of recovery of any kind.

The Sheep and the Goats.

Our Lord gave one of his parables to illustrate the world's judgment during the Millennium, the parable of the sheep and the goats. Its location is definitely fixed by the context, which shows that it will find its fulfillment during the Millennial Age—after the present age shall have closed. We read, "When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." (Matt. 25:31, 32.) This parable corresponds exactly to the "great white throne" picture of Revelation. It shows all nations, all peoples gathered before that throne, which will be established in power and great glory. The Son of man who will come in his glory and who will sit upon the throne has given us numerous assurances that the elect church shall sit with him in his throne. The church will not be amongst those sheep and goats before that throne, but, glorified as the Lamb's Wife, the Church will be with her Bridegroom in his throne judging all nations—judging them, proving them; which are of the sheep nature and which are of the goat nature. The former will be blessed. The latter will be destroyed.

At the end of the thousand years of the Judgment Day, the sheep found at the right hand of favor will receive the blessing: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world"—an earthly kingdom, different decidedly from the heavenly kingdom, which will have previously been given to the church in association with her Lord. Then the unworthy will also be dealt with.

As we read, He who sat upon the throne said to the goat class, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels"—his fellows, all who are of his character likeness, and who are in sympathy with him. These will include all of Adam's restored race who, after enjoying the knowledge and favor of God, shall maintain any sympathy for sin and discord.

The everlasting punishment, be it remembered, will be administered; but this does not signify everlasting torments, because the punishment for sin is not torment, but death—everlasting death will therefore be the punishment of the goat class with Satan the great adversary. From this death their will be no redemption, no resurrection, no recovery of any kind. As St. Peter declares, "They shall be like brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed." The everlasting fire is as symbolical, as parabolic, as the sheep and the goats. Fire is a symbol of destruction, and everlasting fire a symbol of everlasting destruction. An everlasting fire is one not quenched, one which burns until it shall have accomplished its purpose of complete destruction.

More and Less Tolerable

Our Lord had considerable to say about this great Day of Judgment, by and through which, in the Father's Plan, he was to extend the blessings of his sacrifice to the entire race. Jesus upbraided the people of Bethsaida and Chorazin, declaring that Sodom and Gomorrah would have repented with contrition in sackcloth and

ashes, if they had enjoyed their opportunities. He assured them that, in the Day of Judgment, the day of trial, the day of testing, the Millennial Judgment Day, matters would be more favorable for the Sodomites than for the people of Chorazin and Bethsaida. — Matthew 11:21-24.

This may give a new thought to some—that the Divine arrangement for dealing with the Sodomites during the Millennium will be quite tolerable—less severe, less of an ordeal than for some of the Jews who lived in our Lord's day. Nor are we to think of those Jews as being specially wicked and reprehensible, because they crucified the Lord of Glory. St. Peter declares, "I wot that through ignorance ye did it, as did also your rulers." (Acts 3:17.) Of those same Jews we read that the Lord will "pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications; and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son."—Zech. 12:10.

But glance at the case of the Sodomites. Our Lord shows that he had reference to those persons who lived in the days of Lot. He says, "But the same day that Lot went out of Sodom, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven and destroyed them all." (Luke 17:29.) Those Sodomites had no share in any day of judgment, except in the sense that they were children of Adam, and by heredity they were condemned in him and shared in his death sentence. They sinned, doubtless, against a measure of light, yet not against full light, because the Gospel lamp was not lighted and did not shine upon any until Jesus' day. Thus it is written that Christ "brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel;" and, again, that this great salvation "began to be preached by our Lord." (2 Tim. 1:10; Heb. 2:3.) The death of the Sodomites, therefore, was merely the Adamic death, hastened; not the Second Death. They would have died anyway. They were taken in a manner which furnished an example for those who afterwards should live in extreme ungodliness, as they did; whether with or without the Gospel light.

If we turn to Ezekiel 16:46-63, we see how the Lord reproved Israel for unfaithfulness, under great privileges and blessings. He reminds them of how, in the days of their prosperity and pride, they disdained their sister nations, the Sodomites and Samaritans. After telling them that they were worse than either of these, he further informs them that when he fulfills his promise to them to regather Israel, to restore to Israel his favor and the light of his countenance and to make with them the New Covenant, he then will also bless the Samaritans and the Sodomites. We read, "When I shall bring in their captivity, the captivity of Sodom and her daughters, and the captivity of Samaria and her daughters, then will I bring again the captivity of thy captives in the midst of them. * * * When thy sisters, Sodom and her daughters, shall return to their *former estate,* and Samaria and her daughters shall return to their *former estate,* then thou and thy daughters shall return to your *former estate.* * * * Nevertheless, I will remember my Covenant with thee in the days of thy youth, and I will establish unto thee an everlasting Covenant."—See Jer. 31:31; Rom. 11:27-32.

We see, then, that a Divine Program, which has provided that the world shall have a Judgment Day or Epoch, as the result of Christ's redemptive work, has set apart for it the Millennial Age, with amplest provisions that each member of Adam's race may have a full, fair and impartial trial for eternal life or eternal death. The Divine Program is surely a good one—ten thousand times better than the miserably confused and confusing ideas of the Judgment Day which came down to us from "the dark ages," filling us with fear and dread as respects God and his gracious arrangements for the blessing of all the families of the earth through The Christ, Head and Body.

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THE COCKPIT AND THE FILIPINO

BY GRACE HELEN BAILEY



HAT THE bull-fight is to Spain, Monte Carlo to the continent, the races to America, England and France, the cockpit is to the native of the Philippines, and more because he has few resources within himself and this diversion through the indulgence of many generations, has become an absorbing passion.

The regard in which the Filipino holds the fighting cock can be best appreciated by the saying: "If a native's family is in jeopardy, he first sees to the safety of the cock—then he looks after the baby." The love of chance, the gamester's daring, inherent in every human being, even though controlled by the more orderly, finds full vent in the contest between the two feathered combatants, and it is here, in the arena, that one sees the Filipino in an entirely new guise, denuded of the fatalistic calm which enwraps him when in the home, on the street, and bowing under the yoke of servility. Here he becomes intense, alert, watching each move with the concentration of the born financier, and, like that worthy, taking the decree of Kismet with the gameness which distinguishes the real sport either of the wheat-pit or the prize-ring.

In Mexico, and also in Spain, the cock has a casual significance, but the chanticleer is not the specialized luxury, one might almost say necessity, which he has become through many successive generations to the household of the native Filipino. One of the most common, and at the same time amusing, sights to the stranger is the care and seeming affection lavished upon the fighting rooster, and the lusty indifference, albeit willingness of this barnyard fowl in receiving the unremitting attention of the devoted owner.

In the provinces the cock is staked in front of the nipa house, and from a prescribed area picks his living in the society of meek goats, frisky kids, mangy dogs and nomadic pigs; in Manila, he exists in the conservative atmosphere of a grass plot, facing an imposing casa, or is held for hours in the arms of a squatting guardian, who employs his time in stroking the bird downward or pressing him to the ground with quick movements in order to better develop the leg and wing muscles. For days, nay, weeks, months, until he is in approved fighting trim, the cock assumes the role of constant companion, and not many occupations interfere with his position under the arm of his champion.

Carretons, with bare-legged drivers perched on any old place that may help to balance the unequal load, carry in one hand the long, cruel whip, while with the other the cock, tied to the side of the top pole of the odd vehicle, is unremittingly fondled; carretelas, filled with humanity in assortments of from two to fourteen to a load, and drawn by horses whose legs are not always long enough to reach the ground; carromatos, dirty, wabbly and uncomfortable, hitched to beasts that balk and create innocent amusement for the by-stander, scarcely one of these unique conveyances but has as passenger an important, strutting, beady-eyed rooster, blase and unabashed by the confusion.

From three to six months is the training time allotted to the gladiatorial contestant before he is allowed to even present himself before the committee of inspection. This seance is often held when you are waiting for your victoria, only to discover that the cochero is the referee and has no mind for prancing ponies; and again, your dinner guest has chance to whet his appetite while the muchacho (house boy) pretends to search for the vanished cook, always straying in the vicinity of the practice grounds.

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When the day of the contest arrives, the bird is in splendid condition. Although he has no special lineage of which to boast, for they do not, strangely enough, breed a class for this purpose exclusively, he struts about the pole to which he is fettered in the plaza outside the pit, with the proud consciousness which comes of inordinate care and haughty exclusiveness. His crowing is vigorous, and has no hint of victim in its shrill call to attention.

The cockpit is built with a sanded platform ten or fifteen feet from the ground, and shut off from the outer space by thin iron bars through which those of limited means can gaze at the combat in progress. The owner, or those who represent his interests, generally stand here, for it is a vantage point from which the sport is best seen. Above the grill-work the seats rise tier on tier, and in the center, halfway up, the man who handles the moneys and takes the bets, called the "asintista," has his chair and desk. With a comprehensive sweep, he takes in the audience, and not one movement of even the remotest individual escapes his attention when the fight is on and the betting begins. The judge sits in the pit, and the men who take the money from the gamesters circulate through the crowds that fill every available space, for even standing-room comes at a premium when the betting is heavy. These employees are noted for their phenomenal memory, and the rapidity with which they pass out or take in coin is nothing short of marvelous.

A bell is rung, and the game begins in intense silence. The antagonists, under the arms of their keepers, are facing each other in the arena. The birds are designated by the terms "mayroon" or "man with hat on," and "wala," which signifies "man with hat off," while the favorite cock is called "llamado" and his adversary is known as "dehado."

The bell clangs a second time, and the birds are placed opposite each other on the ground. As a rule, they ruffle up and apparently take no notice. They amiably begin to scratch and pick, but as soon as they turn backs and show disposition to meander, they are taken up, each by his representative, and goaded into a belligerent mood. The head of one is twisted and his comb exposed to the attacks of the other, who is handled roughly and stroked the wrong way in a manner to which he is not accustomed.

The fighting blood mounts; the wattle crimsons in anger, and when again liberated, the fowl makes a rush, one for the other. Now comes the cruel, the unfair part of the sport. To the leg of each bird is fastened a spur, gleaming and sharp, which, when unsheathed, flashes with a deadly significance.

This knife, or "tari," as it is called, is about two inches long and sharpened to razor edge, on both sides tapering to a fine point. Maddened by this unexpected impediment to the usual freedom, blazed into sight at each other, the cocks fly high into the air, beak to beak, wing beating a wild, fierce tatoo to wing. Feathers scatter and bare patches reveal the skin of the infuriated birds. The excitement of the onlookers rises to white heat; yells and cries turn the former quiet into pandemonium. Pesos rain down into the hands of the counters. An unpretentious native takes from under his camesa a fifty pesos bill, while a ragged "tao," fresh from the provinces, is liable to plunge to a hundred or more.

Bets at the Carnival were said, on authority, to run to 16,000 pesos, or $8,000.

And the wonderful thing about these brown people is the philosophy with which they take heavy losses, and the indifference with which they rake in equally heavy gains. This same unemotional exterior confronts the bleeding, dismembered bird that has been fondled and caressed for months.

If he is a coward and turns tail at the start, the owner takes him outside the ring, and often calmly picks him clean of plumage, then sets him free in all the bitter ignominy of a featherless garb. Sometimes the fighting is fast and furious, and consumes but a few minutes; on other occasions it runs into half an hour. At such times it is bound to commence slowly, and gradually works up until the victor makes a swift and fatal lunge.

When the game is over, the bird has no more value, and is taken out, thrown carelessly aside, or at once killed to be sold and eaten. I have seen game cocks continue the fight with a dismembered leg



"Ready!" Illustration made from a lithograph print from photo from Nature

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hanging by a mere thread of flesh; amid the cheers of the audience fighting to the death.

Some of the cocks cost as much as fifty dollars, while others can be had for five, all merit depending upon the muscular development and staying powers of the bird.

"The inevitable cockpit is the curse of the Filipino," says Mr. Miller, and that no single factor is so disastrous in its effect upon property and character as this institution and the gambling associated with it. It keeps the native poor, and reduces him to petty larcenies.

The American, however, has faith in the evolution of his brown protege, and declares that at the Carnival the pernicious cockpit was a failure, owing to the Filipino's preference for other sports, the promoters being out of pocket to the tune of several thousand gold dollars. If this proves a correct estimate of the brown brother's advancement, perhaps we can win him to the pleasantries of the prize-ring and the football scrimmage, we have already won him to football, and redirect his naturally cruel instincts from the torturing of helpless, feathered things.

ON THE HEIGHTS

BY AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES

We strolled together where the apple-boughs,
Bright with the ruddy fruit bent 'neath their weight—
And down the aisle where four-leafed clovers hid,—
Until we reached the time-worn garden gate.

Behind us, like a sea of molten gold,
There flashed a field of waving, tasselled wheat;—
And scarlet poppies bowed their stately heads—
To kiss the blue-eyed flowers at their feet.

The birds were trilling forth sweet notes of glee,
The dial, marked the speed of fleeting hours,
The red rose bared her fragrant golden heart,
And lured the Sun God from the lily's bowers.

So, stood we thus—my love and I, together,
For here our paths divided at the gate—
Hers—leading through the sweet, old-fashioned garden;
Mine—o'er the hills where silent shadows wait.

She would not climb the darkening hillside with me,
And I, in anger, would not go her way—
So each one scorning to recall the other,
We parted then—forever and a day.

Now, through the silver mists of memory's twilight—
So like a star, my loved one's face I see—
Ah! would that I had crossed the garden with her,
Or she had climbed the dizzy heights with me.

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AUNT HANNAH

BY R. C. PITZER



'NT HANNER," Beasom began, reminiscently, "was an old maid, and finnicky as New England, but she had the spondulicks; barrels of it. I grew up alongside of her shack, in the old camp of Black Valley. That place was settled 'most fifty years ago, and A'nt Hanner wasn't one of the late comers. She kept house for her brother, Tim Duggan, but he died and she inherited. They'd had a scrap with the rest of the family, I reckon, and had come West hot-foot, shakin' off the Connecticut dust as they hiked. Tim hit a pocket hard, and pulled out his pile, and then, as aforesaid, he struck the Divide. But A'nt Hann settled down and made her home amongst us.

"She was little an' shrivelled an' brown an' crusty an' close an'—an' Yankee. She had two big tom-cats, an old rockin' chair, a red and green shawl, knittin' kneedles, and hot tea the year round. And she sat by her window, rocking, knitting, drinking, talking to her cats, and rubberin', just like she'd have done back home. She come to die, final, but she didn't want to go, nohow, and she clung on desperate. People allowed she'd ha'nt that shack of hern't, she'd stuck to it so close and so long. But she didn't. Leastways, if she did, it was in a bran' new way, and not like any ghosts I ever read about in prose, poetry or real life, except maybe——.

"Say, that's what reminded me of A'nt Hann. I've been reading a good many books this winter, being shut up in the city without nothing much to do. I've read a heap, Germans mostly, for they kind of coincided with my gloomy feelin's and my thirst. There was Go-eeth, Flabbert, Miss Stall and Oh-Ida, and lots more. A feller by the name of Hofbra—Hoffmann—kind-a beery, somehow; reminds me of the glass I drank with you yesterday. * * * Sure, Mike; one of them big schooners preferred.

"Well, this gazabo had a little bit of a remark in one of them stories of his'n that got me to thinking about A'nt Hanner. When she come to cash in she hung on desperate, like I've narrated, but she sure couldn't stick it out; so she died in that cozy dump of hers, and was buried according to Hoyle, leaving her property to her nevew Sam, includin' the cats. Sam come out West to live in Black Valley, and run the mine what A'nt Hann used to lease out. He lived in A'nt Hann's shack, fed her cats sometimes, and had high jinks in her front parlor.

"I cottoned to Sam as soon as he showed up.. Raw, of course, but a prime good feller; hot stuff, and no mistake. He got the cactuses out of his feet in a month. He was young, and hell-roaring, and fat, and sassy; when he wasn't laffing he was kidding, and when he wasn't kidding he was drinking, and when he wasn't drinking he was making love to beat the band. He was one of them black sheep, I guess, but he didn't bleat none.

"So soon as he got settled in A'nt Hanner's shoes, Sam had four or five of us boys come up the hill to his place, one night, and say! talk about the high and mighty bounders of New York! Their suppers weren't in it with the time we had up at Sam's. He had a whole keg of beer there, sandwiches, cigars, chewin' tobacco, fire-water and baked beans, them last to indicate his sentiments and religion, I guess. And us men simply raised the roof. Hey? Women? What sort of a dog-gone piece of humanity do you think I am? Of course there weren't no women; Sam was a gentleman, same as me. But—oh, I sabe; yes, maybe they do feed that way in New York, but, you see, this is Black Valley I'm telling about. Over in Utah they marry frequent, and in Asiatic domains; morals are different in different

locations. New York suppers are all right in New York, but beer and yowls are good enough for Diogenes Beasom and Black Valley.

"About one o'clock we hiked out by the light of the moon, and tore up the town considerable; woke every livin' soul up, I guess; took off a heap of gates, and run three of Petersen's buckboards a clean half-mile down the road. Oh, we had a time! and final we all got thrown in the calaboose and fined hard. But 'most everybody we knew envied us that there bust.

"After Sam once celebrated his inheritance—it was most unexpected to him—he kind of sobered some, but his big, round, red, jolly face didn't lose any of its grin, not even when he fell in love with 'Pinochle' Petersen's daughter, and went driving in her pa's buggies, free of charge. But when Ulla—that's Petersen's girl—went East to study sign and buggy painting and such like at the art school, Sam sort of calmed down a heap.

"I went up the hill one night and found him a-setting in that rocker of A'nt Hann's, rocking for all it was worth. He had a bottle of beer on the window ledge at his elbow, and he was smoking his pipe furious, rubberin' out at the neighbors, and the smile on his mug was 'most gone. I tried to cheer him up, saying there was other fish, etcettery, but he didn't cheer. Howsumever, he said he didn't give a whoop about Ullie; he said that didn't matter none; he said he was blame well used to that; he said he'd been refused eleven times by that many different girls; he said he reckoned he had the artistic temperament. What was the matter with him was a general feeling of glum, somethin' like hay-fever, the grippe, and a bad case of the morning-after. It wasn't mental; it was physical ills that had got a grip on him. I prescribed whisky, quinine and sage, and went out and picked the sage myself. That cheered him, or maybe it was me and the whisky.

"'Beasom,' he says, mournful, 'I reckon I lit into this old burg too heavy, and did a heap I didn't ought to 've done. You and me, Beasom, has been too fast and furious. I don't believe A'nt Hanner would have liked it none to know that her heir had been tearing up her house, and wasting her money like I done. I don't think I've been treating the old lady square. How about it, Diogenes?' says he. 'What sort of a female was she, anyhow?'

"So I sat down and told him all about A'nt Hanner; how nobody never knew exactly what sort she was, because she didn't ever graze with the herd, but kept herself shut up in her own stall and ate tea and things, and sewed and knitted.

"'A sensible female,' says Sam. 'Fire ahead. Was she hook-nosed, thin-lipped, and chinned like Mother Goose?'

"'She was thin,' I described, 'and she never spent money foolish, and she fed her cats. I wouldn't be surprised if she ha'nted this dump some day, she hated to leave it so. You hain't seen nothin' of her?'

"'Don't get smart,' Sam says, looking at them two scrawny tabbies, what had once been slick and round cats; and he adds: 'Beasom, I'm going to get a cow and settle down.'

"He done it, too, in time getting so that he didn't talk about nothin' much but his house, and his cats, and his A'nt Hann, what had left him a fortune and didn't like to die and lose her home. And then he leased his mine, like she used to do, and I went away sudden, hiking to a boom up in middle Idaho.

"The Idaho camp went up in fireworks, and the man who boomed it likewise, and next summer I got back in Black Valley, dead broke, and most amazin' ragged. I remembered Sam, and I thought maybe I could borrow a stake from him, to put me on my feet again. So I mosied to A'nt Hanner's shack.

"There was flowers planted around quite considerable, and a bunch of green stuff was climbing up the little house, and sweet peas grew over the fence; it was homey and no mistake. I went in the yard and scraped my feet on the door-mat placed for that purpose. And I says to myself: 'It's no go here, Diog; old Sam's gone and got married.' There was femininity oozing from that place; everything was clean, and painted and scrubbed and blooming like hell. I half expected to hear a kid howlin', and I knocked quite gentle.

"Sam come to the door, but I didn't

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know him, first off, he'd grown so lean an' scrawny and old-maidish. That fat face of his was a memory; likewise the grin, ditto the gay ways he used to dress. He had on a pair of slouchy slippers, what fell off when he tried to walk, and his old red necktie was swapped for a black one, and he had on a sort of a gowny-lookin' thing what later he called a bath-robe, and I'm darned if up on his forehead he didn't have on A'nt Hanner's spectacles, pushed back, exactly as she used to wear them. He was a second edition of his a'nt, and that's the fact. I sorter gasped, and says, feeble, 'Hello, Sam.'

"Sam says: 'Is it Diogenes Beasom?' And he gave me a limpish hand. No hearty grip there, like he used to own. 'Come in,' he says, speakin' low and gentle. 'Glad to see you.' But I knew he weren't.

"I went in soft, walking so's my boots wouldn't screech, though there wasn't much talk left in them, and he led me into A'nt Hann's parlor. Last time I'd seen it that parlor looked like a cavern such as old Borey-eyes, the windy god, inhabits over in Turkey, or Greece, maybe; but now it was slicked up past belief. No dust, no finger marks, nothing loose on the floor, nothing piled on the chairs, no grub or clothes on the table, windows like looking glasses. I set down limp, and I begun to feel creepy. This room weren't natural.

"'Sam,' I says, 'you've got a slick house-keeper.'

"Sam dropped into A'nt Hanner's rocking chair and began to rock; and all the time he talked to me I see him keepin' an eye on the window, and rubbering out into the street, just like A'nt Hanner used to do. That made my creeps git noticeable. I almost called him A'nt Hann to his face.

"'It's been a terrible long time since I set eyes on you, Diogenes,' he says, giving a sort of an end-boost to my name, just like A'nt Hann used to trill it out. 'How've you been, Diogenes?'

"'Fair to middlin',' I says; 'but you don't look none too well.' I wasn't yet quite sure whether or not he'd got in double harness, so I adds, crafty: 'Anything new? I ain't had any news of nobody. Has Petersen's daughter got home from the East and the paint factory?'

"'I reckon not,' Sam says, listlessly. 'I don't know. I ain't taken much stock in my neighbors lately. Been kind of keeping home and minding things.' He spoke sort of lugurbrious and drawly, and I did not feel chirpy myself.

"I looked around. By-and-bye, there at his elbow on the window-ledge I seen a work-basket—knittin' needles sticking up out of it like a scart porcupine, an old woolen sock likewise, ditto a new stockin' minus the toe. No beer bottle, no pipe, no 'baccy, no stubs of matches anywhere.

"'Don't mind if I smoke?' I says, pulling out my corn-cob, what had gone through the Idaho war with me.

"Sam shivered like an icicle had dropped down his neck, and he stuttered some. 'I wish you wouldn't, please, Diogenes,' he whimpered; 'I can't bear it any more. I quit smoking a long time ago, and the smell makes me sneeze. Besides, it gets in the curtains,' he says.

"I shivered myself, but put my pipe away. I was gettin' interested. 'She wouldn't have liked it none, neither,' I says. And, 'By Glory!' I adds to myself, low and emphatic.

"'It was a long, dry walk up here,' I says. 'Kind-a parchy. You don't happen to have a bottle of beer handy, do you? That Milwaukee kind they make down in the foothills is pretty prime.' He used to have cases of that layin' around careless.

"'I don't drink strong drinks, Diogenes,' says that there ghost of Sam, or ghost of A'nt Hann—I was still undecided which it was—'but I'll make you a cup of tea, and welcome,' he says.

"He done so, while I sat and sweated. It was as plain as a nose. Sam was h'anted. No, that ain't a pun, though it sounds such. Sam was ha'nted by his a'nt's ghost; she'd got possession of his body. —what's the word?—a case of obsession. A'nt Hann just couldn't stay away from that shack of her'n, so she'd come back and stepped into Sam's shoes more solid than he'd ever stepped in hers. That's how I sized it up, and I ain't denying that I kind of took a notion it'd be a big sight pleasanter somewhere else; so I arose to make my adoos. And in arising I stepped on something and it squashed.

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"'My gracious,' says Sam, 'if it ain't that lost thimble. Now, how do you reckon it ever got on the floor? And it's all squoze flat.'

"I set down, limp. I kind-a remembered that A'nt Hann was always losing her thimble that way, and it made me weak. I had a cloudy recollection of steppin' on one of hers once, an' having her say just about what Sam had said.

"'See here, Sam,' I says, 'do you mean to say that you use that thing there, or used so to do? Did you make that stocking? Are you darnin' them socks? Are them needles——?'

"'Now, Diogenes,' he interrupts, 'don't do so no more so much at a time. Your tea's ready, and I'll take a cup, too. Do you remember A'nt Hann? You used to come here and talk to the old lady when you was knee-high, didn't you? And bring her posies and candy sometimes; and more often get a slice of bread and jam—home-made jam? 'Twas a long while ago, and you're a man grown, but them days kind of cling to a family's remembrance, don't they? You was a friend of A'nt Hann, and of the old Sam when I first come to this place. Don't dream of that, Diogenes, for I don't. Forget what I done, then, and repeat nothing. Did you want to see me perticular?'

"I mumbled somethin' about a grubstake, but he shook his head mournful. 'We can't spare any money, Diogenes,' he says, 'but good-will a-plenty. I hope to arrange it so's you kin come here to grub-pile till you get on your feet. It's most supper time now; better stay, and we'll see how things go, if you don't mind being pious.'

"My throat was dry, no use talkin', and I had the creeps. It was a plain case of recession. I was talking plumb face to face with A'nt Hann, and when I sure realized it, I stared at that skeleton of Sam, rockin', rockin' in the rockin' chair, and I seemed to see A'nt Hanner grinning out underneath at me.

"'Sam,' I says—'A'nt Hann—miss—Sam, ma'am, I reckon your hospitality is refused graciously. I'm dead sorry, but I'm leaving town, ma'am, Sam!'

"Sam looked mournfully out of the window. 'Ah,' he says, with a sort of an expectant groan, and he sized up the room. 'Diogenes,' he says, 'would you mind picking up that squashed thimble, and that there fistful of mud that dropped off your heel? Most careless to lug mud around that way; nobody likes it none, especially them that try to keep a clean house. Thanks, Diogenes. Diogenes, let me introduce——'

"The door opened and I started up, expectin' to see a graveyard erupt, but only a very tall, raw-boned female with a severe, tooth-achey jaw, entered.

"— 'my wife,' Sam finished, introducing me. 'An old bachelor friend, my dear.'

"'Whuf,' she remarked, like a lean bear, and sailed toward the kitchen, stopping to pick up somethin' off'n the floor. 'Mud,' she says, glaring ferocious at me; and went out.

"I broke for liberty or death. I seen the trouble, and knew that A'nt Hann's ghost was an hellucination of my imagination. Sam was hag-ridden, sure pop, but there are hags and hags. I prefer the dead varieties."

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A FICTITIOUS HISTORY OF THE WORLD

BY LIONEL JOSAPHARE

CHAPTER VI.



EFORE LONG, Cecropolias was shaken with that excitement which is underneath even the most profound readiness for event. News of hostile festivities in Pergasia reached King Cambyzantes, who declared for the utmost religious rites and public significance of war.

Akon, as Curator of Sacrifices, had already insulted the statue of Jidon. He justified himself with the publication of a dream. In this he was not upheld by the chief priest. A quarrel ensued, in which Akon defended himself with a bronze lamp, and being thoroughly active, belabored his superior to death. Both Cambyzantes and Ixander excused him for this; nay, more, proudly exonerated and praised him for it. To that end, they elevated him to the head of the sanctuary, without delaying for the customary election; so that the pagan divine now held the wished-for position by grace of seeming loyalty and without intervention of the treacherous contract, as premised in full.

The peculiar Pyro, of course, also raged for the cause, proclaiming the unpolluted authority and will of Vodar.

Gorlius, the demagogue, fumed as usual, and in a tumultuous flux of vituperation, called upon the gods of Pergasia for vengeance. Exact justice was ever his avowed motive. He reiterated the wrongs of Cambyzantes and predicted the wrath of the Pergasians to his monarch's downfall. He cursed Akon for an officious zealot and proscribed the act which used the gods for political purposes. Ixander, hearing of the speech, broke through the mob and slew Gorlius in the midst of his peroration.

Telles Eupator arrived upon the scene and, over the corpse of the demagogue, adjured all citizens to flourish the cause of their king. He denounced Perdicor and Perdicor's fantastic government, and called upon all for the perpetuation of ancient principles in which they and their fathers had always lived happily. He was loudly cheered.

Harpakus kept his house. He did not know at what moment his alliance might be discovered and himself put to death.

Akon, now Superintendent of Sacrifices and Chief Priest, required no further aid from outsiders. In fact, that conspirator, once a mere temple watchman, had now attained the limit of sacred aspiration on earth, and lamented the compact he had made with the priests of Jidon; for it seemed that he could have invented and carried out the whole affair alone, in Vodar's honor. Valor would have been better than treachery. Harpakus understood this, divined its attendant emotions, and feared that the newly-appointed one would divulge as much of the conspiracy as he might deem wise.

While the troops were being provisioned, Ixander, acknowledging the chances of war, besought an interview with Anori. But ere his messenger had returned, bearing news of the forces advancing in battle array, watchers on the hills announced approach of the hostile army.

King Cambyzantes drew up his forces on an open plain; for he knew Perdicor's custom of battle, an unstrategic rush that fully tested the strength of the opposing arrays. The advancing columns were not yet in sight of the plains; meanwhile the defenders of Cecropolias sat upon the ground in the shadow of their shields.

While thus the army waited, Ixander

hastened from his father's side and went to the home of Anori.

"Do you come in peace?" He was challenged by the aged yet warlike form of Harpakus, whose bodyguard surrounded him cautiously.

"I come in peace," replied Ixander. "But wherefore do you not go out in war, to watch afar the battle of your city?"

"It is not the battle of a city, but of a crown," said Harpakus. "Thy father wears it; let him defend it."

"Even so; I am come to speak to your daughter."

"You may enter. Still, speak it to me, and I shall deliver the tale. For, though you are Prince of Cecropolias, I am king inside this hedge of roses."

They entered a colonnaded hall, floored with onyx and divided with bronze. Around the stone was a border of mosaic. The whiteness of the marble columns was half-coated with bronze tablets.

"Indeed, as you say and I have heard but never known, you are a king in your own house," Ixander remarked, gazing about.

"And once in other," rejoined the other. "Now, Ixander, obey, thou, the king of gray age, and tell me what is desired of my daughter."

"Be with me and hark to your satisfaction," responded the prince.

Harpakus bowed, more in meditation than courtesy; then led the younger man to another apartment. This interior was rich and shadowy. From the skylight was a yellowish illumination, intercepted and shaded by hangings and tapestries.

Partly in the shadows about her couch, and partly in the dim light, lay Anori. She wore a long, buff-hued peplum painted with purple and crimson animals, all these outlined with precious stones resembling their hue. The borders of her garment were little oblong plates of gold linked together. Five necklaces of different lengths hung about her shoulders; five jeweled chains connected her ear-rings and traversed her black hair.

On a shelf beyond her head was a golden amphora, braziers of shallowness and height and inlaid with rubies; incense burners, little ivory boxes encrusted with gold and copper. On the floor were chests of cedar heaped with Orient silks in many hues, a small table of ebony, girt with copper and tortoise shell and decked with ivory. Out of the shadow of all these, listlessly protruded a white arm.

After contemplating the prince with a smile, she said:

"I shall rise, Ixander."

Two women came forward and retained her garment in graceful lines as they helped her to a sitting posture. Thence she stood unattended.

"Welcome, by the sword of Wah-wah," she murmured.

"The gods of battle are loud in the heavens," said Ixander. "Here is the sword of the past. Keep it until I come again. The heavens know, I may come bloodied with war, but yet they know that I shall see this sword again and take it from your hands. Perhaps 'twas I that shaped these faces upon it. They are there, forever, it seems, Anori and Ixander. I promised thy father I would come in peace; let not this kiss be held a breaking of my word. There! Vodar and the Queen of Heaven be with you! Were we not Wah-wah and Ainu, and they too were. Let me depart!"

With some eagerness for the fray, the which he knew not was how distant, Ixander made for the battle-field, leaving Anori to the counsel of her father.

In Pergasia, the Senate of Twelve had declared for war and published the heroic summons in the market-place, along the colonnades and terraces and upon the public trophies. King Perdicor offered sacrifices to Jidon and the war gods. Provisions for three days were being laden in the streets.

Then the whole army in long lines marched about the citadel, in passing chanted to the magic circle around the Temple of Jidon, turned at the Temple of the Wine God, and continued south along the western wall.

At the frontier, the king again sacrificed three bulls to Jidon, three to the war gods, and three to the glories of return.

Heavily armed troops in red tunics, leather cuirasses and helmets, marched at the head. On their left arms were shields behind which the whole body could stand protected. In their right hands were spears. Swords were buckled at their sides. Then pranced the cavalry, amid

which rode King Perdicor on a white horse blanketed with crimson and gold. The king was without weapon, his swords being carried by esquires, three at either side. Following these were the light-armed warriors with javelins. Behind were the bowman and slingers and the baggage wagons.

Cambyzantes' runners reported the nearness of the Pergasians, and soon the invading scarlet and yellow appeared over the ridge of hills. They made a faint show at the distance. The Cecropolians saw the glitter of metals and a slight movement of red on the hazy summits.

The defending army continued sitting, as if at play.

At this moment, strange deeds were going on in the advancing army.

It is not to be thought that a people are content because they are well governed. The sport of kings is death. And in view of their august lives, death, the most august punishment of all, is meted out to them when any punishment at all is found necessary and practicable.

Cambyzantes, a despot, logically enough was afflicted with a pretender that was mild and patriotic. Still, it was just as inevitable that Perdicor, the just, should be assailed with a violent pretender. And it was indeed seemingly fantastic that Harpakus, the honest opponent, should have a small following, and that Egenor, audacious, ferocious, proud and cruel, should have incited the people against the commendable laws of Perdicor. Be that as it may, when the Pergasians had broken their formation for ascent of the hill, a small detachment of heavy-armed soldiers charged through the stumbling cavalry with considerable uproar and hacked at Perdicor with their swords. These men were under the command of a captain of the regular army. The other captains busied themselves here and there maintaining order of the march; and a few minutes after the assassination, Egenor was proclaimed king. The body of troops was disciplined to obey the commands of their various officers, and these in turn took word from those that had been in lead of the outbreak. So that when the warriors in their scarlet and gold appeared over the tops of the hills, it was Egenor who took the high road on the great white charger. The body of Perdicor was borne to the baggage car in the rear.

Egenor continued his march towards Cecropolias. The battle was to be the first act of his kingship, a war of conquest. A noble king, marching in a public-spirited purpose had been murdered by a princely brigand, who was carrying out the same purpose with a selfish motive. The oppressed subjects of one king had been waiting to hurl back the enlightenment of another. Now, two potentates were about to strive for a division of wrongs, and two oppressed peoples were to do carnage each in the interests of its own particular oppressor.

At the anxious moment, Harpakus was at home, eagerly confabbing with a few friends and surrounded with his bodyguard. Akon was in his temple, and Pyro beseeching an oracle.

When Egenor's forces had descended the hill, they sat upon the soil and rested. Thus the two armies were so nigh that when the flutes and battle-songs of one were still, the other's music could be heard faintly in the distance.

Suddenly, from the visiting ranks galloped three full-antlered stags pursued by fifty dogs. This was an insult to the Cecropolians, who held the stag sacred to one of their female deities.

Cambyzantes' men arose as if heaved up by the earth. Egenor's warriors sprang to their feet and advanced to the left on a run. They were not long in this unprotected position, but, taking a quick angle to the right, opposed their shields to Cambyzantes. The left wing then opened, and, with the alliance of the bowman, flanked Cambyzantes and pressed towards the city.

The Pergasians made battle in a businesslike way. Some of their ordinary soldiers were equal in ferocity and skill to the princes of other cities. They had ever-merging phalanxes that were irresistible.

Cecropolias fancied it was contending with a democratic king, but it was in the battle-pangs with a finer despot than its own. Egenor's army was in the hands of subtle strategists. Slowly at first the battle played; the arrow swooped here and

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there, and the heavier javelins. As the two cities closed in upon each other, the long pikes came into gory use, swords were swung, and shield ground upon shield.

The Cecropolians called upon Vodar, and the Pergasians were loud in the name of Jidon. Where were Vodar and Jidon? Contending in heaven above their favorites.

Blood oozed in the grass. Like butchers dividing carcasses, warriors bent to split one another. Friend ran to the aid of friend, while javelins and arrows whirred over them or sped among. More scarlet than the tunics of the invaders were the defenders' tunics of blood. Auxiliaries rushed from all sides, from within and without the formations. Like flights of birds in the air, lengthening and converging, the battle lines of the invaders formed and unformed on the plain. With every shock the Cecropolians were at greater disadvantage. Still they obeyed the frantic admonitions of their leaders, and endeavored as best they could to repel the conquering steel. With every onslaught a few fell mutilated on either side, a few remained for the death-contention, a few fled and a few followed. This little scene took place a hundred times. There was one heaviest and overwhelming scene of all, where the colliding angers met in the main press of arms and mixed its bloods, dropping beneath the feet of oncoming legions from both cities, until the new rivals were perforce to transfer their hostilities further away from the piled impediment of corpses.

Thus it was to the twilight hour, when the Cecropolians were sworded back into the city and the conquerors erected trophies on the field. They did not stop here, but were soon at the gates. Within the city a detachment of besiegers had prevented the burghers and fought for the entrance of their comrades. The walls were no dike to an overflowing enemy that was now within and without. Down the streets the conflict extended, with longer lines of combatants each minute on the way. Every man that could bear arms hastened up to the reserves. The invaders were now in the temples, on the citadel, in the king's palace, and slashing their scarlet way through the market-place.

In the shadows of approaching night a man was seen crawling over the roofs of the market place. As he dropped to the street and stalked up a laureled avenue, his head was bent forward in distress, his chin crushing into the tendons of his neck. He passed to the house of Harpakus. Masses of black were on his shoulders and arms, thighs and brow. When he entered the house and the light of lamps, the masses of black were seen red. As he moved, his wounds opened afresh and bled more redly around their darkened clots. The stricken one held his arms tightly folded against his breast, to check the flow of blood.

Anori came forward with a cry. She wore a plain gray chiton, ungirt.

Even as from the beginning of disastrous time unto the end, the great emerging of womanly despair at the sight of her bleeding lover is the mere shrieking of his name.

"Ixander!"

"It is I," he half whimpered, half laughed. There was but one feat left to perform at that moment, and that was to die as a prince of lovers, if he had forsaken the debatable privilege of dying a prince of battle.

"It is I. Do you know me? I said I would come. I am disguised with blood and gashes."

With a long-drawn, reverberant sigh, she drew him to her breast. As a sleepy lover, that droops half-consciously in amorous arms, he lowered his head to her shoulder and closed his eyes.

She called for a servant. All had fled the house, and Harpakus was out in the streets.

Staggering, she led him to a wall, where she seized upon a double-edged sword. The palors of death were drawing his face.

"Look, Ixander!" With might then more than his, she forced up his head. "O live, Ixander, long enough to see that I die with you."

Languidly he raised his eyes. About her waist, under the chiton, was a loose belt, to which was fastened the rugged flint knife of the past, their past. Gazing at its less useful edge for an insufferable moment, Anori let it drop at her side. Then, where the lover's blood had spattered her bosom, she drove in the sharper

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sword of her sire. For a trice, the two beautiful examples of an ancient mating swayed and clung together; then fell to the floor, clutched in death.

Beyond their streets, the city was being looted by the light of torches. The enemy was over all.

And Vodar! Vodar, the god, was no more. There were no more temples of Vodar. It had been a battle of men and gods. Jidon had triumphed. Vodar was dead in the heavens, and in his temples on earth. Religion follows the sword.

Late next day, Pryo stood beside the dead body of Harpakus stiffly asprawl among his rose bushes and cemented to them with his blood. The priest gently touched the flesh that death had touched so roughly, and then entered the house.

Bravely in the demeanor of his calling, he moved through the halls. Darkness seemed to be struggling boisterously with silence. He whispered the name of Vodar. At the door of Anori's apartment, he stood for a spell, and, as his eyes became wont to the gloom, discerned the bodies of Ixander and Anori on the polished floor.

In the intensity of his dismay and defeat, he saw nothing more for a little moment—nothing more, until with wonder gorgeously ravishing the sense of reality, he beheld what at first was merely to be aware of something, something more.

And this something was two. One was an infant with reddish hair; the other, an infant whose soft skull was faintly haired with black. Lying upon their backs between the bosoms of the dead, the two babes moved their arms.

It was the aspect of a miracle.

"Vodar! Vodar has preserved their souls," cried Pryo in a frenzy of anguish and joy. Vodar is not defeated. Wahwah and Ainu still live! Jidon slew them on earth, and Vodar gives them back to the world." And Pryo gathered up the boy and girl babes in his gown.

He lay them down again to unfasten the flint sword from the form of Anori, and, retaking the double infantile burden, went back to his home inviolate of the pillaging throngs.

The next day Egenor's son was proclaimed King of Cecropolias, order was restored, and Pryo resumed his sacred duties.



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BEFORE THE DUCK SHOOT

BY O. RIEHL

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

AT LAST THE great day is about to arrive. Another sleep, just a wink, to be sure, for the arm and the eye must be steady, and then into the long shadow the boats must be sculled to the blinds.

The guns have all been oiled and cleaned —not a speck of rust in the barrel. The decoys look fresh and companionable, for much depends on their ability to entice the flocks that will come around the bend and swing in a low circle into range.

Coat, boots and hats have all been brushed up, and the water in the canteen is good and sweet. The shells are just right and can be depended on to bring down the big fellows who guide the young birds.

What a flood of pleasant recollections the ride in the train brings to mind. A three-hour journey it is to the club-house —and its "Helloa, Bill!" and "Helloa,



"Guns have been cleaned and oiled."

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"It's 'Helloa, Bill,'" etc.

Jack!"—good fellows, every one of them —with a "good luck to you" and a friendly hand-shake to boot.

The dogs are under the seats, and the air in the car becomes hazy, for a good pipe is the best companion when the wind blows from the north, and the hands grown cold and numb.

What a jargon the conversation seems to be—as automobilists have a language that no one but an enthusiast can understand, so have the duck hunters a vernacular that is full of the keen salt air that blows across the tule fields. A big canvasback duck is usually the hero of a yarn—the one recognized by everybody on the marsh as a clever bird who at last met his fate at the hands of a sordid pot-hunter.

The smoke thickens, the dogs under the seats grow restless, the wheels click over the rails, for the engineer has "pulled her wide open." The great fields of green marsh and tule spread away into the distance. The sloughs wind in and out, and here and there a blind faces a pond.

The sun shines pleasantly and the reflections in the water are clear and sharp. The engine gives a shrill whistle and the land of the hunter's promise is in sight.

The dogs crawl from under the seats; our baggage is gathered and we say "good-bye" and "good luck"—for ours is the first stop along the line. In the distance is the club-house—that long, low-roofed building with the gable roof and double chimney. A bend in the slough affords a view of the bridge where the boats are moored—those needle chips of wood that glide so noiselessly through the water. "Old Ben," the keeper, stands on the veranda with a welcome wave of his hand —for it's half a year since he tied the boats up for the season. The windows



Old Ben.

have been washed; the stars are bright and clear, and the fire-place roars and crackles with a welcome fire.

How quickly the time will pass away—for the sun will soon be low in the west and the evening flight will commence. All night the birds will fly low and flock in a clannish way. Tomorrow the great scattering will come—the leaders will be brought to the ground and the followers will raise and climb higher into the air. The stillness of the marshes will be broken and it's a good duck who will succeed in getting away without having his feathers ruffled.



The club house

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LITTLE MADAM NA-MURA

BY KATE SIMPSON-HAYES

The name of Kate Simpson Hayes is a new one to the readers of the Overland Monthly. In this issue she is introduced to our readers in "Little Madame Na-Mura." This story is a sermon. It is a rebuke to the white man and woman. It spells a tale of sorrow. In the end all comes out well for Madam Na-Mura, as far as this world is concerned. Let us hope that in some Great Beyond she may again meet her Lord.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

LITTLE MADAM Na-Mura sailed over the wide sea with her lord and master, leaving the land of the chrysanthemum, and her mother-in-law, smiling through tears. Only little madam wept. With her lord, slant-eyed Na-Mura, the three brown babies and a heart big with hope, she took up life in the new land. Her small shack in Shanghai Alley in Vancouver having no strip of earth wherein to make a garden, she set out a broken bowl on the small window sill, and therein she set a wonderful bulb, watching with anxious eyes for the first sign of green to come. At first they got along well. Na-Mura in his own country might have become a teacher, but in the new land he was compelled, by reason of three hungry mouths, and two plaintive eyes just the height of his own anxious ones, to take the first job which offered. It was driving a scavenger's cart, and he undertook the work without complaint.

Then came the time of "the riots." That is the only date fixed in the mind of little Madam. She can't forget it because that was the time her lord and master came home one dreadful day with his head broken open. He had gone out to his work with a light heart in the morning, only asking to be permitted to do his work—he only wanted one man's "job"—only asked one man's pay—one man's chance; but the Vancouver bullies yelled "Down with the yeller men!" "Down with the Japs!" and though he had hindered no man, and gave offense to no man, the bullies spied him perched on the high wagon; they saw he was small and weak and alone, and they set upon him, seeing no policeman in sight. Amid the flying debris which Na-Mura tried to dodge while directing his horse along, was a huge stone; this went with direct aim, and spt! over went the little Jap, the life knocked out of him, and not a breath left to tell he was living! This was more than the bullies wanted. They only meant to scare him from taking a white man's job.

Little Madam Na-Mura waited all day and waited all night in her small shack for the coming of her husband. She watched the window all the next day; and the next she ventured forth to the great highway; but the riots were still on, and wherever she went she met the evil looks and the evil words sounded in her terrified ears: "Down with the Japs!" Within the small shack she remained, singing to her brown brood the wonderful tale of how "Daddy had gone to get a rabbit-skin." Told it in her own language, just as any white mother might, and she smiled at her little ones while her heart froze with the fear that lay there unuttered. Then, there being no more rice in the house, the babies refused to listen to the tale of the "rabbit-skin." They wanted food; so little Madam Na-Mura went forth again.

From one familiar place she went to another, searching, asking; but every countryman she met either had a cracked head or fled at the approach of any one,

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expecting it. Man would give her no help, so she drifted into the Joss-House on Jackson avenue, and there lighting the Joss sticks, she prayed to her people's gods—just as you or I might do—weeping silently the while; then she turned her homewards once again. When she arrived at her little shabby home a miracle had happened; a green shoot came from the brown earth in the small window-pot-garden. Her heart gave a wild bound. She would find her husband now—there was no doubt about it! By some strange happening (which neither you nor I can understand), she found her lord, just as she knew she would, lying in a near-by alley. He was unconscious and still bleeding, though bandaged roughly. How he got there he never could tell—how the little wife got him home again she never could tell. She only knows it was the green shoot from the lily did it all; and his first conscious words were "all will be well." This he spoke in his own language, and they wept for very joy that they were together again.

Then followed a time which it were well not to speak about—for the credit of Canada. The bullies won the fight against Japanese labor, backed by certain political views (all highly edifying and "patriotic") and Na-Mura, still bandaged, one arm bruised, three ribs broken and his head "queer," set out, under the shelter of "The Nippon Contracting Company," to clear away the right-of-way for the Canadian Pacific Railway on Vancouver Island. This was work the bullies did not want to do. It was hard work, killing work, "good enough for Japs," so they were allowed to do it without being beaten. That night, before leaving his wife and babies, Na-Mura watched the bulb bursting into bloom. He said: "I will send for you when the blossom comes!" So that was the sign. The new world was very kind after all. He was to receive $1.75 per day for his labor, that and his passage paid. Why, seven cents a day would keep him alive and fat. A giant might grow rich on such a wage! With work found, now, the mother of the three brown babes might sing all day long; sing and watch the lily arrive at perfection.

Na-Mura went. His heart was big with a great happiness, his mind full of a great hope. Perhaps there were no bullies in the new place! At home the lily was growing—ere it burst into full bloom he would have his wife and babes. Three months went by; the lily blossomed and died. Madam watched for the letter, so long coming, and she set the dead flower away where she might not see it and remember. Then one day she received a letter. It told her a check had been sent through the Nippon Company a month before. "Why," it asked, "had she not come to Na-Mura?" No wonder the lily faded at once! In a pigeon-hole of the company's desk lay the time card of Na-Mura; it had been overlooked; she might have had it weeks ago had she known; but with thankful hands she received it, prostrating herself before the coarse-eyed paymaster, who said: "Get out; that's all now!"

So off they set, the three loved babes and the newly-hopeful wife of broken-boned Na-Mura. They arrived at night by stage, and so changed, so altered, so starved of flesh was the father of the little flock that the babes screamed with fright when they saw his face. But Madam took him to her sore heart, saying: "We are together again; all is well!" She said this in her own language, but with sinking heart. Na-Mura was rather a hindrance than a help on the work of clearing the right-of-way. The foreman wanted to hear the stroke of the axe as well as see the felled timbers. By reason of his maimed arm, Na-Mura's stroke was weak and the swing of the axe slow; it was the stroke of a child, but he stuck to the work manfully. The Vancouver bullies had broken the bones of Na-Mura, but his spirit they failed to break. All because there were four mouths to feed now, and "the fear" came upon the man when his weeping wife whispered the tidings that another mouth to fill would come in time.

Next morning poor Na-Mura went out to the forest determined to work like the others. He went at the first tree, a giant cedar, six feet across, and he made the chips fly merrily. This made the men stare—it also made the woods ring with echoes. Na-Mura had the strength of two men in his heart now, for, down in the leaf-hung forest, within a tiny log-

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hut, sounded something sweeter than bird song: it was the brave-hearted little wife singing her native songs to the brown brood about her knee. She sang while she waited, sang while she worked, sang while she watched for the coming of the babe's father. He no longer frightened the babes by his wild eyes, his gaunt and sharpened features. Little Madam discovered he was starving that he might save for his little ones. His diet of rice boiled in water was changed now. He had fried fish; aye, and berries picked in the wood day after day. It was little, brave-hearted Madam starved now that her lord might grow strong, and that they might save against "the time" coming. The fear hung like a cloud over the cabin, notwithstanding the song.

Then came a sad day. Na-Mura went out in the morning feeling a great strength of heart and limb. First was heard the sound of the axe; merrily the chips flew—then was heard another sound, the crash of a fallen tree—a giant of the forest lay prone, but beneath its interlacing and powerful branches lay poor Na-Mura, pinned to the earth and bleeding! He uttered no moan, but those who saw ran to him just in time to see his slant eyes look their last look upon a world which had been hard, too hard for one little brown man named Na-Mura. The fight for bread, the fight for his brown babes, the fight for wife and home, had been too much for one pair of maimed hands. He had them clenched over his brave heart when they picked him up—picked him up and bore him to the little cabin where, through the cedars, drifted the sweet homeland songs of far-away Japan. This was the last sound poor Na-Mura heard as his soul went out to the great Beyond.

Little Madam didn't die. How could she? The babes needed some one to work for and to care for them. There was money to earn and food to get, for the whole world was now a fearsome forest, and the wolf, Hunger prowled everywhere.

It was only a "Jap" camp. They were only a right-of-way gang; yellow men every one of them, save the rough foreman, he who had been so hard on the light stroke of poor Na-Mura—but his heart was kind when he looked at the fatherless brood and thought of them just as if they were white, like your child or mine. The little brown-faced men understood it all just as if they were white, like you and I; they whispered together at the funeral of poor Na-Mura, and when the wife returned from the quiet burial scene in the quiet woods of fair Vancouver Island, Yen, the cook, handed to her the sauce-pans and the pot hook, much as he might have handed a crown were he an abdicating king, saying: "You missy-bossy camp now! Vely hungly mans eat all a-time—plenty wolk—plenty money. Me go make wolk anunla camp—me no babies glood bye!"

Then the foreman came along, swaggering in gait, and, losing his high-pitched tone, said in his rough way: "See here, you look over this camp, ma'am; fill up the boys three times a day; you're on the pay-roll now, and every d—— one of the kids has to turn out in the mornin' and do his day's work. They are on the pay-roll too. Nippon & Co. can stand it, I guess, and there ain't no law can make me swear t' the ages of men on this work, eh?"

Then the new baby came, and the camp went down on its knees, so to say. Yen appeared, as if by magic, and took over the sauce-pans and the pot-hook again, saying: "Missy-bossy wolk vely much ha'd—mens eat vely much meat—baby-bossy vely much naked now," and he emptied a pouch which he had stowed away somewhere, into a pan, and all the little brown men emptied the pouches they had stowed away somewhere, into the pan, and the jingle woke the new baby, just as the big foreman (who emptied his pockets, all of 'em), said with a big, round oath: "See here, boys; the new man goes on the pay-roll today. He's engaged by Nippon & Co. from this hour. His stroke ain't much stronger than his father's was, I guess, but he's one of the gang just the same, and (looking round him fiercely) "every d—— one of ye's got t' do another hour's work, f'r I have me soul t' save, so I have, though Nippon & Co. won't believe it!"

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OUT OF THE UNKNOWN

BY IVY KELLERMAN

Miss Ivy Kellerman is an old friend of Overland Monthly readers. She is known to us as a writer of exquisitely humorous verse, but never before in these pages has she been exhibited as a prose writer. In "Out of the Unknown" she gives us a fine touch of sarcasm. The story is well told, and may serve to explain to many of our readers many mysterious messages conveyed to them from "spirit land."

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



AM WAITING. Remember your promise."

That was the message given to Catherine Elston by the slate-writing medium, and she meditated wonderingly upon it as she rode homeward. She had accepted her invitation to be present at this investigation of a young woman's mediumistic powers, without much further purpose than to be courteous to the friends who had invited her. She had long known of their interest in spiritualistic phenomena, but had always avoided talking upon the subject, with a half-fearful dislike of meddling with things supernatural. But to be in this rather distinguished assemblage of physicians and psychologists, and to see their investigation of what was said to be really remarkable ability in this dreamy-eyed young woman, this was an opportunity not to be lightly cast aside.

She had watched and listened with increasing interest. Perhaps it was the subdued light and the general air of excitement in the room; perhaps it was the timidity she felt before the noted scientists in whose presence she sat; whatever the cause, she began to realize definitely the vicinity of the supernatural. Her scepticism gradually gave way at the apparent accuracy and intelligibility of the messages, and she noticed with amazement how entirely reasonable they seemed.

Suddenly she paled with nervous anticipation as she heard the words: "This seems to be for you, Miss Elston," and became aware that on the slate appeared the words of a half-jesting promise made to her three months ago. For Leonard had said:

"In our next incarnation, then, if you refuse absolutely to marry me in this one."

And he had carried out his whimsical fancy by asking her to agree that whichever one passed first into "the undiscovered country" should in some fashion remind the other of this compact. He had even gone so far as to suggest what the words of the message should be. She had promised and had said farewell to him, bravely sending away the eager lover who was so dear to her, but with whom marriage was out of the question because of her duty to the younger brothers and sisters dependent upon her. She had forbidden him to write to her, so that she might be able to put away more completely the thought of the happiness which had come almost within her reach, and was yet so tantalizingly withheld by a fate equally cruel to them both. She knew she could not forget him, but she would make the effort in spite of his expostulations.

Now these words of Leonard's, coming to her thus on the medium's slate, had shocked and startled her inexpressibly. They meant that this genial, lovable man was no longer living. He had no relatives, and no friends who knew of his acquaintance with her, so the news of his death had never reached her. Catherine's lips trembled as she whispered to herself the message he had sent her from beyond the borders of the real:

"I am waiting. Remember your promise."

* * * *

But not five hundred miles away, Leonard, very much alive and very much in earnest, was pleading impetuously at that moment: "Nellie, I love you as I never in all my life have loved a woman! Surely you must care for me a little! Look up and tell me so, dearest!"

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MAN'S REDEEMING VICES

BY JOHN L. COWAN

In "Man's Redeeming Vices," Mr. John L. Cowan, in picturesque and forceful language, tells the story of humanity. Incidentally he, although he may not have known it himself, preaches the text that to be endurable to one's-self man must be thoroughly human; that no man is perfect and that the basis of true living is never to shirk responsibility, to be frank, to be charitable and to be true to one another. There is every probability that, before another hundred years, man will have solved the problem of life in so far that he will not with malice prepense make of existence a task. By that time it will be a pleasure to exist, and vice, which Mr. Cowan seems to think is a sort of necessary evil, will have no part in the general philosophy of existence. It is more than probable that mankind will look upon mankind through entirely different spectacles than those worn by Mr. Cowan in his dissertation on "Man's Redeeming Vices." Out of the Pessimistic Age the Optimist is hewing out a beautiful future time. The sermonette is presented because it will stir the risibilities of some, the bile of others, and because, in addition, it is a departure from the cut and dried mental pabulum dished up by the asleep-in-the-rut magazine editor of the day.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



ORD MONBODDO had a diverting, if not very convincing, theory concerning tails. He believed that the tail was an appendage as natural to the human animal as to any other species, but that the reprehensible practice of sitting upon it had resulted in the atrophy of that useful and ornamental organ.

Physically, then, man seems condemned to go on down through the ages tailless. Spiritually, however, he wags his tail as gaily as of yore. The spiritual tail of man is vice. For vice to govern the man is as unnatural and offensive as for the tail to wag the dog; but the man without a fair complement of the redeeming vices is as pathetic as a dog deprived of even the stump of a tail with which to wag joyous greeting to his master, or express satisfaction with a welcome bone. If such a man there be, he is deformed and monstrous, as truly as though possessed of horns or minus ears. Nothing exists without its opposite; so that but for the blessing of vice, virtue would be unthinkable. We cannot conceive of vice among the beasts; and quite naturally and inevitably, the beasts possess no more virtue than is found among pumpkins or cabbages.

Nevertheless, our vices, though more precious and more to be desired than either money or brains, must be curbed, controlled and kept within reasonable bounds. Even unbridled godliness is altogether intolerable: much more so is unbridled license; both vice and virtue must be moderate, temperate and decorous—in short, not man's masters, but his servants. Otherwise he becomes a bore and a nuisance, deserving social ostracism. An Anthony Comstock is a moral pervert, just as truly as was Salome, and the daughter of Herodias. It would be difficult to determine which kind of a pervert —a Comstock or a Salome—is capable of working the greater evil.

Vice is the carbonic acid gas that gives effervescence to the wine of life, and prevents it from becoming as flat, tasteless and insipid as stale beer. History, biography, poesy, romance, literature, art, even religion, would have no meaning were the concept, vice, obliterated from human powers of understanding. What a commonplace character Edward VII would be in his decorous and regenerated old age, but for the halo of youthful and unforgotten vices around his kingly head, and the knowledge of his redeeming rec-

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ord of having "perjured himself like a gentleman" when occasion seemed to demand! So it has ever been with the patriarchs and prophets, the makers of history, the shapers of destiny, the men and women who made puppets out of popes and kings, and all the host of the Immortals. They reveled in large, lusty and exuberant vices—proportioned exactly to the virtues and the powers that made them great. David, the sweet singer of Israel, would not have been one-half so interesting a personality had he not loved the wife of Uriah, and his tuneful psalms would be unsung. True, it was a little rough on the unlucky Hittite, but he was a victim of circumstances that the amorous King controlled only in seeming. Solomon no doubt owed the larger part of his wisdom to his many wives and concubines; Sampson might have lived and died a commonplace and unheroic slugger had he not yielded to the wiles of the deceitful Delilah. She cut his hair and robbed him of his strength—but she gave him immortality! Surely the price he paid was none too high.

It is not the object of this sermonette to encourage license, nor yet to discourage those who honestly strive after righteousness; but to induce those who turn the spotlight upon the flaws in the conduct of others to retire to some secret place and there, by the feeble flicker of a tallow dip, take a look at the rottenness in their own souls. It is a puny and inadequate protest against the hypocrisy, sham, cant, deceit and self-righteousness of the hour. If the devil ever goes to bed happy, it is after a chance meeting with one of those smooth, smug, sleek, slick and sanctimonious sinners who make parade of their own spotlessness. Whoso cherishes the delusion that he is better than his neighbors or seeks to spread the heresy that holiness is either possible or desirable in the children of the flesh, is lost beyond hope of redemption. Let us hold fast to our vices as the badge of our brotherhood in the great lodge of humanity. So long as they are ours, our hope of the Kingdom of Heaven (which is within us) is sure. It is not until we become theirs that the call to repentance becomes imperative. If we happen to smoke or chew, let us do so in the fear of God, and give thanks for the grateful nicotine. If we enjoy a cocktail or a generous stein of pale lager, why should we sneak in at the side door of a saloon as if we were trying to dodge a bill collector or process server, or going to commit a felony? "Drink hearty," as men enjoying clear consciences and a sound digestion! Were not the good things of life created that they might be enjoyed? If you feel that you must swear, cuss the office boy, the gas company, the street car conductor, the policeman, the city administration or the Japs; but as you hope for salvation, don't let your lips drip the honey of Hymettus all day long among your casual acquaintances and business associates, and then go home to vent your spleen upon your wife, children and servants, who can't get back at you, and who are ashamed to tell the neighbors. If you enjoy vaudeville, sit in the front row with the other baldheads, and study pink tights, shapely limbs and alabaster shoulders till custom breeds satiety. It will swell box-office receipts, encourage the profession, and harm no one but the misguided busybodies who think every one else as prurient and evil-minded as themselves. There are people who find evil in Shakespeare, who cry "unclean" at the sight of a piece of statuary, whose moral (or immoral) sensibilities are shattered beyond repair at the suggestion of female grace and beauty on a bill-board or calendar. These uncomfortable individuals, with pink tea consciences and saffron souls will doubtless some day demand an expurgated Bible, and ask the banishment of the Madonna and the unclothed Christ-child. They are the vandals who have torn Ovid into tatters, mutilated Horace beyond recognition, banished Boccacio from the shelves of public libraries, and condemned Congreve, Webster, Prior, Sheridan and Beaumont and Fletcher to the limbo of the bibliomaniac's collection. The purists in morals who cannot enter the studio of an artist without offense, who cannot read the Decameron without outrage to their tender sensibilities, who can see nothing but the nudity of the Apollo Belvidere and no more than an unclothed woman in the Winged Victory, to whom Cupid spells lust and Aphrodite means lechery, to whom cards are an abomination, the theatre a place accursed,

and a billiard room the antechamber to Hades—these are the devil's own busy and tireless agents, disguised in the shining robes of righteousness. In their acidulated breasts the milk of human kindness has long ago turned into unwholesome curds and whey.

It is notorious that those whose gorge rises at the remotest suggestion of immorality in fiction, scent it like sleuths in real life, gloat over it in the columns of the newspapers, and roll it like a sweet morsel under their tongues when served with it in the form of salacious tid-bits of personal gossip. They are too holy to attend the theatre, because, forsooth, the actors belong to an immoral class, and the plays are, or may be, suggestive; but they shrink not from the bald and hideous realism of a divorce suit in "High Life" or of an "unwritten law" murder trial. They are the scavengers of society: like jackals and buzzards they demand that the rottenness upon which they feed and fatten be real. True swine that they are, they crowd around the swill trough; but shun the stage, because they want the real thing. The sewing society ghouls and after dinner scandal-mongers who dissect the quivering souls of their acquaintances with the merciless scalpel of criticism and gossip in search of the unclean, just as a pathologist might examine the corpse of a victim of the plague searching for the microscopic bacilli of disease, are more dangerous and depraved than the worst and lowest of social outcasts. In fact, they may never have transgressed the law or the gospel, but they are farther from the Throne of Grace than any unrepentant Magdalene.

Vice and virtue, after all, are highly elastic and purely relative terms. There are fads and fashions in morals as well as in clothes, so that the purist of one age might pass for the libertine of another. There is but one real standard of morality —and that is but rarely applied by the mass of humanity in the formation of judgment concerning individual conduct. That standard is the good of the community. In past ages, the welfare of society has justified polygamy, polyandry, concubinage, suicide, the exposure of infants and crimes that may not now be even named. The man whose acts in no respect injure or menace others can never be an immoral man, no matter how far he wanders from the straight line of accepted conventions. The man whose acts and conduct operate to the injury of his fellows is never a moral man, even though he be an extremist in the practice of all the common household virtues of civilization—which we so habitually and so grossly exaggerate. These are all necessary and laudable in their own time and place, but their possession is not conclusive proof of moral excellence, nor is indulgence in the milder vices even presumptive proof of depravity. The one, no less than the other, is necessary to lift man above the level of the brutes. A photograph must have deep shadows and half-tones, as well as high-lights, else it will be of little merit as a work of art and of less value as a record. So it is with character. Light and shadow and a debatable middle ground are all essential to completeness. A perfect man should mean a complete man, not an angel of light. An angelic man could have no sympathy with the rest of humanity. Of all men he would be the least fit for preaching, because the hidden mainsprings of human conduct would be to him unknowable and inconceivable. This is why so much of the preaching of to-day is flat, stale and unprofitable, falling vainly upon ears that hear not. Not that the preachers are strangers to the human vices, failings, follies and foibles; but that they hypocritically shut their eyes, hearts and understandings. One might listen to one of these wooden expounders of a cut, dried and fossilized morality for ages, and never have reason to suspect him of being human. If he ever lived, loved, hated, feared, rejoiced, sorrowed or experienced any of the emotions that are the bane and blessing of humankind, he gives no sign. This is the difference between the great preacher and the little parson: the former is first of all a MAN. He draws crowds of eager listeners because those who hear him recognize a great and sympathetic soul that has sounded the depths as well as scaled the heights. The latter declaims to empty pews because men have little relish for dead platitudes, even though they be true, falling from the lips of an automaton.

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND PROGRESS

BY OLCOTT HASKELL

Assistant Christian Science Committee on Publication



CRITICISM recently published in the Overland Monthly opens with the statement: "If Christian Science means anything, it means that by taking an attitude of *faith* toward God we will be cured of our sins and bodily diseases." Doubtless this statement represents what is by some supposed to be a doctrine of this Science, but it is not correct. What Christian Science does teach is that by an attitude of *understanding* "toward God we will be cured of our sins and diseases." The difference between faith and understanding is in this instance vital, for blind belief or credulous trust can have no place in science, while the principles of a true science can only be comprehended and used through the attainment of understanding. Any one who has studied Christian Science sufficiently to apply it even in the least degree, must recognize the distinction here drawn, for however fully a man may believe a principle to be true, his ability to practically conform to its laws will only be in proportion to his understanding. No teaching could more faithfully inculcate respect for and understanding of law. No such doctrine as that of the "irregular intervention of the supernatural" could find a place in the science which takes as its fundamental postulates the all-embracing power and eternal continuity of divine law. Were it otherwise, Christian Science would indeed be a "movement backward."

Because a science deals with laws which are such as are not evident to the material senses, it is none the less true; and because it discerns the principle governing life it is none the less scientific. In Mr. Medina's article, to which we refer, it is admitted that without "the idea of mind," matter and its relations cannot be correctly explained. To this statement we agree, but Christian Science pursues the question further, and holds that without the recognition of Divine Mind, or God, no consciousness can be explained. Either matter rules all or Divine Mind rules all. If mind is necessary to explain even the evanescent substance of dreams, how much more is it necessary to admit a primal Intelligence in order that we may interpret the phenomena discerned by waking thought? To those who claim that to admit God, or a Supreme Intelligence, is to make an unwarranted assumption, we may point out that while Life is too deep, too wonderful and too eternal for human thought to comprehend its full significance, yet we may even now grasp enough to lead us harmoniously on from one experience to another in an ever broadening consciousness of the perfection, continunity and grandeur of the laws of being.

From a purely material standpoint, however, how far can progress be made toward an understanding of life? Matter is not conscious, and mind must be admitted even before the simplest sensation can be explained. Taking God as the starting point (as does the Bible), and reasoning deductively from this perfect premise, the Christian Scientist has to assume no more, and puts less strain on credulity than the man who predicates matter as the basis of all reality; for the materialist is at once confronted with the astonishing hypothesis that the stream shall rise higher than its source—that matter shall evolve mind, and that this mind shall reach up toward the moral and spiritual. Where do the mental and spiritual come from if matter is assumed to be the only creator? The philosophy of Christian Science leads to no such dilemma as that suggested by this question. It never "mixes the natural with

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the supernatural," but clearly defines the good and the real as expressions of principle, and therefore eternal, but the evil and the unreal as failures to express principle, and therefore powerless and transient. It should be noted that the Christian Scientist seeks no abrogation of law for the healing of sickness, but on the contrary holds that it is a failure to recognize moral and spiritual law which induces a sense of sin and suffering, and that this sense can be healed only through regeneration and obedience. From this standpoint, one sees, in what have been called the "miracles" of Jesus, no setting aside of law, but a masterly recognition of and obedience to, law more powerful, because more truly expressive of principle, than that which men had supposed to be law. Likewise with the healing of sin and sickness today, this work is founded upon a clear recognition of the Principle of man's being, which we call God. Many try to explain the beneficial results of Christian Science treatment by assuming that they are due to human suggestion or will-power, acting independently of the Divine Mind or Divine Law. But since human thought did not create itself, and cannot explain even its own intelligence except by reference to a higher, why not at once acknowledge this higher Intelligence as the only and universal power?

As regarding sin, we agree with our critic that the world would be better off without it. He defines sin as "immorality," and states that "it is a creation of man, not of the Creator." Can man create what God cannot? And does not the answer to this query suggest the Christian Science teaching that sin is a mistake of human thought, not a real or eternal thing of God's creating, and that it is merely a terrible mistake on the part of the erring human mind, from which mortals suffer so long as they believe and practice it, but which may be corrected and destroyed through a right understanding of God and man's real relation to Him and His universe?

Again we desire to explain that "calling for the intervention of the supernatural" is not the Christian Science conception of prayer, which is clearly defined in the opening chapter of Mrs. Eddy's work, Science and Health, as bringing man into harmony with God, not God into harmony with man.

Hence the natural deduction that the only practical pathway for human progress lies through active exercise in thought and deed of all that is moral and true, and the elimination of all that tends to cloud one's vision of the ideal.

In conclusion, since it has been shown that Christian Science is not the superstitious belief it was supposed to be, and since it brings man into conformity to the Principle of good, is not this quite in harmony with what our critic means when he says, "the world is to be saved morally by exercising the higher feelings?" for how can we judge feelings to be "higher" or lower except by admitting that there is an ideal standard or principle of good? Since Christian Science shows a logical and practical means by which to reach this standard, should it not, from our critic's own reasoning, be accounted in the forefront of progress?



A UNIQUE PRISON CELL

BY MILLARD F. HUDSON

IT IS CUSTOMARY, among the Chinese and a few other peoples, to make a spectacle of persons undergoing punishment for crimes, but the more advanced nations abandoned the practice many years ago. At the famous summer resort of Coronado, in Southern California, there is still in use a cell or "calaboose" which is strongly suggestive of the methods of primitive nations. It is made of boiler-iron, securely riveted, with wooden floor and roof, and an open front strongly grated with massive iron bars. Here the corporation of Coronado confines those who disturb its peace, chiefly "drunk and disorderly" visitors from the near-by cities.

The term of imprisonment is usually only one night, and next morning the inmates are released and gladly bid adieu to its hospitable but inflexible walls.

This unique prison cell was built by a blacksmith for the old town of San Diego almost exactly fifty years ago, at a cost of three hundred dollars. California had not long been a part of the United States, and being a small frontier town near the international boundary, rough characters from both countries gave the San Diego authorities much trouble. The country was undeveloped, and there was much difficulty in arranging a suitable place of confinement for prisoners. After spending a large sum for a cement-and-cobblestone jail, which proved worthless, and resorting to various other expedients, the San Diegans planned and built this cell, and never had any more trouble with escaping prisoners. It gave good service for thirteen years or more, keeping many desperate men safe behind its bars, and was then removed, with other appurtenances of the county seat, to the new town of San Diego, three miles farther south, where the present city had begun to grow up. There it stood for several years in the court-house yard behind the brick jail, and was then acquired by the town of Coronado, moved across the bay, and put to its present use. Today it stands in the back yard of the Coronado Beach Company's warehouse, in the midst of the "Tent City," where thousands of pleasure seekers come each summer to camp on the sandy shore of the bay and ocean. It is hidden by a high board fence and probably few of these summer visitors ever saw it, or, if they did, knew its history.

This cell is 7 feet 7¼ inches long, 6 feet wide, and 7 feet 3½ inches high. Prisoners are given a cot and a chair; the cell is light, dry and airy, and they have room enough and are perfectly comfortable. In the mild, dry climate of San Diego, the open grating is conducive to comfort, rather than a source of hardship. The pains with which they have hidden it away leads to the inference that possibly the Coronado authorities desire to avoid sentimental accusations of inhumanity to prisoners. But the woodwork is rotting, the rust-eaten iron plates giving way, and the usefulness of the old cell almost at an end; and the question will soon be eliminated from the field of all except historical discussion. Perhaps at Coronado when a prison cell is not a modern need?

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TERWILLIGER AND THE SENORITA

A TALE OF THE RIO GRANDE

BY W. A. SCOTT



ID ANY OF yuh woolies ever see the Senorita Christobel Sebastian over there at the old Don's hacienda on the other side of the river?"

The speaker, foreman of the L O 7 Outfit, addressed the question to a group of a dozen or more punchers who were setting cross-legged upon the ground while they were eating the evening meal.

He gazed about inquiringly at the assembled men; three or four nodded an emphatic affirmative to the question, while one of the group—Gilbert Stinson, popularly known among his comrades as "Forty-Five Ninety"—paused in a strenuous effort of replenishing the inner man long enough to comment on the personal charms of the young lady in question.

"Did we ever see her? Well, I guess yes; leastwise your Uncle Ezra Fuller did, anyhow; she are shure a hum-dandy looker, alright, alright; a regular peacherino for fair an' no mistake. She was a kind of funny hue, though, for a full-blooded Spaniard; always seemed to me as though she was a little off-color among all them smoke-colored relatives, considerin' them big velvet eyes, snow an' roses complexion an' a head of yellow hair that was as shiny as Sonora gold; she was about as much out of place as a fairy in Coonville."

"I hain't been over there for a month of Sundays," he continued, "an' I think I'll just climb into my glad rags about next Sunday an' make a few number ten tracks over in that neck of the woods. I've got a kind of a hankerin' to see how her clothes 'd look if they was packed in my trunk."

"Yuh can just spare yourself the trip, Old Timer, 'cause she has gone and packed her clothes in some one else's trunk already," said the Foreman, "an' that ain't all, either—she hooked up to an American."

"The hell she did!" Stinson exploded. "What kind of a yap did she git spliced with?"

The foreman grinned at the tone of mixed astonishment and chagrin with which the lengthy puncher asked the question.

"Well, yuh see, it's a pritty considerable of a yarn," he said, as he knocked the burnt ashes from his pipe, carefully filled and relit it with an ember from the camp-fire. "Yuh all know old man Havers has got a mania for importin' all them college-bred sap-heads out here that he can get his grab-hooks onto, an' workin' 'em over into cow-punchers. Well, about ninety per cent of them get all their romantic notions knocked into the middle of next week before they've been out here three months, an' they'll vamoose for the tall timber.

"About a year ago he got a young chap out here from New York State by the name of Terwilliger—the boys used to call him 'Whistle-Trigger' fer short. His old man was a rich old duck; seems like he run some kind of a manufacturing layout back there somewhere, but he wanted the kid to get out and get a little of the side of life where the rough places ain't all knocked off, havin' an idea, I guess, that it'd make a man out of him.

"Well, Terwilliger wasn't like most of them tenderheels the old man sent out there; he had the stuff that men are made of in his carcass, an' it didn't take us woolies long to find it out, either. He hadn't been there a week until one or two of the most quarrelsome punchers in the

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outfit thought they'd see if he had any sand in his craw, an' they was considerably wiser purty pronto, 'cause he wiped up the earth with their frames for about forty feet square.

"Well, it was surprisin' how quick he learned to ride an' rope an' the way he picked up all the little fandangles of the puncher's trade.

"He'd been there about six months when a bunch of them Greaser rustlers run about forty-leven head of the Slash-Bar-D dougies across the Rio Grande.

"The Old Man stood right up on his hind legs and howled when he found it out the next mornin', an' he swore by the 'Seven-Little-Wooden-Gods' he'd have them dougies back if he had to follow the Greasers clean across the Staked Plains, an' he fired fourteen of us across the river the next mornin' with instructions not to come back until we got the cattle back or captured the rustlers.

"We oiled the machinery of our six-handled-white-shooters, filled up our belts with cartridges, an' put a couple of extra boxes of shells for our Winchesters in our pockets, took our cayuses an' a lead-horse apiece, an' hiked across the river on the trail of the greasers.

"Young Terwilliger was with us, an' he was sure hot to come up with the gents we were after, in spite of the fact that we all assured him plain that they'd be something dangerous a-doin' when we did.

"We pulled into Old Don Sebastian's hacienda about noon. You all know that the Don's as full of old-time Spanish hospitality as a dog is of fleas, an' he would not have anything else but our consent to take the casa as a present and stay for dinner; the rustlers had passed along the road right in front of his house, as bold as brass, the night before. We didn't need much coaxin', as all hands had an appetite like a she-bear with a whole raft of cubs.

"When we got inside, the Don gave all the new woolies in our bunch that wasn't acquainted with the family a knock-down to the Dona an' the Senorita Christobell Sebastian.

"Well, young Terwilliger was knocked clean off the Christmas tree by her beauty an' he like to rubbered his head off all the time we was eatin' dinner, although he took particular pains not to let her catch him at it. I noticed, though, that she kept castin' sheep's eyes in his direction, an' I made up my mind right there that he'd made a hit with the Senorita, an' I can't say that I blamed her any, for he was sure a fine-lookin' kid, an' no mistake.

"There happened to be a half-breed Spaniard there that day, by the name of Juan Capaldo, that it seems had been tryin' for about a year to get the Senorita to bake his tortillas for him, but she had been handin' him out big chunks of the marble heart right along—a fact which didn't make him feel none too good-natured an' bein' naturally as jealous as an old hen with only one chick, he noticed the first rattle out of the box the big hit they'd made with each other, an' his face got as black as your hat, an' I could see him grind his teeth every little bit while he watched Terwilliger like a cat does a mouse. I made up my mind that I'd tell the Kid to keep purty close cases on the dark complexioned gent, 'cause if he didn't, I was pritty middlin' sure that he'd wake up some mornin' an' find himself a corpse with a Spanish stiletto stickin' between his ribs, 'cause I could see it was a case of the Senorita, with him, or none, an' I knew that be'n the case, it wouldn't be his last trip to the wickieup of the old Don, by a long shot.

"After dinner we took up the trail again and that night, just at dusk, we came up with the beef-stealers up in the Puinto Hills."

"They put up a devil of a scrap for about fifteen minutes, an' the ornery skunks got two of our crowd an' put young Terwilliger out of business—for the time bein'—with a perforation in the bellows; we put five of their bunch to the bad, an' the rest took to the tall weeds.

"Well, after the set-to was over, I took a look at Terwilliger's wound, an, although I could see he was still worth more than a dozen dead men, it was plain that it wouldn't do to try to take him all the way back to the ranch, 'cause it was a cinch he'd never stand the trip.

"Well, I was up in the air for a while until I happened to think of old Don Sebastian's hacienda; I didn't much like to leave him there, either, because I was

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kind a-scared up a batch for fear that that mud-faced half-breed Capaldo would get excited during his stay an' hand the poor Kid a bunch of some kind which would finish the boy for keeps, but I couldn't see any other way but to leave him there, leastwise for a while, an' then after he'd kind a pulled out of the kinks, I figured we could come over an' take him back to the Slash-Bar-D.

"The way the old Don and Dona played Samaritan an' developed the merciful hand would a-sure done your heart good an' no mistake, an' the fashion in which the Senorita fluttered back an' forth after water an' bandages for the Dona to dress Terwilliger's wound with, put me in mind of an angel floatin' about on a sunbeam, an' her evident solicitude, in his behalf, fair turned that chile-eatin' half-breed green with jealousy.

"We laid over at the hacienda until the next mornin'; then we hiked on across the river to the home ranch with the dougies.

"When the Old Man heard that Terwilliger had been punctured, he like to had seven kinds of duck fits, an' he swore 'by the dusty trails of long-tailed snakes' that if the kid died, he'd put in the rest of his life makin' things interestin' for the rustler tribe; he sure thought a heap of the kid, an' that ain't no josh.

"Well, Terwilliger sure had a narrow squeak, alright, an' it was close onto six weeks before he was able to get back to the Slash-Bar-D again, but the Dona an' the Senorita nursed him like his own mother would have, an' the Don treated him finer 'n frog-hair, but that pepper-eat'n Capaldo got a holy fright of a grouch at the kid because he had beat his time an' won a home with Senorita Christobell, an' he brooded over it until he commenced to get rats in his garret an' in his excitement he made a holler to the old Don about it.

"Sebastian told him to 'just keep his shirt on,' as the girl wasn't goin' to marry Terwilliger or any other white man if he could help it, but just the same, he thought the Kid was alright, an' a damn sight better than a lot of common, pie-faced Greasers he knew. Capaldo got plum locoed at that, an' swore by all the Saints in the Calendar that he'd do for Terwilliger, an' play even with the old Don for the insult he had handed him; an' when he got done makin' his little speech the old gent booted him out of the house an' about half way to the road. When Capaldo got through the gate he stopped and started to bite chunks out of the top panel 'n cussin' in broken-jawed Spanish until the Senorita come out an' begin' laughin' at his maneuvres; that made him fair bug-housed an' he vamosed up the road vowin' forty-'leven kinds of vengeance on the whole outfit an' swearin' that he'd have the Senorita for his own.

"Well, when the Kid got back to the Slash-Bar-D he still looked some peaked, but he picked up again as fast as a three year old steer on new grass, an' he never seemed to get tired of sayin' good things about the old Don's family. He never said much about the Senorita, but I could see, plain enough, how the wind was blowing, by the light that 'd come into his eyes every time anybody 'd speak of her—as was some frequent—'cause every other puncher would 'a' give his interest in the limitless ranges of the Happy Huntin' Grounds of the Great Beyond to be the wooly-boy with the good luck to cut her out of the wild bunch.

"About a month after Terwilliger got back, he got a letter from the Senorita with an invite to a fandango, which was comin' off over at Don Sebastian's, an' of course, kid-like, he was so plum set to go that a team of mules couldn't have kept him from makin' the trip, although I tried my little spiel on him 'cause I hadn't forgot the way Capaldo had gritted his teeth at him the day we took dinner there.

"The Senorita had also told him to bring any of his side-pards along that he wanted to, but we was all up against it on account of the Old Man wantin' every one of us to help drive up a bunch of steers he had bought from the Moon Anchor Outfit—that is, everybody but Terwilliger; he was still on the horse-pistol list an' wasn't fit to work yet, an' as a consequence he could go where he pleased, an' yuh can just gamble that he did *not* hesitate none about takin' advantage of the fact, in spite of all my big talk about the Capaldo, an' all half-breed Spaniards in general. So he climbed into

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his celebration clothes that day after dinner an' flagged it across the Rio Grande.

"It was about eight o'clock when Terwilliger arrove at the hacienda, an' there was about forty-'leven couple already there an' all hands was steppin' high, wide an' handsome.

"The Senorita Christobell took possession of the Kid as soon as he got inside, an' they got on the floor an' cut a batch of fancy kirlicues that would 'a' made a tadpole ashamed of himself, an' I want to tell you now, the Kid was a dancer from 'who laid the chip,' an' as for the Senorita! Well, she was an angel on wheels when it come to waltzin', and that ain't no dream.

"About 'leven o'clock Terwilliger an' the Senorita made their git-away out to the summer-house in the shrubbery of the grounds, where they could talk a few lines on the quiet.

"Well, just about the time they got to the door of this here summer shebang, Capaldo an' about six or eight of his sidepards jumped out of the forget-me-nots, hop-vines an' several other kinds of ornamental trees an' surrounded them, at the same time point'n their six-guns at various parts of Terwilliger's anatomy an' informin' him that if he didn't stand hitched they'd take pleasure in scatterin' the contents of his idea-box all over the landscape.

"It seemed like Capaldo figured on killin' Terwilliger off an' kidnappin' the Senorita, an' it looked from the way things was goin' as if they held a royal flush with the joker in the discards. The Senorita knew well enough that Capaldo would do for Terwilliger unless she made some kind of a grand-stand play with the Greasers, an' you can go to shoutin' that she spread herself some when she started in, but the trouble was that she overdid the matter.

"She made up her mind that the only thing to do was to make Capaldo believe she loved him to a fare-you-well, an' that she didn't care two whoops for the American.

"Well, she just cut all hands loose an' flung herself into Capaldo's arms, at the same time makin' a big talk about how much she thought of him, but as I remarked before, she drawed it a little too strong, because Terwilliger took the play for granted, an' bein' plum locoed for love of the Senorita, when she made the grand entry with the dark-complexioned gent, he simply went clean crazy, an' started to dig into the whole bunch with his bare hands, regardless of their guns; he knocked a couple of them into the middle of next week, but, of course, they were too many for him; some one of the crowd batted him over the think-piece with a six-gun, an' he took an immediate trip into the trailless hills of dream-land. Right there was where the Senorita Christobell Sebastian showed what kind of nerve she had, 'cause she never batted an eyelash or made a single holler when they downed the Kid an' tied him up, hard an' fast, although it must a-been like tearin' her heart out to see the man she loved floored by that murderin' batch of Greasers. They held a hasty confab as to what they would do with the American, an' right there was where the girl made a mighty cute play. She suggested that the best way to get rid of the Kid was to take him down to the old Don's boat house an' put him in a boat, scuttle it an' turn the craft loose on the Rio Grande. Well, that struck them as bein' a good idea, an' they carried it out purty peronto.

"Well, after they'd cut him adrift, they started up the river, an' the Senorita made her git-away before they had gone a quarter of a mile, an' she hot-footed it back to the boat-house, took the other boat, an' struck out to find the one Terwilliger was in, 'cause she was scared to death for fear it would sink before she could find it, but the little blind God of Luck—I guess that's the one they call blind—sure stood by her that trip—ditto the Kid—for she found him just in the nick of time, in another minute or so he'd been feed for the suckers in the muddy waters of the Rio Grande.

"Yuh see, he had come to his senses before she found him, an' was layin' there with the water sloshin' around his ears an' wonderin' where in Sam-hill he was at an' how he got there when the Senorita drove up in the other boat.

"She cut the rope he was tied with an' he climbed into her craft an' yuh can bet your whistler that he didn't lose no time in the process either.

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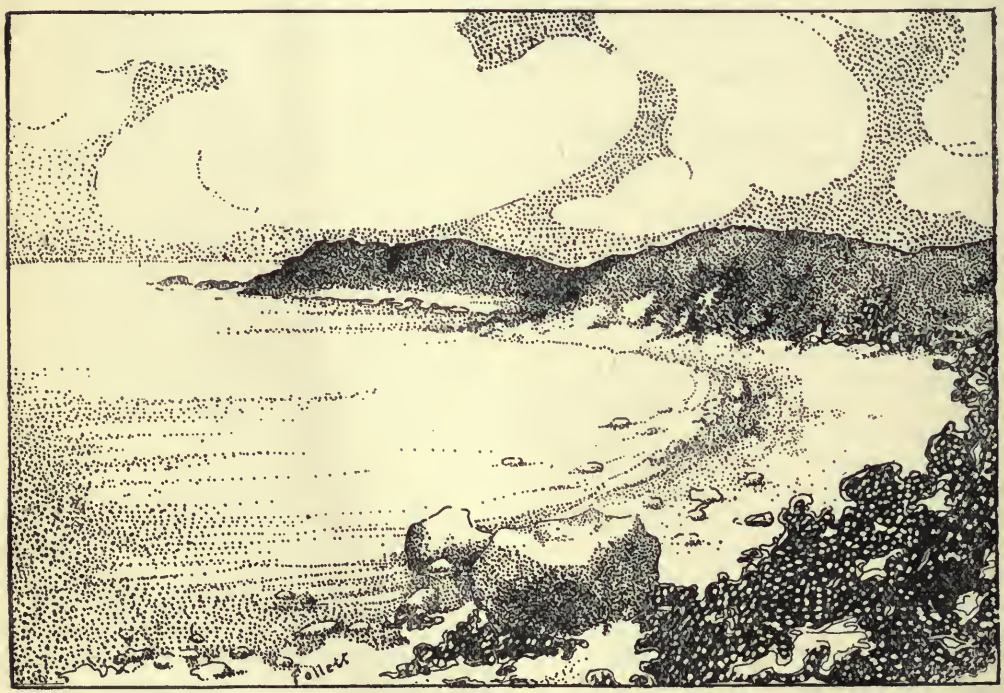
"As soon as Terwilliger got into the good boat with the Senorita he suggested that it would be about the proper caper if they pulled down the river to the lower ford, then crossed to the American side an' hiked for the Slash-Bar-D, where they could get married, 'cause yuh see the Senorita had put him wise to the fact that her Old Man wouldn't stand for her marryin' an American if he could help it, so the Kid made up his mind that it was about as good a chance as he could get to put his brand on the girl, providin' she was willin'.

"Well, she was a dead game sport alright, an' she told him to go ahead, givin' him to understand that from there on his people were her people, an' where he went she would go also.

"They pulled into the Slash-Bar-D just about daylight the next mornin'. Terwilliger was dead tired, man though he was, an' the Lord knows how the little Senorita felt, but as far as looks went she was as chipper as a chipmunk, her ball-dress never even so much as had a single tear in it, an' every curl of her Sonora-gold hair was hangin' in its proper place, as saucy as yuh please, an' her big violet eyes as clear an' shinin' as twin lakes of crystal.

"Well, say, mamma! Yuh could have knocked every puncher on the ranch four hundred feet high with nothin' but a feather, an' the Old Man swore in four different languages at once, but yuh could just go to shoutin' that we sure made them welcome, and then some, just the same.

"After the excitement had quieted down a little, Old Havers fired a couple of the boys over to the Salt Buttes after the American minister, and the rest of us hit the grit across the Rio Grande about fifteen miles to the mission after the padre. We had to kidnap the old rooster, but we got him, just the same, in spite of the holler he put up, an' when we got back we sure married them two a-plenty, Spanish and American style—a la Marachino, with cherries on the side, and a straw."



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QUESTIONS OF THE DAY

THE SHADOW IN ASIA

BY JOHN A. HENSHALL

BRITISH JUSTICE has moved with its usual celerity in the case of the Indian student who assassinated Sir William Wyllie at a reception in London recently. The jury, instructed by Lord Alverstone to entirely disregard the murderer's plea that the crime was of a political nature, returned a verdict of guilty in less than five minutes. The prisoner, a short, thick-set Hindu, received the decision with a sneer. He volunteered the statement that only in the case of Sir William had he committed wilful murder, the other victim, Dr. Lalaca, being killed because of his attempt to detain him. Lord Alverstone imposed the death sentence, and before these lines reach the reader's eye the murderer will have suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

A survey of the London papers shows that the Indian officials have at last become cognizant of the fact—long known to residents of India—that they are confronted by a terrorist organization, financed by wealthy Hindus, and having ramifications and connections in the most remote parts of the Asiatic dependency. Henceforth it is safe to predict that the severest repressive measures will be enforced. What effect such measures will have in deterring others from following in Dhingra's footsteps remains to be seen. More assassinations are openly threatened by the leaders of the movement, one Krishnarvarma, a millionaire Asiatic, whose headquarters are in Paris. This individual freely gives interviews, and in a prominent London daily is quoted as saying that he has many sincere and close friends among the English officials, but that "It is our duty to remove any man who stands in the way of India's emancipation." In the current issue of the Indian Sociologist, a periodical printed in London and devoted to the emancipation of the Indians, Krishnarvarma justifies "political assassination" in the following language. He says:

"At the risk of alienating the sympathies and good opinion of almost all of our old friends and acquaintances in England, and of some of our past helpmates in India, we repeat that political assassination is not murder, and that the rightful employment of physical force connotes 'force used defensively against force used aggressively,' as aptly expressed by the late Hon. Auberon Herbert, in his Herbert Spencer Lecture, at Oxford, in 1906."

Again he remarks: "In our contention that political assassination is not murder we have the support of international law, according to which political offenders have not sinned against the morality of the universe, but against the absurd laws of an antiquated political system, like the one now prevailing in India." One more quotation will suffice to show the earnestness with which this Asiatic intellectual propagates his theories. The closing plea of his remarkable effusion reads as follows: "The chief object we have in view is to point out that all unprejudiced men treat political assassinators not as criminals in any way, but often regard them as benefactors of the human race." Notwithstanding this extraordinary justification, with quotations from Spencer's works subtly applied as bolsters, British law can discern no merit in it, and the prospects are that many an Indian "patriot" will mount the scaffold in the next few years.

These results are incontestably the effects of the English policy of the past half century. During that period, schools have been established, the native press has

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attained great influence, and the sons and daughters of the Indian nabobs have been encouraged to finish their education in English schools and universities. As a consequence of these influences a ferment has been started in the heretofore unaspiring populace, which daily attains greater power. At the psychological moment the Russo-Japanese war eventuated, and the despised coolie of the Orient became aware that the Caucasian conqueror was by no means infallible or irresistible. The lesson of the Indian mutiny, with its splendid record of the English soldier conquering outnumbering hordes of rebels has been forgotten in the humiliation of the Muscovite by the Mongol. The stubborn stand made by a handful of Boers against the united strength of the British Empire has also weakened the respect of the Hindu for his English master. It is forgotten that the Russian is practically an Asiatic and that the Boer heroes were Caucasians.

There is a certain quality altogether admirable in the impurturbability with which the British in India behave in these troublous days. Another agitator, Arabindo Ghose, was recently acquitted in a conspiracy case in Bengal. Fully aware that he is guaranteed under British sovereignty the right of free speech, he is to-day campaigning throughout India trying to rouse the spirit of his countrymen.

The "Bengalee," a newspaper published in Simla, contains in a recent issue a speech, made by him since his acquittal, which fairly teems with appeals to the natives to throw off the British yoke. The orator closes his peroration by saying that "The fiat of God has gone forth to the Indian nation—unite, unite, be free, be great." Mr. Arabindo, however, has nothing but condemnation for the murder of Sir William Wyllie, and says that he "has been steeped and poisoned in Anarchical literature." Other Indian patriots are equally emphatic, and even disclaim any desire to be separated from the Empire. They point to South Africa and demand that they be allowed a similar measure of self-government and the opportunity to develop under the protection insured by the naval and military power of Great Britain.

Another powerful factor in promoting the agitation is to be found in the methods adopted by the United States Government in the adjacent Philippines. There is an Oriental population fully as heterogenous as the medley of races inhabiting India, has in a decade been granted a measure of assistance and freedom the Hindu has not received after a hundred and fifty years of English control.

The sneers and gibes of foreign critics are silenced to-day, and, with the possible exception of Java, the Philippines are farther advanced on the road of Caucasian civilization than any other colonial dependency.

A strange feature of the situation is to be found in the continued publication in the very heart of the Empire, of a magazine openly advising the assassination of Indian officials. The London Express, in a scathing editorial, denounces the authorities for permitting such a periodical as the Indian Sociologist to be printed in the world's metropolis. As a consequence, an English firm, Messrs. Horsley & Co., whose name appears as the printers, have felt it incumbent to announce in the dailies that no more issues of the objectionable magazine will be gotten up in their establishment. Krishnarvarma acknowledges that he is the financial backer of the publication, and boasts that he will be allowed to remain in Paris and continue his infamous work. It is entirely probable, however, that the French Government, upon the request of the English authorities, will take action and compel this man, the real assassin, to leave the country.

Meanwhile, Lord Kitchener is strengthening military control in the dependency. A vast secret service gathers suspects in the net daily, the judiciary is administering justice with unsparing severity, and even the home officials seem to be awakening to the fact that there may be abuses to be corrected in the treatment of the natives. The record of momentous happenings in Britain's Indian Empire bids fair to occupy much space during the coming years.

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ABBREVIATED UTILITARIAN STUDIES

EGYPTIAN COTTON IN THE SOUTHWEST

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY

FOR THE PAST six years the Bureau of plant industry of the Department of Agriculture has been conducting experiments with Egyptian cotton in the neighborhood of Yuma. After several years of selection and acclimatization, these cottons, which during the first few years did not seem quite adapted to the conditions, have shown that they can be grown profitably in the Colorado Valley. Last year a yield of 990 pounds per acre was obtained, and was favorably commented on by New England buyers and manufacturers. who estimated its value at 20½ cents per pound at a time when American middling upland cotton was selling at 12½ cents per pound. T. H. Kearney, the physiologist in charge of the experiments, suggests that farmers should try some of the acclimatized Arizona cotton seed in comparison with freshly-imported seed. Though he believes that Egyptian cotton will prove a valuable crop in the Southwest, he recommends farmers to begin in a small way and learn how to grow and market the cotton before expending considerable time and money on it. Cotton must be picked by hand, and so requires a large amount of labor; it must be ginned and baled before it can be sent to market, and both these processes require expensive machinery. But Egyptian cotton, when cultivated properly, yields profitable returns and not only requires a small amount of water, but is also rather more resistent to alkali than other field crops are. The neighborhood of Bakersfield is well suited to the cultivation of cotton. Many years ago James Fisher, of the firm of Haggin, Tevis & Fisher, planted 640 acres of cotton in Kern County. The cotton flourished and yielded an excellent crop, but, on account of the exactions of the men engaged to pick it, was never gathered. Labor, however, is by no means so scarce in California now as it was then, and there is no probability that a cotton crop would perish nowadays for lack of men to pick it.

CALIFORNIA WINE-GROWERS AND THE TARIFF.

California wine-growers complain that they are at a serious disadvantage in competition with foreign growers, the cost of production in California being 25 to 30 per cent higher than in France and Italy, the great wine-producing countries of Europe, and the freight rate to New York being six cents per gallon. They complain further that bottles containing wine imported from abroad are not taxed, whereas empty bottles, which must be obtained because suitable ones cannot be made in California, pay an import tax. A committee appointed by the Governor of California recently presented these and other facts to the Ways and Means Committee of Congress at Washington, D. C., and received so kindly and attentive a hearing that they confidently expect the revocation of the reciprocity agreements now existing with foreign countries and the enactment of measures more beneficial to the Californian grower.

Under the Dingley tariff law the duty was 40 cents a gallon on dry and 50 cents a gallon on fortified foreign wines. Reciprocity agreements with foreign nations

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changed these rates to a uniform one of 35 cents per gallon on all wines, whether dry or sweet, though dry wines contain less than 14 per cent of alcohol, and sweet wines from 14 to 24 per cent. This has caused a great increase in the quantity of foreign wine imported into the United States, and a corresponding reduction in the consumption of native wines. These agreements also render it possible for foreign producers to get alcohol into the United States at a rate of 73 cents per gallon of proof spirit, while domestic alcohol is subject to an internal revenue duty of $1.10 per gallon. The wine-growers of California are anxious for a readjustment of the tariff on case wines and for a differentiation between wines containing only the natural alcohol and those containing added alcohol. Grapes would in rare instances only produce a wine containing 24 per cent of alcohol, yet wines of much higher strength than this, fortified with distilled grain spirit, are imported into the United States and are weakened afterwards to suit the taste of the consumer. The Pure Food Law does not permit the Californian grower to fortify his wines by adding distilled spirits. The growers' committee obtained an important concession from the Bureau of Internal Revenue, permitting fortified sweet wines to be used in medicinal preparations. This measure will prove of benefit. This will cause the sale of 2 to 2½ million gallons of sweet wine that otherwise would have remained on the hands of the growers.

FIELD FLOWERS

BY LILLIAN H. SHUEY

Nemophila insignis and Nemophila maculata.

Two sister flowers of self-same form
  Come blooming side by side—
One perfect in her spotless blue,
  But one with purple pied.

The one unblemished, dainty, pure,
  Like babies' azure eyes;
The other fair, save for a spot
  That on each petal lies.

The first, like Mary, without fault,
  That maid so sacred, pure,
Her name as one immaculate
  Forever will endure.

The purple pied—the spotted one,
  Though born of noble race,
Yet wears amid her sisterhood
  The shadows on her face.

And all about the shim'ring light,
  The pulsing April rain;
And what a precious fragrance here
  Where passed a sigh of pain!

To us akin, the blemished flower;
  Earth's child as you and I—
It prays God's grace, and knows his love
  Beneath the tender sky.

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A CLUB ON WHEELS

BY EDWARD PEIXOTTO

IN EARLY JUNE, 1909, a trip to the Northwest and the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition was undertaken by about one hundred of the most active and public-spirited citizens of California, mostly of San Francisco, under the auspices of the California Promotion Committee, the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, and other organizations of California.

The train was composed of about fourteen Pullman cars, with two diners and one dynamo car for the electric service. The train was equipped with complete telephone service, working between the cars, so that a person in any part of the train could telephone to one in another part, and so arranged that upon the arrival at any city immediate connection was made with the telephone service of that city. The train was also equipped with wireless telegraphy, in order that messages could be constantly received and sent at all times and places during the trip. The further comforts of barber, baths, valet service, clerks, stenographers and buffet cars were at the disposal of the travelers. The expedition was conducted in true club fashion, all tipping being barred, so that all should receive equal service.

The personnel included either the proprietor or recognized head of the enterprise or institution represented. Every financial, manufacturing and trade interest of a great metropolitan city and State had a representative.

Northward a stop was made at the beautiful Shasta Springs, near Mount Shasta, giving an opportunity to the party to visit this attractive California mountain resort.

On the arrival of the train at Seattle, it was parked, and during the time there was used as a hotel. During three days at Seattle the party was received and entertained by the civic bodies of that city, and the commissioners of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition in a most hospitable and lavish style. The first day was "California Promotion Day," the delegation was escorted to the Fair, shown the principal features and tendered an elaborate luncheon in the New York building, as guests of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce and Trustees of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, succeeded by speeches made by the members of the entertaining party, as well as members of the California delegation. Subsequently a reception was held in the California Building at the Fair, the party being received by Governor Gillett of the State of California.

The day following was spent mostly in sight-seeing, and was concluded by a State banquet in the evening in the New York building, given by the same hosts. Likewise, speeches were made by various representative citizens of Seattle and of the delegation, including Governor Gillett. The key note of the speeches throughout the trip at all places was friendship, appreciation, co-operation and a general work-together spirit by the people of the Pacific States and the communities composing them; the setting aside of all petty jealousies, envies and animosities and the understanding that concerted action outside of purely local matters was and is for the best interests of the people of the coast. The furtherance of friendly and neighborly relations, the co-operation of the various Congressional delegations in Washington on matters pertaining to the good of the people of the Pacific Coast. The demand, support and maintenance of a larger and more permanent Naval Fleet on the Pacific waters and further national support and subsidy to American shipping in order to make it possible to compete

with the other powers that do aid and subsidize their vessels.

Next day the California delegation being hosts and the Seattle people guests, a trip was made on one of the Sound steamers all over the principal sights of Puget Sound, a stop being made at the great navy yard at Bremerton, and an opportunity being given to inspect the Government works, fortifications and warships in and about there.

Returning to San Francisco, the party stopped for a three hours' stay at Tacoma, where they were entertained under the auspices of the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce and Board of Trade, being conducted over the sights of the city in specially chartered trolley cars.

Subsequently, the train proceeded to Portland, where the delegation were the guests of the Portland Commercial Club, and after being shown the many attractions of the "Rose City," the party was entertained at a banquet, as the guests of this club, after which at 11 o'clock at night they started on their return journey.

A stop was made at the thriving town of Medford, in Southern Oregon, where the delegation was conveyed in automobiles by the good citizens to the neighboring town of Ashland, twelve miles distant, giving them an opportunity to see the beautiful vistas and wonderful agricultural possibilities of the great Rogue River Valley.

Again on board the train at Ashland, a run was made back to San Francisco.

The conclusions reached by those participating in this expedition might be epitomized as follows: San Francisco, from its population, position and harbor facilities, is, and will remain for a long time, the great metropolis of the vast Pacific Coast. This statement is without any disparagement to the successful, flourishing and active business centers of the great Northwest. The delegation was greatly impressed with the prosperity, life and activity that seemed to be exhibited on every side in cities visited. The general tone of business was good, and contentment, satisfaction and hope of the inhabitants seemed complete. Industries, manufactures and trade seemed to have entirely recovered from the recent depression, and the communities seemed to be wide awake, alive and hopeful of the future. The spirit of neighborly goodwill, of brotherhood and co-operation, was gladly welcomed on all sides, and the idea promulgated that the interests of the people of the Pacific Coast in all matters of their larger concerns were one and inseparable.

In the minds of the fortunate participants of the trip there will be left a pleasant, lasting and educated memory, the effect, outgrowth and result of which will be most profitable to the people of the vast empire of the Pacific Coast.

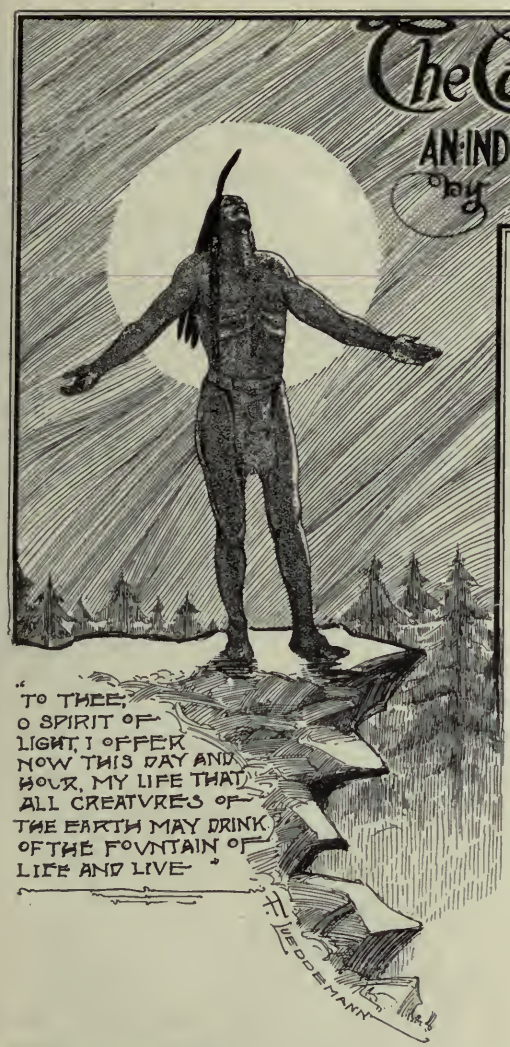


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The Caverns of Castle Rock

An Indian Legend of Santa Clara Valley

By Joseph E. Brooks



ALONG THE roadside, close to a fountain, where running water bubbled from the mouth of a bronze figure, clear as crystal, cool and refreshing, stood a form, haggard and bent. Under his arm, a bundle—by his side a pack, which no doubt contained all his earthly possessions.

The old man's hair was grey, long and thin, and as I cast a glance in his direction his eyes turned to meet my gaze; there was a kindly expression and a nod of recognition. The old man was an Indian of the early type, who from his early childhood had resided within the confines of the region around San Francisco Bay, and most of his life had been spent in San Jose, which is located in the Santa Clara Valley at the southern end of the Bay of San Francisco.

The old Mission at Santa Clara, three miles from San Jose, about which he lingered, was the one home spot dear to his heart, for at this place he had been comforted many times by the faithful padres, both materially and spiritually.

I inquired how many years he had lived in this country, to which he replied, "I remember back to the days when no white man lived in all this valley," and, with a sweep of the hand, he described a circle within the mountains, which rise on almost every side, except where there is an open cut in the chain to the north, where the wonderful San Francisco Bay, a beautiful body of salt water, stretches for miles, with its shimmering ripples of silvery sheen.

Sometimes these simple people, who were not of the warlike type, lived in the mountains where the brook trout lured them in the summer months, and again in the valley.

For many years, their lodges were pitched at a spot in the northern limits of San Jose, now occupied by a tourist hotel, and along the river banks are buried his father and mother, while many of his tribe lie resting the eternal rest on a hillside facing the setting sun, near Mission San Jose.

In his young days, life was a pleasure; the land furnished food and shelter, and there was always an abundance of pure, sparkling water fresh from the mountain streams which wind their way to the ocean through this peaceful valley.

"What a change has come over all, now

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my race have almost passed away," and as his voice faltered, the tears came to his eyes. When he regained his composure, I inquired about the Indian mound east of Mayfield, where it rises from two to nine feet above the ground, and covers almost two acres. It is built on a level plain, rising abruptly, except where time and the wash of rains have cut deep gullies in the walls. A growth of wild flowers and grasses covers its surface, while here and there a beautiful golden poppy turns its face to the morning sun (like a diamond 'mid an emerald setting), to lend its charm to nature's decoration.

The old man pressed his hand to his forehead, and sweeping his fingers across his brow as if to refresh his memory, told the following legend:

"In the evening, at our camp on the banks of the Guadelupe, by the firelight, my father told me that in years gone by there died here a beautiful maiden. She was Queen of her tribe, and they laid her away in a mound built high above the ground."

Of her life he related the following as best he could link the incidents of days almost faded from his memory. This Indian maiden was born in a secluded spot, where the sun rises suddenly to view from behind the mountains, and with its sudden bursting upon the canyon, birds in countless number warbled carols till their little throats were parched, when in unison they flew to drink of cool waters and repeat their lay.

All the world seemed glad, and happiness was all about. The mother's heart leaped for joy, and with her tiny babe upon her bosom, she prayed to her God for protection to this, her only child.

On the day her child was born, blackbirds came in many flocks and settled round about her shelter; many had red spots on their wings, beautiful to look upon, and from that instant she determined to name this child "Red Wings," and thus she ever after bore the name of "Red Wings."

Red Wings grew to womanhood among her tribe, and was loved by all. Beautiful as were her features, nature bestowed upon her a kindly disposition and love of Justice. So marked was her judgment for fairness in all things that, upon the death of her father, who had been looked upon as Chief of the Tribe, she was named the "Queen of Paradise."

As a girl, with her mother, she climbed the steep trails amid the gigantic redwoods or among the dense cooling fern and brake. Every spot in the mountains or the valley was home to her, and throughout most of the year but little shelter other than that provided by nature was necessary.

This was a favored spot in California. No wintry blasts to chill the soul and body. No storms to mar the beauty of her bloom and foliage or disrupt the beauties of the landscape.

One day while strolling along the topmost trail upon the highest ridge, which hid the setting sun from the valley, this fair maiden and her mother came upon a mountain of rock towering high above the gigantic trees that grew at its base; great caverns had eroded in its sides and all about it.

The evening was drawing near, and as darkness overtakes the daylight quickly in the mountains, they decided to take refuge in one of the larger caverns, and on the early morn return to their camp in the valley, and little did they know what terrible calamity would befall them on that eventful night.

* * * *

In the early morning, in the far North, silhouetted against the sky, stood a sunburned figure, when the sun peeped o'er the mountain top. He had gone early to offer his appeal to the Spirit of Light.

As the sun rose in all its glory, he poured forth his earnest plea for wisdom, and in the faith of his devotion there came into his breast the light of peace and resolution. He was young and of great frame. with sinews like iron; he was noted for his fleetness of foot and feats of strength. They called him "Fleet Horse," since he could with ease run down a band of wild ponies in two days, without resting.

The chilly blasts of winter, when the snow hurtled about his tent, made inroads on his health and strength, and despite the many incantations of the medicine men, no relief had come. In despair, and feeling no result from the incantations of the medicine men, he appealed to the

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Azule Spring, Santa Clara County, California

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gods for assistance, and with his wonderful faith there came into his heart a new joy and inspiration. New life sprang into his being, and he watched the birds of the air and the animals dwelling in the high places when the heaviest snows would come.

He noticed, as the leaves began to fall, that the smaller birds and the wild fowl left the northern clime and hurried to a land far south, and again as springtime ushered in its foliage of green the birds again appeared, coming from the same direction whence they had flown.

The animals of the higher ranges came down into the valleys to avoid the deepest snow, and many of the larger animals migrated to the south, and would return again in the springtime.

This southland was in his dreams by night, and as a vision by day. This everlasting call of the Southland urged him on as it did the birds and the beasts.

Determined in his purpose, he selected from among the young braves three of the most trusted of his friends, whose skill was known and whose courage undaunted.

They set to work cutting out a log boat or canoe, and with sails of deer hide and a supply of food, took advantage of the trade winds that blow down the coast. They followed the course of the birds and beasts, on their fall pilgrimage, until at last they entered the harbor now known as San Francisco bay.

When they landed on the sandy shore they sought the highest peak. From this peak they discovered a valley to the southward between two ranges of mountains.

In the distance could be discerned a beautiful section covered with verdure, while the hillsides, especially of the coast mountains, were heavily wooded with gigantic trees. It seemed a veritable paradise, and that they might not be deceived by their eyesight, they decided to journey to this land.

They followed the trail, which for ages in all mountain countries on the Pacific Coast winds its way along the crest of the range. This trail, it is supposed, was made by wild animals traveling from year to year at the highest elevation, the better to detect danger and secure protection. Along this ridge for many miles they came, and as the dusk began to fall, they discovered a huge rock (Castle Rock) around which the trail circled. It towered above them beyond their vision in the twilight. In its sides and all around its walls great holes were sunk. From out one of the largest caverns came hideous sounds of conflict, as if mighty beasts were cruelly engaged in a death struggle.

It seemed as if the branches of the trees trembled from the vibrations. The earth seemed turned into a sea of confusion, and the dreadful snarls and screams echoed from the canyon.

"Ah," said Fleet Horse to his companions, "we have been in many dangers, but from this sound I fear we must meet that which we may not overcome. If it be the voices of the Gods, then let us have courage; but if the voice is from the land of evil spirits, a voice we do not understand, then shall we raise our voice to the Spirit of Light, that the setting sun may stay the darkness and reveal the foe."

Raising his hands to the setting sun (Spirit of Light) he exclaimed: "Is it enough that we should remain longer on this spot, without knowledge? I beseech thee, O Spirit of Light, hear my call and answer!" At this instant a piercing cry from a woman rang out clear upon the air, and seemed smothered in a moment. It was enough.

Brave hearts they were, this little band, and on they rushed from crag to crag, from cavern to cliff, until they stood in awe at what they beheld.

There stood a creature, its hair bristling with rage, while its jaws, dripping with blood, gave a hideous sound as it opened and closed its mouth. Standing over the prostrate form of a woman, torn and mangled, and that of a maiden whose features were beautiful to behold, its eyes glowing like balls of fire, a picture of hell personified. To one side lay the dead form of another beast of similar kind, the dreaded grizzly bear. For a moment terror struck to their hearts. Quickly they strung their bows, inserted the arrows, and with trained nerves and sight, pulled with all their might to send the shaft straight to a vital part.

The horrible brute reared upright, and with arms extended to grasp Fleet Horse,

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who was in the advance, made a charge on the little band, when, as if by some magic, there was a sound of whizzing arrows which pierced the monster's heart. With a thud he fell at their feet, fallen monarch of all the range, but it had been too late to save the life of the Queen of all the valley.

Darkness was almost on them; they partook of some jerked venison meat which they carried, as it had been many hours since they had eaten, and for the night each took turn to guard the cavern, while the others lay down to rest on an adjoining cliff which was sheltered with huge trees.

In the early morning they looked for signs of life, to discover from whence had come the women. Looking to the east, where the sun was sending forth a million golden rays from o'er the mountain top, a curl of smoke as from many fires ascended slowly and gathered in mid air into a thin, almost transparent cloud, indicating a pueblo or Indian village.

They gathered up the inanimate forms of both women, and placed each on a bier of redwood bows tightly bound together with wild grape-vine. Slowly the four men made their way down the mountain slopes, zig-zagging across the face of each precipitous wall, and following a narrow trail until at last the valley was reached.

Far beyond in a thicket of willows was the camp from whence the smoke arose, and to this spot they bent their steps. They solemnly wormed their way across the valley through wild mustard o'er their head, and as they neared the camp, the Indian dogs set up an alarm.

Suddenly there came from the willows a wail of sorrow for the dead, and, as they advanced, the natives came out to meet them, and when all were sure that these strange people were friends, and showed by signs they were doing a kindness, the multitude, both old and young, fell on the ground and offered up to the Great Spirit heart-rending lamentations for their dead.



The Indian mound, east of Mayfield, Santa Clara Valley, California

The relatives of the Queen, missing her for the night, made inquiry, and found the faithful dog had returned to camp badly lacerated. Their fears, they found, that some serious accident had befallen the women were well founded, when the men came in sight. On the following day the tribe held the usual ceremonial for the dead, and buried both with solemn rites. They brought shell fish of all kinds,

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and the flesh of their choicest kill to place within the mound, that their loved ones might have of the earthly nutrition sufficient to bear their spirit body to the home of the great beyond above the sun, moon and stars, to a land of eternal happiness, the Spirit Land of Light, where darkness never comes.

The mound erected as the burial place of the Queen and her mother became the sacred burial place of the tribe, and to this day excavations in the mound reveal many of the charms and utensils of Indian life, weapons and all that was dear to that simple people.

Fleet Horse and his little band grieved at the death of one so beautiful, and that a Queen of her people, took to the mountains from whence they came, knowing full well that these people would devote their accustomed time to lamentations for the dead.

The experiences of the past few days cast a gloom upon these travelers, and when they had reached the summit, Fleet Horse admonished his men that, should he not return, for them to go among the people of the valley and make there their homes, for he felt that the end of life for him was drawing near. He drew apart from his little band, and walked out upon a prominence now known as Eagle Cliff, or Summit Rock, to look once more upon the beautiful valley below.



The caverns of Castle Rock. *Photo by Trops*

This rock stood a sheer thousand feet above the foothills, and when he had reached its rim, he raised his voice to the heavens, and cried aloud: "Oh, Life, where is thy charm, for, in a single day, the hand of the Evil Spirit will cause features once so fair to lose their smiles, and lo! like the flower of the field, 'tis trampled in the dust and dead is that which

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looked so fair. Beauty fades, but good deeds live forever, and to thee, oh, spirit of light, I offer now this day and hour, my life, that all creatures of the earth may drink of the fountain of life and live."

He stretched his magnificent form to its fullest height and looked long and earnestly into what seemed the future, for this man was inspired with thoughts of more than earthly things.

There was a mighty rumbling, and the earth trembled, the trees swayed their tops from side to side, the rocks and boulders loosened from their base and were flung headlong into the canyons below; weirdly wild was the scene, and it seemed the mountains would move into the valley. Terror entered his heart, for he was of the flesh, weak; then, as if by sudden impulse, he raised his arms above his head; his figure seemed transfixed to stone. With a plunge into the fearful abyss below, Fleet Horse, like an arrow, shot downward, even as the eagle darts from the dizzy heights to grasp its prey. The figure cleft the earth below and disappeared from view.

From out the cleft within the earth there came a rush of waters, pure and cold, sparkling and effervescent, and forever after were known as life-giving waters, and thousands of people to this day go and drink of this fountain of life, which is free for the taking.

THE EVENING

BY J. C. B. HEBBARD

'Tis Halloween!—
The time for prophecy
'Mid charm and spell
Of Fairies:
The open door
Doth bid them entrance
To share our cheer
and guide us.
The Future smiles;
We quaff a glass together,
And all our souls
Are melody.

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A SUMMER COURSE IN "CHEM"

BY ELEANOR R. INGRAHAM

I COULD HAVE sworn it was one of those sorority girls, when Harry looked so pleased and said he would rather spend the summer here than not. But mother says she made him tell her the truth, and it's really his new chum that's coming. So I shan't have to give up my room after all, and to be perfectly honest, I'm feeling a good deal more resigned to the sordid idea of entertaining a paying guest than I was last week, even though it does mean a dreadful lot of cooking and sewing to make a respectable appearance."

It was thus frankly that Martha Richmond outlined the situation to Dr. Katrina Marwedel, who had pushed aside the trailing honeysuckle from the rustic seat, to make room for her own portly person, and now sat down to discuss with her busy neighbors the possibilities other than financial connected with the advent of a summer boarder in this pristine territory.

"But you forget, my dear," she announced benignly, "that your cousin Harry says this chum of his is a genius—quite your ideal, I should imagine. Why all this agitation over the table linen and the menu? Has not genius a mind above such trifles?"

In response to this gentle thrust Martha looked up quickly with a deprecatory smile.

"Yes. But I—I hardly knew how else to prepare. It seems surprising that a college friend of Harry's should be willing to come away up the McCloud River to such a humble corner of California as this, when so many fashionable retreats lie only a few miles beyond the Siskiyou line, unless he has been promised some tempting modifications of the simple life. What faith can I place in Harry's selection of an ideal? Does he mean just a jolly 'good fellow,' with winning ways, like himself, or a man who carries off the class honors, attains distinction in his summer work, and is certain of achieving——"

"My dear child," interrupted Mrs. Richmond, from the shade of the arbor, where she was engaged in stemming berries, "an ideal man would be one who ate neither so much as to make him lazy nor so little as to make him cross, who always remembered his manners, paid his bills promptly and knew when he was not wanted loitering about the house. Do not hope for more."

"Oh, mother!" expostulated the aspiring Martha. "When father was a brilliant Harvard man and you were from one of the first families of Philadelphia!"

"I wish to fortify you, my daughter," was the philosophical rejoinder, "against a very different world from the one I knew."

There followed a lively discussion, in which the manifold failings of the sterner sex were freely enumerated, and a formidable composite evolved for the contemplation of sorrowing young womankind. When it was time to prepare their modest supper, Martha was still standing out for the alluring exception in the category of masculine possibilities, and appeared to have the doctor's backing. Mrs. Richmond went indoors with an air of calm conviction and the dish of berries. The girl folded her needle-work with a sigh, and then, stepping across to the rustic seat, gave Dr. Katrina an enthusiastic hug as they parted.

The sunset light was receding from the valleys around the little mountain ranch, but the hill-tops still showed in warm greens and yellows above the purple shadows, and away to the north the lofty peak of Shasta glowed in shifting opalescent tints. The river, which ran through the ravine below the eastern slope of the apple orchard, was hidden by overhanging wil-

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lows, and mingled with its murmur there came to her the sleepy notes of birds. On the west side of the well-kept garden of flowers and vegetables wound the dusty road, past small, irregular patches of level meadow alternating with steep bluffs and rugged clumps of pine woods, to the neighboring village, which boasted of stage connections with the railroad, ten miles farther south.

In the stillness of the clear mountain air, Martha fancied she could hear the stage now, coming across the bridge into town. With a thrill of expectancy, she thought of its journey on the morrow, when it would not stop there, but would bring a stranger to her mother's gate.

Turning back to the house, she stooped to pick up a crumpled wad of paper at the foot of the neatly-brushed steps. It was an Emeryville racing chart, with some of Harry's scrawling computations in the margin, and she glanced quickly up at the dormer window above, but it was demurely screened and curtained. From the porch she watched the doctor's plump figure retreating slowly down the long gravel path toward the hedge, when suddenly Harry himself came upon the scene from the direction of the hammock, and instead of approaching the house, joined their visitor and disappeared through the gate.

"Disloyal wretch! He must have decided to invite himself over to her sister's to dinner. He likes fat people that never scold him and have rich relatives. I wonder," she added to herself, with a little flush, "if he could have heard anything else that was said. I can't help wishing that his chum will be a very different sort of man from himself."

The recalcitrant Harry had come hither for his summer outing, as he did every year, this arrangement being one of the paternal stipulations until he should have completed his academic course and earned the privilege of a year abroad. Martha's mother was the old gentleman's favorite sister, and since his wife's death ten years before and his own drifting into a migratory commercial life, he had counted very much upon her influence to guide the boy. The object of this solicitude, though not unappreciative of the homely comforts always awaiting him in his aunt's immaculately kept cottage and of Martha's sisterly affection, nevertheless congratulated himself upon the master-stroke by which, for this summer, he was to gain the solace of masculine companionship and compel the addition of a few luxuries to the table, while outwardly manifesting the most disinterested concern regarding the family income and his cousin's social isolation.

The next evening, to his infinite delight, a sumptuous meal was set forth in the living room, for it was understood that a wealthy cosmopolite would not have dined at mid-day, after the manner of country-folk, nor, in all probability, would he find it possible to swallow even the most tempting of viands should they be proffered within the precincts of the plebeian kitchen. The stage had rattled away, leaving two stalwart figures to struggle with a trunk at the gate. Martha cautiously tipped the slats of the green window shutter to get a peep at them, while her mother went to the front door to greet the new comer.

"He must be either a dude or a bookworm to travel with a trunk like that," she said to herself. "It's bigger than mine. I hope he is really fond of study. How well worth while it would seem to meet a man above the vulgarisms of eating, horse racing and nonsensical flirting."

The commotion in the room overhead warned her that Harry, at least, was in haste to gratify the inner man, and was probably not allowing their guest overmuch time for his toilet. She brought the Mayonnaise dressing from the cool cellar cupboard, and, placing it beside the dish of fresh tomatoes and lettuce, culled from their own garden, took a satisfied survey of the table. Her mother's long-cherished silver tea service shone behind the quaint china cups that Harry's father had brought them from Dresden; her own daintiest needle-work was in evidence in the doylies and tray-cloth, and a jar filled with glowing roses and trailing ferns added to the picturesque effect. She had just time to bring in the savory roast and steaming vegetables, when Harry opened the hall door.

The stranger whom he ushered in was very tall and somewhat ungainly in carriage, but of distinguished appearance. The deep frown on his brow gave him an

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air of abstraction, and his keen and brilliant eyes rested but a moment at a time upon either his hostess or her daughter. After the first formalities he and Harry fell into a discussion concerning chemical experiments, and when Martha offered to help him to a second dish of salad, he absently passed his butter plate, remarking, "Yes, thanks; it's very sweet and pleasant." His dessert he scarcely tasted, being engaged in correcting his chum's faulty Latin phrases, and when Harry, having slyly appropriated the neglected dish, after finishing two of his own, undertook to compliment his aunt upon her culinary triumphs, the guest interposed briefly:

"Indeed, I should imagine it quite an ideal creation. But we do not live to eat, old man. I'm afraid your good aunt has spoiled you."

Harry's crestfallen silence did not prevent his despatching the dainty in question with his usual alacrity. When this feat was accomplished, there being no black coffee forthcoming at this rustic bungalow, he glanced apprehensively at his critic and then gravely announced:

"If you ladies will kindly excuse us, we want to go upstairs and unpack Guy's trunk. He has brought some specimens we are very anxious to study."

This unprecedented manifestation of studious proclivities on the part of the indolent host so astonished his kinswomen that words failed them, and Martha fell to wondering from what fabulous mine or newly-discovered geological deposit had come the specimens which could prompt the heroic forfeiture of his after-dinner smoke on the cool piazza for an hour's labor in the sultry chamber above. In the next instant came the conviction that only the compelling power of the stranger's learning and distinguished personality could have fired such worthy ambition in the all too earthly clay. Verily, Olympus was nigh! Her mother meanwhile extricated her sugar spoon from the olive dish, and folding a ruthlessly crumpled napkin for use again the next day, remarked that absent-minded geniuses were the most unsatisfactory creatures in the world.

The next morning things were not much better. In deference to their guest's absolute requirements, as Harry had privately explained to his aunt, the family breakfast hour was changed from seven to half-past eight, and Martha was prepared to revel in the luxury of it. The stranger was a little less abstruse in his conversation than on the evening before, but he carelessly reached for the milk pitcher, instead of the cream jug, to temper his unsweetened coffee, and at his waffles without honey or maple syrup. Despite his obstinately pre-occupied mood, however, he showed unmistakable evidences of good-breeding, and seemed to have been born to riches and a lofty carelessness of the morrow, which were blessings unknown to the modest household in which he found himself.

As the weeks passed on, although he and Harry continued to absent themselves for some hours of scientific study morning and evening, when they did not go on long tramping and fishing excursions in the mountains, he proved not to be at all averse to spending an afternoon now and then with Martha, on the piazza or in the arbor, where needle-work gave place to books and magazines, or both were forgotten in conversation of absorbing interest. Dr. Marwedel called oftener than usual to take Mrs. Richmond out driving, and Harry, manifesting an unwonted humility in the presence of his critical and inquiring cousin, took frequent occasion to slip off to the springs in the next county, where certain appreciative sorority maids from the university were to be found ready to entertain and pamper him. Martha was not jealous of any of these butterflies, whom both the boys often mentioned, for she had ascertained that none of the set belonged to an honor society, but more than once she caught herself wondering what manner of intellectual princess would fulfill Guy Barrington's ideal of womanhood. She was more than ever thankful for her "finishing year," spent with a philanthropic relative at Sacramento, and spared no pains to improve herself mentally, that she might not seem utterly insignificant to the young god who had come to dwell for a brief season in her sphere. His Southern blue blood, his knowledge of diplomatic life abroad, and the many and masterful arguments with which he overthrew certain cherished tra-

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ditions of orthodox and aspiring Puritan femininity, dazzled and bewildered her. But the shock of his seeming worldliness was mitigated by her admiration for his exalted ambition, and for his magnanimity in turning aside from his own post-graduate work in international law to prompt her lagging cousin in junior science and Latin. Her world and his were hopelessly separated, and the code which he knew must transcend that which she knew. The brilliant promise of the career in store for him, the Olympic heights of his learning, his sublime indifference to his food and his surroundings, his wonderful influence over Harry, and the profound researches being conducted in their den—all filled her with an ineffable envy and wistfulness. And so soon it would all be swept into the realm of memory; her infinitesimal part upon the stage of his life completed, and the curtain drawn between.

"If he were only a little more like other men I might hope to entertain him acceptably," she faltered regretfully to Dr. Katrina. "But my house-keeping doesn't count, my theology is all wrong, my rules of conduct are distinguished by a lack of charity and understanding, my education is, in fact, hardly begun, and he won't even tell me what that huge trunk of his is stuffed with that he locks so carefully. He is positively the most horribly unsatisfactory man I ever met. He makes me wretched."

"But, my dear, he is certainly above the vulgarisms of eating, horse-racing and nonsensical flirting, isn't he?" And there was a quiet twinkle in the doctor's eye. "For my part, I have never even seen him smoke. But college opens in a fortnight, and he will probably go down to Berkeley some days before that, and leave you in peace."

A sense of appalling loneliness swept over Martha at these words, and she said with a little gasp, "I don't want him to go away. It isn't that."

Dr. Katrina patted the girl's hand and bustled out to her phaeton to make her morning rounds. Mrs. Richmond had gone to spend the day with friends. Harry had come home late the night before from Redding, with some new specimens and chemical apparatus for Guy, who had a friend in the mining business there, and had repaired to the den immediately after breakfast to inaugurate a new experiment, leaving the good lady no time to tidy the apartment. The obliging host was now gone to the near-by village for a lump of ice necessary to the work in hand, and Martha, feeling unusually neglected and forlorn, wandered out into the orchard with a book.

Presently she heard Harry's voice calling to his friend to come down and get the ice, as he had another errand at a neighbor's before he could join him. A swift inspiration came to her. The house stood between her and the road, and she knew that Mr. Barrington had seen her from the window as she left the piazza, and that he would not expect her to return so soon. Hurrying breathlessly to the kitchen door and reaching it just as he left the front entrance, she ran silently up the stairs and softly pushed open the magic portal. She scarcely knew what she had expected to see, for her ideas of a laboratory were somewhat vague—perhaps rows of flasks and retorts filled with colored liquids and labeled in hieroglyphics, an alcohol lamp, a pair of scales, strangely shaped bottles and tubes looming up through heavy fumes of vapor, tempting little heaps of brilliant crystals and deadly powders, and bulky note books filled with dizzying computations. She rubbed her eyes.

Yes, the air was blue—with the fumes of Harry's favorite tobacco, and there were patent-stoppered bottles filled with colored liquids—but all precisely alike and labeled in English whose import was disconcerting—and other bottles, with siphon attachments, and little bubbles rising through their transparent contents. Two meerschaum pipes leaned sociably together against the wash-bowl. On the bed stood a tray containing scraps of some strange French confection, lemons, conserved fruits, uninviting pretzels and some extraordinarily ill-smelling cheese. A corkscrew surmounted the winged Victory upon the chiffonier, and beside it stood a massive stein ornamented with a mystical German inscription. Cigars, matches and paper-covered novels lay scattered about. A rich dressing gown was thrown across the desk, which was in-

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nocent of either text book or manuscripts. In one pigeon-hole stood a silver tobacco jar, and from another projected a deck of cards.

The trunk was open. A large tray, made of galvanized iron, had been lifted out and set across one corner. Yesterday's supply of ice had melted and half filled one compartment of this with water, in which stood a jug of seltzer. In the other lay a piece of wet blanket and a hatchet. The cavernous depths beneath revealed nothing but empty bottles and ice-cream cartons.

The room seemed to swim in a densely thickening mist. Martha pressed one hand to her forehead and leaned against the wall. She did not hear the front door close, nor an easy, unconscious step come swinging up the stairs. But a careless grip upon the lump of ice caused it to fall with a dull thud just outside the half-open door, and an unguarded exclamation followed. With a gasp she started forward and flung the door wide to make her escape. In one swift, burning glance her eyes met those of the luckless chemist. He involuntarily stepped backward as she fled past him, and again his treacherous burden slipped from his grasp to the floor.

"Holy smoke!" was the suppressed cry of helpless astonishment which followed the vision of this fleeting Pandora, and upon his guilty confusion the welcome portal of her own boudoir was hastily closed.

Harry returned a few minutes later, and after a consultation in their den the two culprits left the house together with their fishing rods and a lunch hastily foraged from the pantry. Martha heard the gate slam, and forcing back the threatening tears long enough to peer through the window blinds, she watched their departure with an indefinable mixture of emotions. The crushing conviction that her hero had stooped to unconscionable deceit to outwit and mislead her regarding himself was gradually mitigated by the insistent suspicion that Harry had had not a little to do with the plot, if, indeed, he were not the chief instigator and engineer thereof. Then the ludicrous aspect of the situation dawned upon her, and she wondered what Dr. Katrina would say. Somehow, despite the first rush of tears, a weight of incomprehension and awe and loneliness had rolled off her heart. Her god had been brought a thousand leagues nearer, and was become strangely, delightfully human—so human, indeed, as to be in need of feminine guidance and forgiveness. She could not quite sanction the reprehensible form of amusement symbolized by rank tobacco pipes and foaming steins. Yet the staid old professors in certain moral story-books employed these agents as respite from their toil, and none had ever presumed to designate their peaceful sessions by the name of orgies. As for the rest, it had all been innocent enough and betrayed only a boyish love of the good things of life and of freedom from conventionality. A man who had so evidently known the most rigorous application to study at the proper season, was assuredly entitled to relaxation, and she fell to thinking what a picturesque figure he would cut in the wine-colored dressing gown, lounging on the divan with his meerschaum and reciting to the delinquent Harry passages from Goethe and Horace. Her eyes wandered to the photograph of their fraternity house, which Harry had sent her the year before, but which had only lately been accorded a place of honor on her writing desk. Again came the disturbing thought of the varied and remarkable menu provided in their den, and the indifference often manifested at table.

At this juncture she suddenly perceived a note that had been slipped under her door:

"Dear Mattie—We're no end sorry if you were shocked at the looks of the den. But you don't know college life, and Aunty is awfully severe. Guy has lived abroad, too, you see, and it has got him into un-American ways, but I was the one that ate most of the sweet stuff, as you might guess. Don't say anything to her, and I'll send you a new dress for your birthday when I go down to 'Frisco, or a set of Shakespeare, if you'd rather.

"Lovingly,

"HARRY."

* * * *

"Why, Martha, child! Are the boys going to have a lawn party? You've made ice-cream and cake enough for a picnic!"

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exclaimed Mrs. Richmond, hastily, laying off her bonnet and wrap. "Who in the world is coming to eat that vile sausage and Limburger that Katrina's sister sent over for the hired man? And such a quantity of side dishes with the roast! I shouldn't have expected you to get up such a dinner alone. Your white dress looks nice, too, with those roses. But you are pale from fatigue, my dear. Go into the parlor and rest yourself a little while. When are they coming?"

"I don't know," answered Martha a little unsteadily. "They didn't say. But I got started at the cooking and decided to do enough for two days, so Saturday wouldn't be so hard. And I thought it would be pleasanter to set the table on the side veranda, and let Harry smoke afterward if he wants to; it's so warm."

"Why, to be sure, if you like. He always would smoke somewhere, and it will do no harm out there. His friend probably won't mind, for Harry keeps their room reeking with tobacco."

Martha crept away into the cool, lavender-scented little parlor, across the hall from the living room. It was seldom used, and its quaint and elegant furnishings recalled dim memories of a colonial mansion in Philadelphia, and of a tall and handsome father who used to carry her on his shoulder and teach her to place flowers in her mother's hair. He had promised to take them to the Court of St. James, in a wonderful country across the sea, but he fell ill, and the journey was never undertaken. Some of the beautiful dresses her mother had made that year lay now in the cedar chest that stood under the window, and the fragrance of the wood and of the lavender always brought back the childish dreams in which she saw herself a great lady, arrayed in these garments and receiving homage at a foreign court. Harry regarded the apartment as a sort of sacred chapel, into which he never intruded, vowing that it smelled of incense, and even Guy had only been invited in once, to look at some ivories in the cabinet, but the mother and daughter sometimes sought its welcome seclusion for rest. The girl paused on the threshold and then, crossing the room, knelt before the low chest and raised the heavy lid. She was too tired to look the gowns over now, but she took out the sandalwood fan, and leaving the chest open, she sank down among the rich velvet cushions on the ebony settee, faint with suspense and weariness.

It was nearly sunset. What if the boys should not come back to dinner, but should camp out in the hills, as they sometimes did, until morning? This was the last week of July, and college would open in less than a fortnight. What if that note was meant for a hasty farewell, and they shouldn't come back at all? Was her brief hour of triumph to be snatched away?

There was a reconnoitering step on the gravel walk. It approached the kitchen door and later sought the living room. A moment more, and Harry loomed before her in the dusk. He raised the window shade and discovered her half-buried among the pillows.

"I've no business following up the trail of incense like this, Mattie, but you left the door open, and I've come to kiss the dearest little cousin any fellow ever had, if she'll let me," he said, sitting down beside her and gently extricating her from her refuge. "I didn't believe you'd peach on us, though Guy said you would be fully justified. Aunty was actually humming an old love-song as I came in, and she says we ought to 'phone the doctor to come over and do honor to your banquet. It's a magnificent spread, and I hope you'll forgive us for being such cads about our experiments. But they were experiments, you know, and pretty dangerous sometimes."

"Us, indeed! Where is Mr. Barrington? Can't he speak for himself?" demanded Martha, disdaining the brotherly caress and rising to her feet.

"The disconsolate wretch stands outside the gate, waiting to know if you will allow him at the table. It isn't really his fault. You see, I wanted you and Aunty to like him, so I told him never to smoke or anything before you. But I've made a mess of it, as a man generally does. Don't stand there like an avenging angel, Mattie, please! You're too sweet for that. Really, I never saw you look so dear as you do to-night, and—we're both awfully hungry!"

"You're wonderfully gallant for a cousin, but I don't like deceitful poses.

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I'd rather know people as they are in the first place. Did he——"

There was another step on the gravel walk, and Dr. Katrina's genial voice was heard through the open window across the hall.

"Nonsense, my dear Mr. Barrington! I know the girl better than that. Come right in with me and make your own apologies to her. She will grant you a private audience if I ask it, I feel sure."

"But, doctor," responded a second voice, that thrilled Martha as it never had before, "you don't quite understand the situation even yet. I came up here with Harry just for a lark. He's the best fellow in the world, you know, for a free-and-easy good time. We've had some great outings together, and I've appreciated your contributions to our private buffet suppers immensely, too. But this little Puritan cousin has played the deuce with me. I didn't realize it till this morning, when I read my doom in her eyes. Harry had told me something of her own down at Berkeley, and warned me to mind my p's and q's, which I did pretty well, though I enjoyed drawing her into a spirited argument once in a while. But she's no such bigoted little Priscilla as I imagined, nor a blue-stocking either, but a thoroughbred of an old-fashioned kind. She has right ideas of home and of how a girl ought to treat her mother. She knows how to look aristocratic without being a fashion-plate, how to serve a guest, and best of all, how to sympathize with a fellow's ambitions. You may laugh at my presumption, but I've just received a minor appointment to the legation at Berlin, and I was thinking I'd like to tell her about it before I went away, and ask her if she would promise to sail with me in the spring. But you know the best of women are prejudiced, and this sudden revelation of my iniquities has probably spoiled the chance that a would-be diplomat might have hoped for otherwise. I think I had better eliminate myself without delay."

"You'd better come inside for the rest of that apology, old man!" called Harry, authoritatively.

Martha had suddenly hidden her face against his arm and faltered, "Don't send him away!"

The intoxicating fragrance from the cedar chest filled the room, and she felt her senses swim. Harry led her back to the settee, and heaping the cushions behind her, kissed her gently on the forehead. Passing Guy at the outer door, he embraced Dr. Katrina with exuberant triumph before the eyes of his astonished aunt.

"Your little scheme worked perfectly. You certainly are a diplomat of the first order, Doctor, even to the accidental climax you predicted, and I think we're forgiven all round."



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A native son and daughter. Parents born in Africa.

WHY REAL ESTATE PAYS

IN SANTA CLARA COUNTY

BY F. ORVIS

"Young man, invest in real estate—suburban real estate."—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

RECOGNIZING the worth of such advice and the ability of such an adviser as Mr. Carnegie, the writer will endeavor to show the advantage of such an investment made in the "Famous Santa Clara Valley." We may justly call the valley famous, for where is the person who has not heard of the "Garden Spot of the World." Travelers come to visit—lengthen their stay—return to their homes reluctantly to find themselves with a longing to return to that balm-giving valley called Santa Clara.

Let us liken the valley unto a horse-



St. James Park. This beautiful semi-tropical Eden is situated in the center of the Garden City—San Jose.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE SARATOGA FOOTHILLS. Tucker, P

shoe in which an industrious spider has built its nest, using the center of the nest to represent San Jose, an old-established pueblo of more than 60,000 people, now the county seat. Let the web running from the nest to the rim of the shoe represent electric, steam, and motor inter-urban car lines. Let the rim of the shoe from heel to heel represent the gentle rolling and fertile foot-hills which surround the valley. Let us add that the distance from the heel to the toe of the shoe is 50 miles, and that the distance from side to side of the shoe is 20 miles. And still further for direction, let us say that the toe of the shoe faces the south and the heel the north.

The quotation at the beginning of this article applies to young men. No doubt Mr. Carnegie gave the advice from facts in his own life. No doubt that daily he sees tracts of land, which he could have purchased for a very small sum, sold for fabulous prices. The writer wishes to change the quotation to read—INVEST IN REAL ESTATE, BOTH CITY AND SUBURBAN, ANYWHERE IN THE SANTA CLARA VALLEY—and let it



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SARATOGA FOOTHILLS. Tucker, Ph



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE SARATOGA HILLS. Tucker, Photo.

apply to both young and old for the time in which property value increases here is short. The writer, while a young man, scarcely old enough to give advice, has seen values increased 40 per cent in this valley. Values that are permanent—values that in the next five years will increase 25 per cent more. Property values cannot go down—they must of necessity increase. Our land is limited and our population is growing as a mushroom. The time is not far distant when the floor of this valley will be as thickly settled as the residence districts surrounding New York.

To give the reader an idea of the growth of the entire area within the horse-shoe, regardless of the growth of San Jose, we will turn to Palo Alto, which forms the right heel of the shoe. Palo Alto, in 1890, was merely a flag station on the Southern Pacific Railroad between San Francisco and San Jose. To-day, Palo Alto is a modern city with 7,000 people enjoying all the advantages of up-to-date electric lines, electric lighting and sewer systems, modern schools, buildings and streets. The railroad which in 1890 passed by the station of Palo Alto as a single track line is



SARATOGA HILLS. Tucker, Photo.

now a double track line, and the rails for a four track system are being laid. To show that the growth is general over the entire valley, we will turn to Gilroy, a thriving business center, on the main overland line between San Francisco and New Orleans, a point thirty miles south from San Jose. Gilroy forms the toe of the horse-shoe. In 1890 Gilroy, like Palo Alto, was merely a flag station. To-day it is the business center for some 10,000 industrious Californians. In the fertile section surrounding Gilroy are raised more seeds, sugar beets, dairy products, hay, grain, hogs and cattle than in any other section of California. The business section is built up with modern brick buildings, where every modern convenience is



First National Bank, San Jose, California.

enjoyed by its people, while the residence section can boast of many spacious homes both modern and old, but artistic.

The growth of these two towns was not caused by any sudden rush—their growth was occasioned by none other than that which has caused the other twenty odd towns within the horse-shoe to grow proportionately—and that—the increased population due to incoming of strangers



Bank of San Jose.



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The Bank of San Jose. One of the oldest and most conservative institutions in California.



Home of E. W. Parsons, Saratoga, Santa Clara County, California.



Garden City Abstract Company's office.

from all over the globe attracted by a wonderful elimate, fertile valley and by the opportunities offered the working man, the farmer, the merchant, the professional man and the capitalist. It is commonly known and an aceepted fact that nowhere on the globe does the same wage seale prevail as within the limits of Santa Clara Valley. The farmer and the merchant and the professional man get well paid for their products and their skill, and the capitalist gets a good profit on his investment; hence, all ean afford to pay their labor well.

The industrial and agricultural opportunities offered to all are only in their infancy. There is more room here for good ideas than ever before. One need not feel afraid to make a venture with any reasonable projeet. If it will make a suecess any place it will do so here.

Touehing upon the income of the county the writer will be brief, as no lengthy explanation is needed. It is only neeessary to say that 97 per eent of the aeres within the horse-shoe are fertile and productive, and that the average production per aere is greater than any other plaee in the world. The crops eonsist of fruit, vegetables, grapes, hay, eorn, grain, seeds, nuts, hogs, sheep, eattle, well-bred horses, ete.

The ineome of the Santa Clara Valley is best expressed in the words of Chauneey M. Depew, while on a tour through the valley: "Say for me, as a mueh-traveled man, that this is the richest valley in the world." Returning to the spider's nest within the horse-shoe, and to the eonelusion of this topic, the writer wishes to add that if a eity with more advantages than San Jose as far as business, sehools, ineome, beauty, modernness and elimate ean be found, he is willing to make a change; if not, he is eontent to live and die in what Bayard Taylor terms "One of the most beautiful valleys in the world."



Home of T. S. Montgomery. Saratoga, Santa Clara County, California.



The beautiful park about the estate of Mr. Soel, Saratoga.

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A tree of white Rambler roses.



Hydrangea 12 ft. high.



The Falls at Congress Springs
Tucker, Photo.

THE SPIRIT OF SANTA CLARA VALLEY

BY SPENCER WINTHROP

THOSE WHO have lived in the Santa Clara Valley for the last 25 years, and noted the various stages of its development, appreciate the improvement far more keenly than those who have made this section their home within more recent years, yet even to them the improvement and steady settlement of the outlying portion of the county, especially those along the line of the Interurban Railroad, is most marked and marvelous. It is the Peninsula and Interurban Railroads of the Santa Clara Valley, under the management of F. E. Chapin that has been one of the greatest factors in opening up the foothill section of Santa Clara County, and making it possible for the business man of San Francisco to enjoy life with his family in a foothill home, facing one of the grandest views in one of the most beautiful valleys in the world. His little ones, no longer hedged in by the walls of over-shadowing buildings and covered by the grime and the smoke of the busy city, enjoy life's freedom to the full. Surrounded as they are by sheltering oaks of a thousand years' growth or more, fanned by the gentle foothill breezes of purest air, no wonder life is



Foley & Rea, Inc., Rea Building, San Jose. This firm makes a specialty of country estates.



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a pleasure listening to the endless song of innumerable California birds. The welcome toot of the Interurban car is merely a reminder of city civilization and of the convenience and accessibility such a home enjoys.

When Mr. Chapin originally undertook the management of this railroad system, it was in its infancy. He is a man of exceptional persuasive power, and to him is due the success of the railroad in obtaining permanent rights of way through the most beautiful section of the State of California.

Among the splendid homes, situated along the line of this railroad, none are more interesting than the artistic cottage of T. S. Montgomery. It is to Mr. Montgomery the city of San Jose owes the success of its popular residence district, the Naglee Park Tract. This sub-division comprised in all of 140 acres, inside the city limits, was the home of General Naglee, who has long since passed to his rest. There, amid one hundred varieties of eucalyptus trees, redwoods, pines, acacia and sequoias, is now found the home of many of San Jose's most prosperous people. The streets are well graded, sewered and curbed. On either side of the many miles of cement sidewalks are found most perfect specimens of many varieties of ornamental shade trees. Building restrictions here make it possible to maintain a very high standard of architecture. As director of the Garden City Bank and Trust Company, Mr. Montgomery has been proven to be invaluable by his associates. As promoter of the Conservative Realty Company, business block after business block in the city of San Jose has been erected under his supervision. As president of the Board of Managers of Agnews State Hospital, his judgment and integrity at the end of 16 years' service is prized more highly than the thousands of dollars of State money invested in the Institution itself.

It's a peace loving community, this Santa Clara Valley, the home and the happiness of it are valued as highly as the at-

Residence at 8th and Margaret Streets.
A South Whitney street bungalow.
A home at Morrison ave., near Alameda.
A pleasant home place.
The Alameda, a picturesque street in San Jose

SAN JOSE, THE CAPTIVATING.

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tainments of the mind or the soul. Perhaps this is due to the thought and enterprise of its legal profession. Much tribute can be paid to Judge Davison, now Mayor of the city, and his worthy assistants in the council. Notwithstanding the success of the present administration at the polls, no one is a more ardent supporter of law and justice than their opponent, Samuel G. Tompkins. Forced into the political campaign through the enthusiasm of his friends, Mr. Tompkins was willing to sacrifice a large law practice for



On the road to Alum Rock.

what his friends believed to be the good of the city, and no one was more pleased at his defeat in the election, or more enthusiastic in congratulating the present administration on their success than S. G. Tompkins himself. His popularity with the business men and bankers of our community is largely due to his ability as a lawyer to keep his clients out of court, yet where oratorical powers are demanded, and logical argument needed to convince









Carnegie Library.
Court House and Hall of Records, San Jose.
A typical villa.

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SAN JOSE, THE CAPTIVATING.



Tucker, Photo.
Three educational institutions and a single feature of one pleasure resort.

Horace Mann School.
Santa Clara College.
Alum Rock Park.
College of Notre Dame.

judge and jury, it is Samuel G. Tompkins whose name is always found most prominent in such a roll. With his keen sense of "legal" justice, and a keener sense of moral right, persuasive powers give expression to the highest standard of human ethics.

Of the school equipments of San Jose and Santa Clara County, we have but to refer to the illustrations in this magazine, but tribute must be paid to the good streets being constructed throughout the city of San Jose, and to the thoroughness of the work as it progresses. It is true the finances of the city may not permit of as extensive improvement along these lines as the Council of San Jose would desire, yet working on the theory of "what is worth doing is worth doing well," they are certainly passing down to succeeding



T. S. Montgomery & Son, real estate, San Jose. Some of the largest interests in Santa Clara County are regularly handled through this office.

administrations a monument of their own ideals which indicates a far seeing and much appreciated policy. With good schools, good streets, the prosperity of the community is assured.

Throughout the length and breadth of the Santa Clara Valley business enterprise is carried on with marked success. The Santa Clara Valley Mill and Lumber Co. offers a striking example along these lines. It should not be strange to note that Mrs. W. P. Dougherty is one of the leading

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T. C. Barnett in his new real estate office, San Jose, California.



Johnson & Temple, real estate office, San Jose. Note the enterprise and the evident prosperity



One of the big mercantile establishments of the city of San Jose.



On the Nagiee homestead after subdivision.



The beautiful Naglee estate before subdivision.







Lowell School.
Horace Mann School



Grant School.
Longfellow School.

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factors in this institution. Business enterprise is not often the sphere in which the gentle sex shines most brightly, nor is this true with Mrs. Dougherty. As president of the San Jose Brick Company, whose success is due to her exceptional business ability, and as director in the Santa Clara Mill and Lumber Company, Mrs. Dougherty has achieved the name of success in business affairs, a success which many men well may envy and desire to claim for their own. Yet the success in which Mrs. Dougherty takes most pride is in that of her home, her church, charitable and social affairs. It has well been said that "Mrs. Dougherty is the most unselfish woman in the Santa Clara Valley, and every one knows it except Mrs. Dougherty."

From East to West, from North to South, in this great horse-shoe section of the State, are found people of all denominations in belief; people who have traveled the world over, people who have studied in its best schools, and they form an exceptionally intelligent class, living in harmony and loving their home and their community as they love their families. Rich as this valley is in sunshine, fruit and flowers, its richest crop is found in the broad kindness of the royal hearts of its royal people.



A classical arcade in the cloister at the High School.

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Pumpkin field, Carmel Valley, California.



One day's hunt in Alviso bottoms, Santa Clara County, California.

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BRASLAN SEED FARMS

SEED GROWING IN SANTA CLARA VALLEY

BY CHARLES P. BRASLAN

SOME THIRTY-FIVE years ago the growing of seed in this valley was commenced with less than ten acres. which was at that time devoted to the growing of onion seed. Year by year this industry has steadily increased, until at the present time over twelve thousand acres are devoted to the growing of the prineipal varieties of garden and flower seeds, which find their market in every hamlet throughout the United States, Canada and Europe.

More than four thousand acres are devoted to the growing of onion seed alone, and this acreage requires at planting time over twenty million pounds of onion bulbs. The onion seed which is produced here in California, is admitted by every retailer, market gardener and consumer to be superior to the seed grown in any other section of the world. The casual observer, little realizes the great care that must be exercised in the produeing of a single pound of seed. For every pound of onion seed takes two years to be produeed. First, the seed must be sown to raise the onions, which take one season to mature the bulb. The onion bulb must then be selected as to the variety, both in color and in shape; it requires about five thousand pounds of onions to plant each acre, in order to produce the seed. The land must be especially seleeted and adapted for the production of onion seed; over $100 per acre is expended in the cost of the seed which goes into the ground

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Japs threshing lettuce by flailing.
Washing onion seed after it has been threshed to remove chaff.
Harvesting lettuce.
Harvesting radish with reapers.
Field onion in bloom.
Lettuce in seed ready to harvest.



BRASLAN SEED FARMS

for the cultivation and the weeding of the crop, which work is necessary in order to bring the crop to the highest state of cultivation and production.

California is destined to be for all time to come the greatest section in the world for the production of all varieties of vegetable and flower seeds, and as the years go on, this business is sure to increase as the population of the world increases, for the seeds which are grown here are necessary in order to produce the food products of the world. The climatic conditions are superior to those of any other seed section, especially so during the harvesting time of the various seed crops, for it is a well known fact that these seeds are harvested from the latter part of June until the first of September, and are cured in the field without resorting to artificial methods, such as were necessary in the Eastern States, where seeds were produced many years ago, for when the seed crops were harvested in the early days, the seed growers were obliged to put all of their seed into large barns and drying sheds, so as to avoid the rain, frost and dampness, which made it impossible to cure the seed properly unless artificial heat was used in the drying of same.

Here in California we have sunshine during the harvesting time month after month, so that the grower need not worry what the next day will bring forth, as he is sure to find the sun shining in order to cure the crop in the open air, instead of resorting at a great expense to the curing of the various kinds of seed in buildings. This in itself means two things. First, the higher germination of the seed that is grown here in California in comparison to that grown elsewhere. Second, the cost of production is materially less than if the seed grower were obliged to house his seed crops and have them cured by artificial means.

Seed growing in California has some disadvantages in comparison with the European countries in the production of

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Lettuce cut and placed on sheets to dry until ready to be threshed or flailed.
Threshing radish.
Lettuce going to seed and harvesting radish partition.
Lettuce all threshed and put in sacks.
Drying onion seed after washing.
Close view sweet peas.

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seed from the labor standpoint, for the reason that we are paying our farm laborers from $1.50 to $1.75 per day on the various seed ranches, while in Europe the price paid for skilled farm labor ranges from 30c. to 50c. per day. To offset this great disadvantage in the matter of labor, the brains of our inventors of machinery have come to our rescue, and on the various ranches, machinery is used very largely for the harvesting of the various crops, while in European countries, where our American appliances are not used, the old fashioned methods of harvesting by hand are resorted to.

On the seed ranches in this section, the class of labor which is largely used is that of the Chinese and Japanese. Their early training in their native countries especially adapts them to this kind of work, for the weeding of the various varieties of seeds is done by hand and by the hoe. It would be almost impossible to get other nationalities to do this particular kind of farm labor. I might say that during the past year or two some Hindoos have come to this country, and are working on seed ranches, but only a very small percentage compared to that of the Chinese and Japanese.

For the information of our readers, we will say that some three thousand acres are devoted to the growing of lettuce of all varieties. I might say that 95 per cent of the lettuce seed of the world is produced here in California. Sweet peas of over one hundred distinct varieties, which covers an acreage of fully two thousand acres, are grown here in this valley. Raddish in thousand acre lots is grown here. California is the home of the following varieties of seeds in addition to the above list: Carrot, collards, celery, asparagus, mustard, kale, leek, kohl, rabi, parsley, parsnip, oyster plant, spinach, tomatoes and many other varieties of seeds that we could add to this list. The time will come when flower seeds of hundreds of varieties will be grown here, but as said before, we suffer great disadvantages on account of not having sufficient labor



Lettuce ready to send up seed stalk.
Preparing to thresh radish.
Leek going to seed.
Harvesting onions, putting heads on sheets to dry ready for threshing.
Lettuce in seed.

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BRASLAN SEED FARMS



BRASLAN SEED FARMS

Field salsify in bloom.
Field carrot in bloom.
Irrigating onions.
Chinese expert rogueing lettuce.
Cultivating lettuce.

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of the proper kind of Japanese and Chinese to work on the various ranches which are devoted to this vast industry.

Seed growing is a business of endless detail and great eare, for the prineiple underlying the growing of seeds, so as to bring eaeh family and eaeh variety to the highest state of produetion is that of selection. For this purpose, we seleet men who are especially fitted for the work of hybridizing and crossing of one plant with another, so as to improve eaeh family, either from the point of early produetiveness or for color and shape. While in human life we have our great doetors to eure our various ailments, in the plant life we have experienced selectors to improve the quality of eaeh vegetable or each flower so as to bring them to the highest state of production.

I believe it is the duty of every man and every woman to give more thought to the growing of vegetables and flowers or the caring for kitchen gardens or flower beds grown around the home. There is no one holding so exalted a position in life but ean find reereation and improvement, both physieal and mental by devoting a few hours a week to the bringing of a vegetable or flower garden to the highest state of perfection.

The various illustrations shown in the present issue of this magazine will give the reader some idea of the appearance of the various erops as they appear on the seed ranches in this valley, and I am sure that every seed grower here in California would welcome a visit and take any interested party over their ranehes and point out the great eare that is exereised in the production of one single pound of seed.

In all the fertile lands of the earth, nowhere is there such a valley as that of the Santa Clara. In all the delightful elimates of the world there is none such as this. It is the only land that is generous to man at all seasons of the year, pleasing his eye; charming his ear, by its sounds, and tickling his taste by its fruits; while balmy breezes earry to him the seent of myriads of flowers. He that craves for more eraves the impossible!



Plowing on the seed ranch of C. C. Morse, Santa Clara County.

JOHN BROWN'S SPIRIT IN THE SANTA CLARA FOOTHILLS

BY REV. EDWARD SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

"In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom
Which transfigures you and me,
As he died to make men holy,
Let us die to make men free.
For God is marching on."

John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, lived the poetry Julia Ward Howe wrote. Mountains are the breathing places of liberty. The Swiss Republic could not live on a plain. Men could not look on the Matterhorn, the Jungfrau, and Mt. Blanc and live slaves.

John Brown, from his rustic home by Lake Placid, beheld Old White Face and Mt. Mercy. He drank draughts of the wine of liberty that the taunts of slave owners and the gibbet at Charleston had no terrors for him.

This inspired family, when the great Empire State made his farm a Mecca, and raised the flag of the Restored Union over the rocky tomb, which honors his glorious dust; chose a mountain near a rich civilization for their California home. Only when his brave wife followed him into the glory, where she marches by his side, did his devoted children, descend to the plain, that



The residence of Z. O. Field, San Jose, Cal.

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Scene at Alum Rock.

their children might get education for twentieth century life.

The John Brown home, as a wide neighborhood reverently calls it, is yet ablaze with light for the residents of Santa Clara Valley. Its new owner shows prompt interest in the young men of his region. His purse opened by telephone when the Y. M. C. A. canvas scored victory. The Wizard Edison showed him how to make his hill-top shine with a beacon light for miles around, as many carriage loads of people gratefully recall hospitality and welcome where otherwise had been darkness and confusion. Schools such as John Brown never dreamed of are open to his aspiring grandchildren, and to resourceful youth of any color.

A Senator of the United States, a world wide traveler, said: "Earth has no fairer valley than the Santa Clara." Bayard Taylor, writer, traveler, poet, wrote of these hills where the Browns built a home, and where the dust of the liberty loving mother rests.

" * * * Then let me purchase a few acres on the lowest slopes of these mountains, overlooking the valley, and with a glimpse of the bay. Let me build a cottage embowered in acacia, and eucalyptus and the tall spires of the Italian cypress.

"Let me leave home when the Christmas holidays are over, and enjoy the balmy Januaries and Februaries, the heavenly Marches and Aprils of my declining years here, returning only when May shall have brought beauty to the Atlantic shores. There shall my roses outbloom those of Peastum; my nightingales sing, my orange blooms sweeten the air, my children play and my best poems be written. * * "

Governor Stanford, who shared the planning of the first trans-continental railroad and drove the spike which bound the East and the West, who "did what one man could to make it possible for every Californian to own a good horse," gave his millions in the memory of an idolized son, that the sons and daughters of California



The rustic bridge at Alum Rock Park.

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Two favored spots at Alum Rock Park.

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—aye, of the whole world—might be educated for practical life.

Like the tall redwood—Palo Alto—which names the University town, the school has fame as square and strong as its great Mission Quad.

If they laugh in heaven, and I believe they practice that healthy exercise there, John Brown has shared the merriment of Heavenly scholars who smiled at the fears of pessimists that a second university would kill Berkeley. When Stanford was started, the State University homed four hundred. Now four thousand are enrolled. Can you hear them yell?

John Brown's family helped Oberlin College start when he was tanning leather for his livelihood. His esteemed daughter Sarah has the well-worn tools of her famous father's handicraft to show appreciative visitors.

What he did for slaves, she seeks to do for aspiring Japanese. So truly does she inherit the humane spirit of her father than she has led more than three-quarters of her Japanese scholars into the Congregational fellowship.



Alum Rock.

It is not a strange thought in this era of wireless telegraphy, which even scientists cannot explain fully, that the spirit of a great man broods the place, where he has wrought or where his dearest ones illustrate his ideals.

In Saratoga, Catholics and Protestants work pleasantly together for the public good. Below the "John Brown Ranch," as it is popularly called, the Sisters of the College of Notre Dame have established their "Rest Home" on a choice ranch with great oak trees and fine springs of water. A rounded hill crest has been beautified with a well shaded shrine, where visitors are welcome to rest and worship. It commands a surpassing view of a surpassing valley.

Retired teachers and rejoicing school-girls come and roam the hills in safety, because the pious Sisters have joined the little community in persuading nine saloon-keepers to quit a bad business. Liquor is not sold legally in happy Saratoga.



On the avenue, Alum Rock.

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The soda spring.

Even after John Brown took the pledge in Ohio, he accommodated a neighbor by carrying two jugs of whisky to refresh a crowd at a barn raising. The road was uphill and the day was hot. The thirsty men craved the liquor. The spiritual man revolted. He smashed the jugs on the nearest rock, and repaid his neighbor the two dollars invested. Soakers mourned about that rock and vainly smacked their lips at the smell of wasted liquor.

Naturally, such a village as Saratoga finds way to express itself. From many of its summits the greater portion of Santa Clara County's ninety billions of prune blossoms can be seen. For a flowering and fragrant fortnight, the most wonderful horticultural sight man and angels see in this blossoming Santa Clara Valley.

Ten happy years the people of the village have united to celebrate the perfection of the bloom by a "Blossom Day."

The Southern Pacific Company lends cordial and generous aid. On no other day, save the great May Day of Los Gatos, has the Interurban Electric Railroad carried so many rejoicing excursionists. Thousands—as many as ten thousands—crowd the village street and camp under nature's



H. Bercovitch residence, Naglee Park San Jose.



The Meteor, Alum Rock.

blossom canopies. Artificial flowers and arches? Not any—the flowers of God—the arches of heaven smiling over the fruitful orchards of grateful men.

Plough teams bring great family loads. Hundreds of automobiles whirr through village streets. The home of Stanford's tally-ho is joyous. A Santa Clara girl is not ideally courted until she has passed under the snowy arches of Glen Una or Sorosis.

Congress Springs' unsurpassed soda flows freely. Children race and swing. Balloons fly. Athletes perspire. College rooters

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cheer their champions. Orators charm the crowd. Readers and singers bring their best. It is a unique and local pre-Thanksgiving service rooted deep in human hearts. Sincere as the Passion Play at Oberammergau. Why? Great drouths did not kill our orchards as we feared, and we thank God! Long may "Blossom Day" record the gratitude of our people.

A London lady who was guest at our first festival enthusiastically said it repaid her for her journey from England. The Eastern tourist who has not ridden with one of our intelligent ranchmen in the procession up the hillside has missed one of the keenest delights of our superb coast.



Home of Chas. Crothers, Naglee Park, San Jose.

Is John Brown's rejoicing spirit yet abroad? Yes, "His soul is marching on."



Sheep industry in Santa Clara County.

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The fruit glories of the Santa Clara Valley.

SUMMER DAY PHILOSOPHIZING

BY PIERRE N. BERINGER

IN ANOTHER page of this issue of the Overland Monthly is a short human interest story that strikes the heart. Kate Simpson Hayes has read us a lecture that is quite as forceful in its way as some of the work of the noble band of men and women who took up, in the literary circles of the United States, the task of freeing the blacks of the South from the thrall of slavery in the sixties.

There is an intollerance of race in vogue at all times in this country that seems to be in a great measure lacking in the old world. In this enlightened land, an Alexander Dumas were an impossibility. There have been men of the colored race just as great as he born on the American continent, and men such as Booker Washington have accomplished more for their race, and incidentally for the white race, than was ever done by Dumas or his brilliant son. Dumas, *pere et fils,* might have been in this country, but under no condition of fame as equals to the white man, in the white man's estimation. Is it because of the older civilization of the old world?

As a community, we know better than any one other community that the intolerance displayed toward the Japanese (in our attitude as regards schools, in our allowing the stoning of inoffensive "boys," in the riots that almost caused a war, and in the agitations of the Exclusion League) is bigotted, stupid *and expensive.* We boast of our great port, and then we deliberately allow a small minority of our population, under the leadership of an ex-convict and a professional labor agitator, to effectually close it against our very best Oriental customer. We allow the world to believe that the Leaguers really represent a majority of Californians. We allow a school of race hatred to keep right on proselyting in our midst, and we do not frown down the practice. The Exclusion League has cost the people of the State of California in export and import business thousands upon thousands of dollars, and only last year an unfortunate demonstration of hoodlumism, by the League, at a time when we were being visited by a large delegation of Japanese manufacturers, cost our iron works an order (given in Chicago) that has footed up nearly three hundred thousand dollars in a very short space of time. That money would have directly benefited white artisans of San Francisco, but—their brothers of the Exclusion League willed matters otherwise.

On the 19th of this month of August, there sailed from Japan the Japanese Commercial Commissioners, in the Great Northern liner Minnesota. It was the desire of the American Committee for them to cross the ocean under the American flag, and the business men composing the commission gladly accepted the offer. It is an unfortunate thing that these commissioners go first to Seattle, but it is hoped that when they get to San Francisco their welcome will be so enthusiastic that it will make up for the time lost

in sojourning in the Northwest. This is really a return visit, and it is doubtful if by any stretch of hospitality any one could approach the welcome extended the Americans who visited Japan in the last chrysanthemum season.

The reception should be made an official one, and as the representative and most influential magazine on the Pacific Coast, the Overland Monthly urges on our Government, civic and State officials, the necessity of treating the coming of these representative men of Japan to our shores as something more than an informal affair.

The Overland Monthly has taken the pains to secure the views of men of note in America on this subject.

Mr. James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad, says:

" * * the cultivation and the maintenance of the friendship of the Japanese is worthy of the best thought of the American people. They are a wonderful people and their advancement among the nations of the world will be, in all probability, as great if not greater in the next thirty year as it has been in the past thirty years."

Mr. Burns, President of the New York Central Railroad Company, said that: " * * * it would be better, regardless of all commercial considerations, to urge the Japanese to come, for 'in his judgment' it would be better for us to spend money in the entertainment of the Japanese Commissioners that they may see the true sentiments of the American people toward them than in the burning of coal to send our great war vessels across the Pacific."

Mr. Harriman is quoted as follows: "Our road will do its full share, in conjunction with the other roads, in helping in the entertainment."

The Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia has extended the Japanese a cordial welcome and will entertain the commissioners in Philadelphia while the Pennsylvania Railroad will engage to join other roads in transporting and in arranging with other roads for the transportation of the nation's guests.

Every large Eastern manufacturing and shipping center, mindful of future trade, is arranging to make a good impression on these men.

California should do all she can to impress the Commissioners with the fact that we are in the market with our products and with our manufactures, that we are the first and the nearest American port, and that when the Western Pacific is in running order the cotton of the South and the iron and fuel products of Colorado, will find San Francisco the nearest and best way out to the Orient. Beyond and before any business reasons, we owe it to ourselves and our own people to wipe out the disagreeable impressions created in the past. The Japanese Commercial Commissioners should be given the glad hand.

The Japanese Government has just issued a circular, and it has been reprinted in English by the local consul, which goes to show what a decrease in the Japanese population in one year has been. There are to-day in the neighborhood of six thousand less Japanese on the Pacific Coast than at this time one year ago. In every possible way the Japanese Government is essaying to meet us more than half way, and its latest action, in the removal of the subsidy to deep sea fishers, will effectually stop the raiding of the seal rookeries of the Bering seas. Japan is only too glad to turn the flood of its migratory labor toward Manchuria, Korea and Formosa. It is attempting to conquer Asia for the Asians, and it is laboring on a gigantic and comprehensive scale. It is not worried over affairs in Hawaii or in the United States, other than insisting further that every provision of the treaty now in force be observed.

In every controversy it has always borne in mind that, no matter what our present views, it was America that has made modern Japan a possibility among the nations of the world. The adage that nations are ungrateful is a true one, but it does not apply as regards Japan. Japan is not only grateful, but it is determined that there shall be no just cause of complaint on our part. Are we as considerate in our treatment of Japan? Let us give the Commissioners a rousing reception.

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By Pierre N. Beringer.

The public is in debt to the men who have made the publication of the latest of Harold Bell Wright's books possible. They are the men who are the energy and the force back of the Book Supply Company of Chicago. Mr. E. W. Reynolds is the President of this company, and he is ably assisted by L. N. Black, the Treasurer, and Mr. McPherson Reynolds, vice-president and secretary. These men are looming up big in the book publishing business.

When "That Printer of Udell's" was published it was the wonder among publishers that some one of the "big fellows" had not secured this really great work. Then, when the work took like wild-fire and sold far beyond the wildest expectations of writer or publisher, the "big fellows" began to wonder who this man from Kansas was who had settled down in Porkopolis and stirred up such a row in the publishing business. Literary Indiana sat up and took notice, and the dried-in-the-rut men in New York pushed up their glasses and looked Westward. Reynolds had come from some unknown place into Chicago, and had given evidence of wonderful push and energy. The man is the embodiment of the spirit of the West.

Harold Bell Wright was a find for these men, and Harold Bell Wright justified his discovery by writing things that will live.

"The Shepherd of the Hills" followed the first success, and now we have a new and a better book than either of these in "The Calling of Dan Matthews." The book reviewer does not feel like making an extended critique of this work. He is letting it ooze into his system.

The book itself is strong. It tells a story which, simply for the telling, is worth while. "The Calling of Dan Matthews" is a sermon, and yet it in no manner lectures the reader, and it does not convey to him the fact that he is being hectored as to his conduct, but the fact remains that the book points out that modern American society is afflicted with a disease, in some way or other, affecting every citizen of the great Republic; a disease that unless it is stemmed, stopped or damned up to prevent its overflowing, overcoming energy, will overthrow every obstacle and bring on anarchy or an autocracy that will pale into insignificance as compared with that of Nero.

The author doesn't say this at all. It is a conclusion drawn by the reviewer, who feels in a mind to soliloquize to-day, and it is just barely possible that, given other temperament and other surroundings, the reader will come to a vastly different opinion, after reading "The Calling of Dan Matthews." To the reviewer, the reading has been hugely enjoyable, and, when it is remembered that the reviewer is a crabbed critical cuss, the above is praise indeed.

"The Woman and the Sword" is a well-written, well thought out novel, of the old yellow-cover style, the kind we used to go and hide behind the barn and read until our eyes "bugged" out. It is by Rupert Lorraine, which is, in its way, quite a good name for such an author of such a book.

To the reader who is familiar with the run of the historical novels of the day, this volume throws a side light on the events occurring outside the ultra civilized capitals of Europe in the days of the great Richelieu. It gives an idea of the buccaneering swashbuckler captains who hired their services to the always warring princes of little kingdoms and dukedoms of Europe buzzing around the outside of

the refined courts of Christendom.

In a way, the story is brutal, and tells a brutal tale in a frankly brutal manner, but it has the redeeming feature of charm, and the maid in the tale is quite lovable, although in some manner a madcap. The hero goes a wooing for another, and finally wins a bride, where he had thought to find an untamable shrew, but he does not get her without hard work and valiant fighting. The account of the deeds of Gilbert Charrington stirs the blood, and Hilary, the wayward maid, is as alluring as the will-o'-the-wisp. The book is not for the very young. It is not for the hypercritical. It will not suit the superdainty, but it is full of good red blood, and as to times and customs is probably historically true.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

THE EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES OF A CALIFORNIA MUNICIPALITY

By Roland Haughtrey.

While it is true that the city school system of the city of San Jose dates from the days of the sixties, it is also true that it was practically entirely remodeled since the year 1906.

With the building of the new high school, following the destruction of the old structure in that year of disaster, came a new incentive and a new life to the people who were devoting their lives to the spread of a better and a broader education in the largest city in the beautiful valley of Santa Clara.

The first mention of a High School occurs in the minutes of a meeting, minutes of the Board of Education under date of December 12, in 1865. This recites that the Superintendent of Schools be instructed by the Board to purchase five chairs "for the use of the school."

The High School building, I am told, was situated at the Fourth street side of Washington Square, and consisted of one large room. It was a sort of go-as-you-please affair, apparently, as no certificates or diplomas were issued to those who completed their course of study at the school, and the course did not cover any specified length of time.

There were at the time a number of grammar schools housed about the city, and, even at this early period, the schools of San Jose enjoyed a repute for excellence that spread all over the State of California.

This was the beginning. In the last year, 1908-09, four new grammar schools have been built at a total cost of $200,000.

San Jose possesses what is probably one of the best High School buildings architecturally in the State of California, and this, officered by a faculty that is rated one of the very best in the West. The new San Jose High School is a noble structure, peculiarly and fittingly designed in the Mission style. It is well lighted and well ventilated. It is pleasantly situated, the sanitary conditions are perfect, the equipment is elaborate, and San Jose makes no idle boast when it claims one of the finest High Schools in the West. The total number of graduates from the High School, to the present time, is 1186. Besides the public institutions of learning, San Jose has a State school, one of the Normal schools being located here. It is also the location of many excellent private institutions. In the neighboring city of Santa Clara there is a fine Catholic school for boys, Santa Clara College, a school which is duly accredited to the State University and to Stanford University at Palo Alto.

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MACKLIN, the celebrated actor, one evening made "The Cultivation of the Memory" the subject of a lecture, during which he said that to such perfection had he brought his own, that he could learn anything by rote on once hearing it. Foote, another actor, was present, and handed up the following sentences, desiring that Macklin would read them once and repeat them from memory:

> "So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf, to make an apple-pie; and at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'What! No Pears Soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picninnies, and the Joblilies, and the Garcelies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots."

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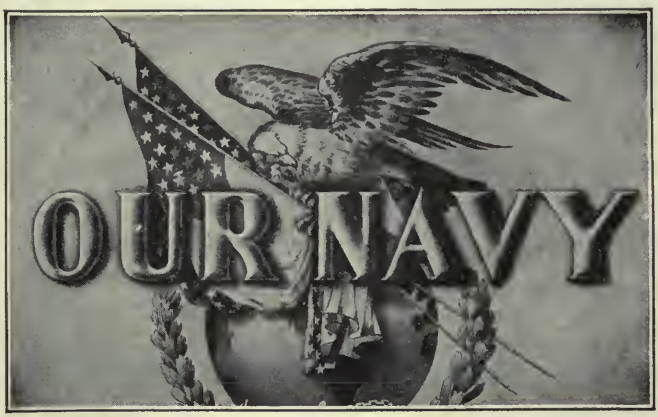
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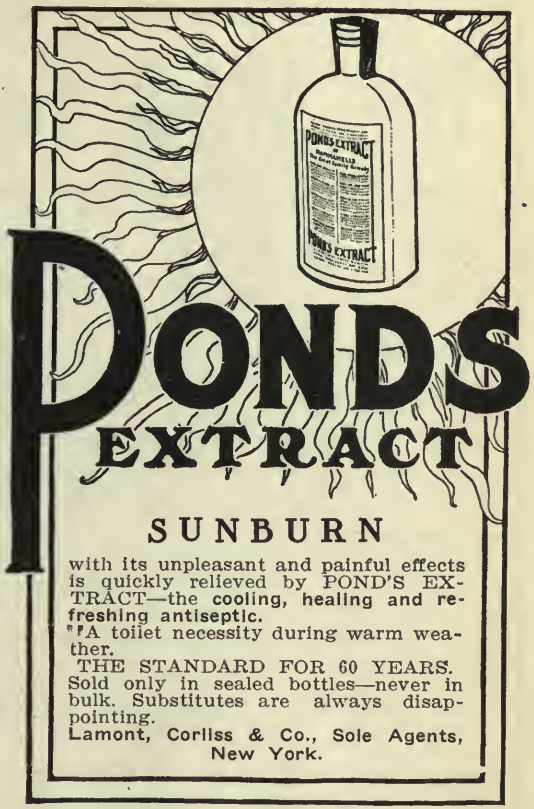
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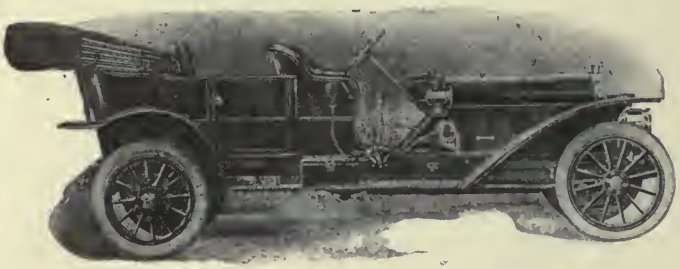
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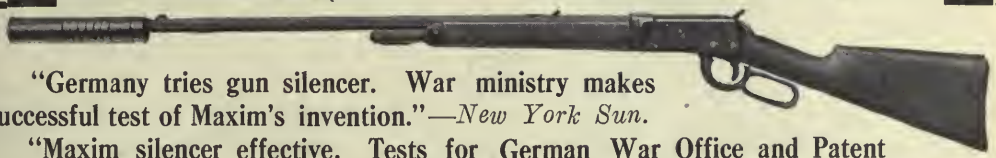
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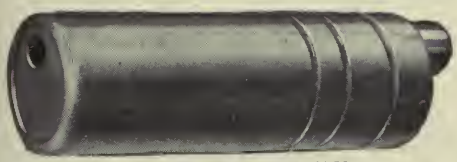


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Vol. LIV No. 4

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An Illustrated Magazine of the West

OCTOBER 1909

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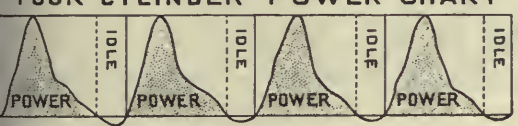
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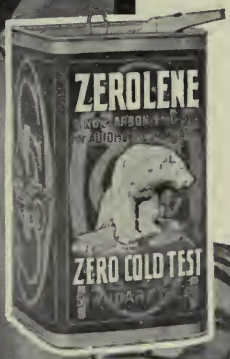
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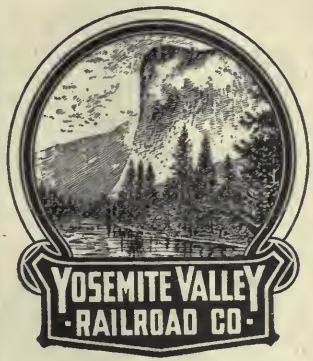
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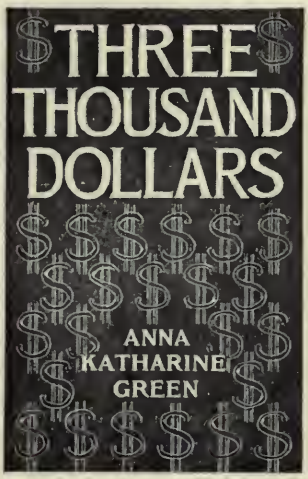
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Thomas Knight, within sight of whose farm Portola turned eastward to go the last three miles to his camp on the shores of the bay. Mr. Knight is the oldest resident of San Mateo County, having lived in the Portola Valley since 1853.

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OCTOBER, 1909

No. 4 OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LIV

Founded 1868 Bret Harte San Francisco

THE PORTOLA DISCOVERY

Based on the Original Studies of Professor George Davidson

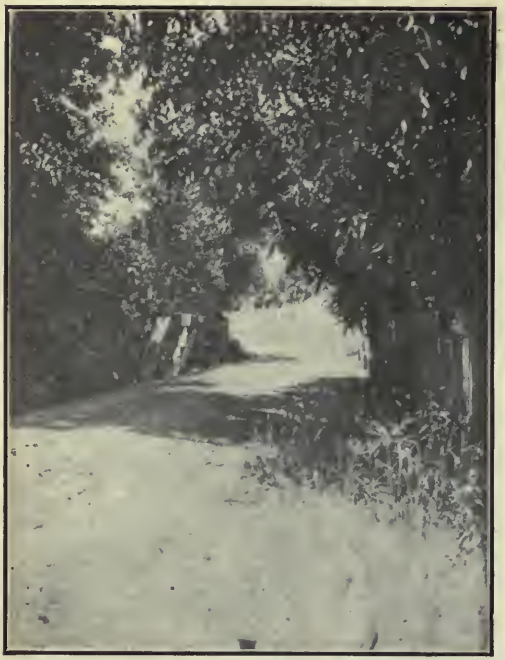
BY HALSEY L. RIXFORD

Mr. Halsey L. Rixford throws a great light on the history of Gaspar de Portola. Some ingenious individuals have gone so far as to say that this Portola is a myth, and that he did little else than convoy the Fathers of the Church in their quest in the north. It is shown by Mr. Rixford that Portola was more than a simple policeman to the militant brotherhood, and that he was a mighty man of enterprise and withal, gifted with a fine imagination. To Mr. Rixford, the Overland readers, and the public are generally indebted to Prof. Geo. Davidson for many of the facts given, but it is to Mr. Halsey that we are indebted for rendering them available in popular form.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

IF SAN FRANCISCO wishes a mission, let his port be discovered, and one will be founded." So replied the Visitador General Galvez to Padre Junipero Serra in the year 1768, when the latter, consulting him in regard to the three establishments projected for California, asked why there was not "a mission for Nuestro Padre San Francisco?" San Diego, San Buenaventura and San Carlos were the names assigned to the missions, the site of the last being the shore of Monterey Bay. Gaspar de Portola, the first Governor of California, commanded the expedition sent in 1769 from San Blas, Mexico, to found these northernmost havens of refuge for the followers of the Spanish Church and State. Searching for Monterey Bay in the location ascribed to it in 1602 by the discoverer Vizcaino, the Portola party found no harbor as sheltered as they had been led to expect. "Therefore," says Father Francisco Palou, "they went forty leagues farther and came upon the *Puerto de San Francisco Nuestro Padre.* * * * In view of this, what have we to say why Nuestro Padre should not wish a mission in his port?" The first sight of the bay was had on November 1, 1769.

The inception of Portola's trip may be directly attributed to over a century and a half of buccaneering ravages on Spanish commerce in the Pacific by Sir Francis Drake, "master thiefe of the unknowne world," Cavendish, Dampier, Anson and others, to the seizure of Manila in 1762, and the preparations for a scientific expedition under James Cook in 1767, all of which combined in prompting Charles III of Spain to issue a proclamation directing that efficient measures be taken

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Here one may imagine the brown cowled priest and the dragoon stalking ghostily and looking into the village of Portola just beyond.

to protect the coast of California against invasion by "a foreign nation whose aims are no wise favorable to the Monarchy."

Galvez, the Visitador General, left the City of Mexico April 9, 1768, for San Blas, to arrange for the setting forth of two expeditions—one by sea, the other by land. The mail boats "San Carlos" and "San Antonio" sailed from the Gulf of California, and Portola led the land party up the peninsula. It is over seven hundred miles long. For weeks he and his men toiled over the weary wastes in a body until they reached Velicata. From here forty men of the California Company and thirty Indians were to accompany the expedition to San Diego, where was to be the first of the missions of the Franciscans, that blazed the way for the settlement of California. Large herds of cattle and mules were gathered; provisions were brought from the neighboring mission of Santa Maria. On March 24th, Don Fernando Rivera y Moncada started with a scouting party, and, reduced to a ration of two tortillas a day, they made San Diego on May 14th.. Governor Portola left Velicata the following day. In his company was the Most Reverend Father Fray Junipero Serra, President of the Missions of California, and called "The Venerable."

When Portola reached San Diego forty-five days later, with one hundred and sixty-three mules laden with provisions, he found the crews of the vessels in a deplorable state. Scurvy, induced by a diet consisting largely of dried and salt meat, had run riot in the little ships, and of a complement of ninety sailors, conscripts and Indians, only sixteen men remained fit for duty two weeks after landing. The Governor proposed to load and man the San Carlos, but her skipper refused to undertake the voyage to Monterey because he had hardly any seamen. Portola despatched the San Antonio to report to the Visitador General, in the hope that more men and food would be sent to equip the ships while he was on the way northward. No vessel, however, reached Monterey until the following year.

Portola had arrived June 29th. July 9th he sent the San Antonio south. By July 14th he was again pressing forward. In the meantime, *el comandante* had informed himself of the situation, planned the further movements of the vessels and the land expedition, and assisted at the establishment of the Mission San Diego de Alcala. All took part in adoring the Holy Cross, the spot of its erection was dedicated to the glory of God, the fathers said mass and the assemblage joined in the prayers, and Portola, striding over the ground with drawn sword in hand, slashed trees, earth, grass and the salt water to show that he took possession of the country by the authority vested in him by Pope, King and Viceroy.

Taking one hundred packages of provisions—leaving the rest for the men at the mission and trusting to the San Carlos for relief—the newly possessed Governor set out with his notable company. It included Captain Don Fernando Rivera y Moncada, Don Miguel Costanso, an engineer of the army, Lieutenant Don Pedro Fages, Sergeant Jose Francisco de Ortega, Padres Juan Crespi and Francisco Gomez, seven *"soladados voluntarios de la Compania franca de Cataluna,"* twenty-seven *"soldados de Cuera"* (garrison soldiers,

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wearing short leathern jackets), seven packers, fifteen Christian Indians from Baja California, and two servants respectively to the first and second commanders —making, with the Governor, a total of sixty-five men. Enough horses and mules were taken to furnish the expedition with relays—the number is unrecorded. In the lead was Portola; about him were the spiritual and temporal officers—except Captain Rivera, commanding the rear guard—and following close were six of the Catalonian Volunteers, with Indians carrying picks, shovels, crowbars and axes to hew a path through the thickets and scratch a trail over the virgin mountains. Next came the pack train in four divisions with muleteers and garrison soldiers in each band. Comprised in the rear guard were the rest of the troops and friendly Indians, in charge of the relays of animals.

It took the plucky pioneers two months and a half to traverse the two hundred leagues—nearly six hundred miles—from San Diego to the vicinity of Vizcaino's port, the dominating landmark of which was the Point of Pines. They bore in mind the Puerto of San Diego, also named by Vizcaino. The port they sought was an equally "famous" *puerto* according to the discoverer; therefore, it must be a notable harbor, instead of an open bay, or roadstead; indeed, he said it was "sheltered from all winds," and on the immediate coast there are pines from which masts of any desired size can be obtained." The discoverer had placed Monterey Bay in latitude 37 deg.; this parallel runs a few miles north of the modern city of Santa Cruz. Such a discrepancy Engineer Costanso could attribute to the antiquated instruments in use in Vizcaino's time. But Father Crespi was in general correct, except for the size of the trees, in his description written to Father Palou after the return to San Diego: "Point Pinos, according to my observations, is in latitude 36 deg. 42 min. Where this point of pines begins (on the south) there is a small bay * * * and from there the Point of the Pines extends, and not as the narrative says; and I can assure your Reverence that I did not see one on the whole point which would serve for yards or masts for these vessels; and the said point



The entrance to Crespi Wood, so named in honor of the priest who accompanied Portola and left a record of the expedition. In this wood was the residence of N. C. Carnall, who named the Portola Valley.

ending where it does, there begins a great gulf of twenty leagues at least." This was Monterey Bay.

Can we blame the good father and his companions for half-suspecting that the "famous" port was a fiction of Vizcaino's brain, when the discoverer's charts lay hidden and the searchers had to rely on a narrative which bristled with stories of a large native population using flax, hemp and cotton? Of animals "as large as wolves, and shaped like a stag, with a skin resembling that of a pelican, a long neck, and horns on the head as large as those of a stag; their tail is a yard in length and half a yard in breadth, and their hoofs cloven like that of an ox?" Of the trend of the coast line north of latitude 42 deg. toward Japan and China, which were not far away?

After spending the first week of October hunting in the neighborhood of Point Pinos for Monterey Bay, Portola made his momentous decision to look further north. Many of the travelers were ill,

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provisions were scarce, progress was slow. Two weeks later the party had rounded the "great gulf," and on October 23 encamped on Ano Nuevo Creek, in sight of the headland bearing the same name, near the south-western corner of San Mateo County.

On October 24th they were a short distance east of Pigeon Point. The next two days they rested at San Gregorio Creek, which they called for contemporary reasons that of *"los soldados de los cursos."* The Indians of the country were finer than any they had met, and the blackberry bushes, says Father Crespi, were so thick that they impeded progress. On the twenty-seventh they stopped on the south bank of Purisima Creek. Across the stream was an Indian rancheria. The narrative records that Costanso, with good cause, named it after a small insect, concerning which a professor of the State University recently said: "They have eyes, yet see not," but can bite at night, anyhow. California is notorious for them—among persons who have never been there. The encampment next day was made close to the mouth of Pilarcitos Creek. Rains softened the ground, and every one, including the commander, was unwell, so they rested on the 29th. The supply of medicines was reduced, as was that of meat. They thought of killing the weaker mules. On October 30th they were a mile north of the present Montara fog signal. Their advance was blocked by Mount Montara, 1940 feet high, near Point San Pedro.

On the morrow they went a league to the north, and from the top of the ridge saw Point Reyes far out to sea, the *Puerto de San Francisco,* and six or seven farallones to the west-northwest. This *puerto* was the anchorage under Point Reyes Head; they extended the name to the whole Gulf of the Farallones.

The mountains appeared continuous along the coast. The descent was made to the lagoon behind San Pedro Cove, where camp was pitched. They were over sixty miles north of the latitude of Point Pinos, and no sign of Monterey. A return to San Diego was discussed. But with his usual resolution, the Governor decided to remain a day and send out an exploring party.

Sergeant Ortega now took a detachment and started over the mountains in a northeasterly direction. For three days he and his companions were gone. On November 3d, at night, the discharge of firearms announced their arrival to those waiting in camp. They reported that on the first day out they had seen a great *estero,* or arm of the sea, to the east and southeast. From equivocal signs of the Indians, they understood there was a port and a ship therein.

Great was the excitement in camp. True, the good pilot Cabrera Bueno had reported Monterey to be in latitude 37 degrees, but Costanso had sometimes found him erroneous as much as a degree. Would they—now on short rations, sick and well-nigh disheartened—find the San Carlos safe in port and laden with provisions, and their countrymen waiting fondly to embrace them when they set foot on the shore? By the irony of fate, the San Carlos was the first vessel to pass through the Golden Gate (discovered in 1772 by Fages), and anchor in San Francisco Bay—Aug. 5, 1775.



This is the center of commercial life in Portola, the village named after the hardy Spanish dragoon.

On November 4th, after mass was said, they hast-

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ened to get under way. On their north side lay mountains—San Bruno, 1315 feet high in the northeast, farther away the crest of Tamalpais, 2594 feet, near at hand Twin Peaks, 925 feet in height. Cliffs prevented an advance along the beach. Their course lay to the northeast. Over the first range, they made by nightfall a small lagoon now covered by Water Company's supply for San Francisco.

On November 6th, Portola reached the end of the *canada*. Ascending the high land back of Redwood City, he overlooked on the east the long, blue, southern stretch of the new arm of the sea, and on the southeast the beautiful valley that bears his name. The territory drained by the



Don Nicholas Covarrubias, who will be the Don Gaspar of the Portola Festival.

Lake San Andreas, back of Millbrae Station on the Southern Pacific Railroad. They passed through the *canada* of San Andreas, and on the fifth camped in the Canada de Raymundo, near the south end, having traversed almost the length of the land covered by Crystal Springs Lakes, important factors in the Spring Valley streams flowing into the Searsville dam, and by that emptying just below it, was first so-called by N. C. Carnall, in 1882. This includes the old region known as Searsville and the present school districts of Greersburg and Portola. Woodside postoffice is in the heart of the valley. The slope of the foothills was now

gradual enough so that the party could follow the dashing waters of an *arroyo*. The mountains over which they had come seemed to encircle the *estero,* and Father Crespi gave them the name of his patron San Francisco. That day camp was pitched on Redwood Creek within a short distance of the bay.

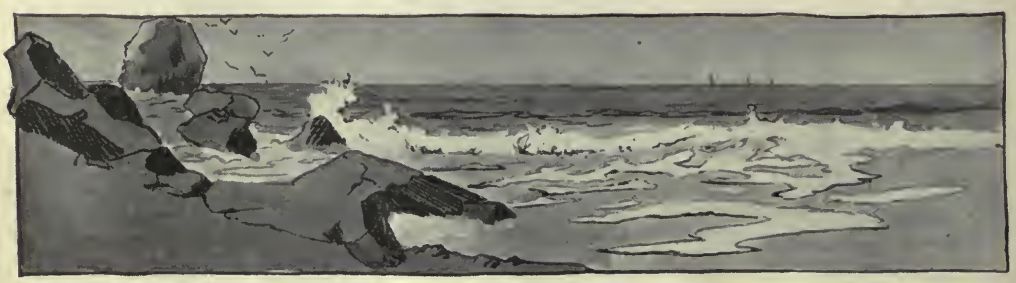
In the next few days, on one of which the party ate acorns and suffered extremely, Sergeant Ortega made an exploration around the head of the bay to the vicinity of Alviso. There was no sign of a ship, and a council of the officers voted for a return southward in search of Monterey, for they could not afford the time and rations further to explore the new discovery. Portola urged that they go forward, but yielded to the advice of his subordinates, and on November 11th all started for the coast.

Point Pinos was reached on November 28th. The party set up two crosses, buried a letter for the long-looked-for San Carlos, and on December 10th, after a severe snow-storm in the neighboring hills, set out with only sixteen sacks of flour for sixty-five men on the five hundred odd miles between them and San Diego. On arrival, Father Crespi wrote to Father Palou: "Those who departed * * * from this place * * * for Monterey have returned this twenty-fourth day of January of the present year (1770); with the merit of having been compelled to eat the flesh of male and female mules; and with not having found the port of Monterey."

On May 24th, however, the indomitable Portola had again arrived at Point Pinos. He expressed a desire to see the second cross of the former expedition, during the erection of which he had been on the southern side of the point, and was led to it by a soldier, accompanied by Crespi and Fages. Reflecting that Point Pinos and that opposite, which they judged to be Ano Nuevo, enclosed the "great gulf," and noticing that it was shaped like the letter O; that its water was smooth and looked like a lagoon, and that two large whales were not more than fifty varas from land, which was a sign there was a good depth of water for anchorage, they broke forth with one voice:

"This is the Port of Monterey, which we have sought; it is exactly as reported by Sebastian Vizcaino and Cabrera Bueno."

Father Crespi had written that if the Bay of Monterey were not discovered, "in default of it we have this most famous one of San Francisco, wherein to plant the standard of the Most Holy Cross." Little did Don Gaspar de Portola, Captain of Dragoons in the Regiment of Spain, gazing on the waters of San Francisco Bay, dream that in one hundred and forty years his military affiliation would furnish inspiration for use in a commemorative pageant; nor was the good Padre Juan Crespi, when he stated this exceedingly large port "could not only contain all the navies of His Catholic Majesty, but those of all Europe as well," aware that he had uttered a note of prophecy for the distant month of October, 1909.



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TWO IN A TAVERN

BY J. TORREY CONNOR

MISS TROTTER had been pacing the veranda for twenty minutes, glancing impatiently down the trail for the guide who was to show her the wonders of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Between glances she feasted her eyes on the beauties of the scene.

Far below, the ruins of a great city—apparently—were spread out. Another Pompeii stood revealed. The bastions, turrets, pinnacles, and sculptured facades of the Titanic castles glowed in the morning light. Other shapes chiseled by the Great Sculptor suggested the towers and domes of a grand cathedral, from the towers of which, presently, would come the call of early vespers; yonder rose the walls of a fort, buttressed and battlemented. A butte lifted on its ragged shoulder the hull of a battleship.

Miss Trotter sighed. She had entertained thoughts of photographing the Canyon. Photograph it! How could one *get at it* without the aid of a flying machine? Or, given the flying machine, how content one's self with a black-and-white reproduction of the panoramic picture, in which red—the whole gamut of reds—brown, blue, yellow and royal purple, were mingled?

A step on the veranda turned her thoughts to the guide. He stood before her, a tall, good looking fellow in brown corduroy, brown, high-topped boots and broad-brimmed sombrero. "Picturesque," was her mental comment.

"You are going to take me into the canyon," she said, not at all interrogatively. Miss Trotter, it may be remarked, in passing, was positive, pretty and peremptory.

"Why—er—yes," the young man answered, taking off his hat with a graceful sweep.

"I'm not accustomed to riding, so you'd better get a mule or a burro for me. They are sure-footed; and I shall feel safer when we're going down Jacob's Ladder and around Cape Horn. And, guide"—he was turning to carry out her orders—"have the hotel people put us up a good lunch. I intend to stay down there all day."

"Wouldn't you like to go to Rowe's Point first?" diffidently suggested the one addressed. "According to the guide book, a most comprehensive view of the amphitheatre can be obtained there."

"How far is it?"

"The Point is about two miles distant from the hotel, by wagon road. The road twists in and out among the trees, and to all appearance there isn't a canyon within one hundred miles. Suddenly, without warning, you step out on the level rock platform that rounds off this promontory; and before you know what has happened, you are gazing into a hole that runs down to the center of the earth."

"Intelligent above his class," was Miss Trotter's second mental verdict, as she stood irresolute, uncertain whether to adopt the guide's suggestion or to reject it.

"We'll go down into the Canyon to-day," she announced, "and to-morrow I'll take the wagon road to Rowe's Point in the morning, and the Rim Trail, to Moran's Point, where the artist's celebrated picture was painted, in the afternoon. Consider yourself engaged for the day."

The guide was gone but a short time. Returning, he dismounted from his horse, and packed the lunch which the bell boy brought, in the saddle-bags; then leading the diminutive burro to the horse-block, he assisted Miss Trotter to mount.

"Don't attempt to direct him," he advised. "Give him his head, and he will carry you with perfect safety."

He swung into his saddle and started off, Miss Trotter following timorously.

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The Cathedral Towers.

Bright Angel trail slipped toward the edge of the chasm. There was no premonition of the sudden drop that sent Miss Trotter skittering down an incline of forty-five degrees. She grabbed frantically at the tail of her beast lest she should slide over its ears, and gave utterance to a little squeak of dismay. To her great relief, the guide appeared not to have heard her. She had a feeling that she did not wish to appear at a disadvantage before the guide.

Down, down, they followed the corkscrew trail, between massive sandstone walls that shut them in and served as a frame for the picture that was revealed beyond. Miss Trotter's first timid fears were forgotten. She gazed in rapt wonder at the scene.

At Cape Horn the guide called a halt. The animals must rest.

"I am glad that you waited until the day was properly aired before starting out," he said. "There was a party of tourists that came down on the late train last night, intending to go back on the early train this morning. They got up at break of day and prowled about in the chilly dawn; and all they saw for their pains was a view of the lake of mist, dotted with the island-like peaks of buttes that have their foundation a thousand feet or more below—a lake that filled the Canyon from brim to brim.

"And this," supplemented Miss Trotter, ironically, "is the brand of tourist who, returning, proclaims most vociferously that he has 'seen' the Grand Canyon of the Colorado! One meets this kind abroad. He lives, moves and has his being according to Cook's schedule, which allows fifteen minutes for the inspection of a cathedral, and twenty-four hours or so for the rest of Europe."

"And, sad to say, the kind one meets abroad is, usually, American," the guide smilingly asserted, as he again reined his horse into the trail.

Miss Trotter forgot to be astonished at this further evidence of the guide's intelligence. She was now taking it quite as a matter of course. Perhaps all Western guides were like that.

Three miles of alternate climbing and tobogganing—the latter, chiefly—and they reached the floor of the Canyon, a thousand feet below the rim. Still following the trail, which ran nearly straight over the plateau that was bordered on either side by buttes, they came upon a shaded spring, where the horses were glad to tarry. Graceful willows bent above the water that, gushing from the ground, flowed away in loops and curves—a silver ribbon of a stream.

"It is only within very recent years that the tourist found his way here," said Miss Trotter, instructively, taking a firm hold on the saddle-horn as the burro lowered his head to drink. "Previous to that time the Canyon, so far as the general public is concerned, was still undiscovered."

"And yet," the guide returned with a winning smile, "haven't you a—er—sort of feeling that you may, at any moment, Columbus-like, make some wonderful discovery? Yesterday I was down here, intending to go to the river. I came to a

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At the edge of the chasm, one thousand feet sheer.

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division of ways, the trail, to the right, leading to the river, the one to the left to a range where Cliff-dwellers, years ago, built in the crannies of the wall. I took the trail to the left."

"What did you find?" Miss Trotter breathlessly inquired. Her brown eyes were wide and childlike in her interest; her red lips were parted in breathless expectancy.

"What," said the guide, answering her question by asking another, "would you instinctively look for on that threshold of mystery? 'The trail of the tourist is over it all'—Europe, Mexico, America—Ah! I see you understand," he finished, as Miss Trotter's face sparkled into smiles. "I did *not* find the sardine can and the empty beer bottle of the Tribe of the Wandering Foot; hence, I hailed The Tavern as



"Down Brakes!"

"I found a little house that, I am sure, has never been visited by tourists. I promptly named it The Tavern, took possession, and ate my luncheon there."

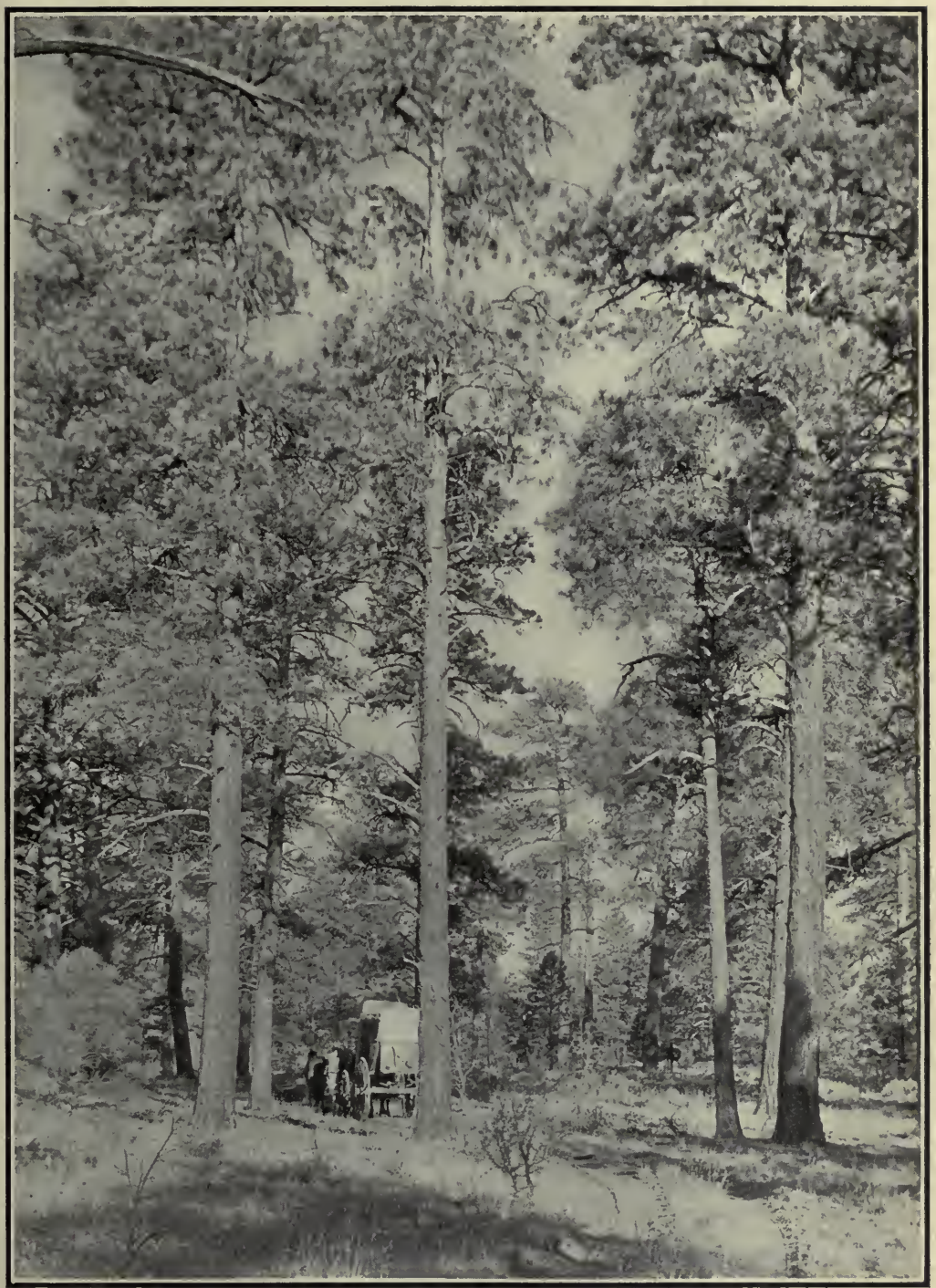
"How do you know that you are the Columbus of this discovery?" Miss Trotter asked.

my own particular discovery. We'll lunch there to-day if you like."

"Couldn't we do the cliff house and the river, too?" queried the ambitious Miss Trotter.

"There is a two-mile walk over shifting shale, and a tough scramble down the per-

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The road to Rowe's Point, through the famed Coconino forest.

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pendicular wall of the river canyon thrown in with the walk. You see, the Colorado river dashes along between walls of black granite hundreds of feet below the floor of the Canyon, threading a canyon that lies within the Canyon. The trip would be too difficult for you."

He spoke as one having authority; and Miss Trotter, unaccustomed as she was to any man's dominance, meekly subsided.

When they arrived at "the division of the ways," the guide unhesitatingly took the trail to the left. As they neared a huge butte, they saw evidence of man's masonry in the crevices of the sky-piled rocks that towered above the trail.

The guide picketed the animals, and taking the saddle-bags over one arm, offered his hand to Miss Trotter. A breathless scramble of fifty feet, and they stood on a narrow shelf where were two diminutive dwellings.

"There are other worlds to conquer," announced the guide. "Around that shoulder of rock is—The Tavern. Will you try the air-line? With your back to the rock—Don't look down! Now! One, two, three—side-step!"

They rounded the "shoulder," and sank down, laughing, in front of the third, and much larger house. Miss Trotter took off her hat and leaned her head against the wall of the house. The guide emptied the saddle-bags, and arranged the lunch as daintily as any woman.

"I should like," said Miss Trotter, hesitating between a tongue and a cress sandwich, and finally accepting them both, "to stay here at the Canyon for a week or two. There are the Havasupi Indian village, the copper mine, the lime rock caves—oh, ever so many points of interest that I must leave unvisited."

"It would be delightful," the young man agreed. He gazed dreamily at Miss Trotter. Miss Trotter gazed dreamily at the landscape, drenched in the radiance of the sun that now was swinging westward.

"Delightful!" he repeated.

Miss Trotter crunched a cracker between her white little teeth.

"I have just been reading how Lieutenant Ives was sent out by the war department in 1857, with instructions to explore the Colorado river as far from its mouth as navigation should be found practicable," she said, in the "informing" way into which she occasionally lapsed, and which, pedantic in suggestion, came oddly from one so young and attractive. "But so far as we know, the early Spanish explorers were the first to sight the mighty chasm. This was the expedition of 1540, which journeyed from the Moki pueblos northwestward across the desert, obtaining a view of the Canyon, but failing in every attempt to descend its walls."

The guide seemed intensely interested. He hung on Miss Trotter's words, and she, recognizing that here was fertile ground for her seeds of wisdom, proceeded:

"Until forty years ago, the exact course of the Colorado was unknown for many miles, even its origin being a matter of conjecture. It was difficult to approach within a distance of two or three miles from its channel, while descent to the river's edge could only be hazarded at wide intervals, as it lay in an appalling fissure at the foot of seemingly impossible cliff terraces that led down from the bordering plateau; and to tempt its navigation was to court death.

"In 1869 Major J. W. Powell undertook the exploration of the river with nine men and four boats, starting from Green River City in Utah. The project met with the most earnest remonstrance from those who were best acquainted with the region, including the Indians, who maintained that boats could not possibly live in any one of a score of rapids and falls known to them. It was also currently believed that for hundreds of miles the river disappeared wholly beneath the surface of the earth.

"That the idea was erroneous was proved then by Major Powell and two years ago by Ronald Burton, who wrote a thrilling account of his journey—Why do you look at me like that?"

"It is beginning to dawn on me that you may have taken me for some one else," said the young man slowly. "I didn't mention my name to you at first, because—er—well, I was rather taken by surprise. And you didn't tell me yours, you know."

"I am Miss Trotter, and I'm on my way to Long Beach, California, to speak on the Spiral in Nature before the Chautauqua Assembly," said the young lady,

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formally. There was, however, a slight quaver in her voice. The occasion, the place and the man possibly caused it.

"I am Ronald Burton," said the young man, not at all formally, but with exceeding diffidence. "I myself will—er—ap-

ing of a cricket in a crevice of the wall of The Tavern.

"I mistook you for a guide!" burst from Miss Trotter in accents almost tearful. "Oh, Mr. Burton, what must you think of me?"



Where "Bright Angel" trail begins.

pear before the Chautauqua Assembly. I —I am glad you like my book, Miss Trotter."

Miss Trotter gasped, and put her hands to her crimsoning cheeks. Silence fell between the two, broken only by the chirp-

The cricket's chirping sounded insistently loud during the moment that elapsed before the young man answered. Then:

"I—I should like to tell you what I think of you. May I tell you—sometime?"

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A UNIQUE CLIMATE

BY W. A. TENNEY

THE ISOTHERMAL maps of California, published by the United States Weather Bureau are scientific curiosities. The red lines, chiefly parallel, running north and south through two-thirds of the length of the State, signify an equal temperature along the belts covered by each line. On the margin at the end of the lines are arranged a succession of numbers from 44 to 72, denoting the mean annual temperature each line represents. The parallel belts of country over which the lines pass are not far apart, yet the maps show a regular gradation of temperature. A map of no other country on the face of the globe has such an arrangement of isothermal lines running north and south.

It may be asked on what principles were these strange lines arranged on the maps? In California are more than a hundred United States Signal Stations furnished with instruments which daily give a record of the temperature, the atmospheric pressure, the humidity, the precipitation and the course and velocity of the winds. These instrumental records from a hundred stations, all over the State, are sent to headquarters where they are sorted and classified. It has been found that the places reported at about the same temperature are so situated that a line may be drawn from one point to another to the opposite end of the State. As an example, Poway, near the Mexican line, has an annual mean of 62.6 degrees and Riverside in the adjoining county is 62.3; Redlands, in the next county, is 62.2; Los Angeles, 62.6; Fresno, 62.5; Newman, Stanislaus County, 62.1; Antioch, at the mouth of the San Joaquin, 62.6; Rio Vista, near the mouth of the Sacramento, about the same; and all the way up the Sacramento on both sides are points differing but a degree or two till Redding is reached in Shasta County at 61.3. Here is a belt 600 miles long north and south where there are spots at least, all the way, at which the thermometers do not differ more than a degree or two. It has been found by experiment that oranges, olives and other semi-tropical fruits, where the soil is suitable, can be grown in the northern counties of Butte, Tehama and Shasta equally as well as they can in Los Angeles, Seaside and San Diego Counties. Facts confirm the accuracy of the isothermal lines of the Weather Bureau.

At this point attention is called to the situation of California, and its general topography. Whoever will look at a map may see the peculiar location and construction. In form it is an irregular parallelogram extending from 32½ degrees of latitude to 42 degrees north, and on an average it is 200 miles wide, inclosing an area of 153,650 square miles. It surpasses in size all of New England, with New York, New Jersey and Ohio added. It lies diagonally with the points of the compass. On the north it is bounded by the Siskiyou mountains, on the east by the high Sierra range, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. Near the ocean, at irregular distances, is the Coast Range. Between these ranges is a great inland valley 450 miles long and 50 miles or more in width, between the high foothills. This inland empire is nearly in the form of an ellipse reaching over five degrees of latitude. The area is about equal to that of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maryland and Delaware combined. The Sacramento River drains the north and the San Joaquin gathers the water from near the south end, and the two rivers meet at the head of Suisun Bay, pouring the accumulated waters into the ocean through the Golden Gate; and this forms the only open pass, through the Coast Range between the ocean and the great valley. The extreme

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southern end of the valley discharges its waters into Tulare Lake, which has no visible outlet. In the Sierra range not far from the south end of the valley is Mt. Whitney, 14,898 feet high, with perpetual snow and ice on its summit.

Only a few miles from the base of Mt. Whitney is Death Valley, with its lowest plain 480 feet below sea level, surrounded by tropical deserts, hot as Sahara. Nowhere else within an equal space can one pass from so high an altitude to so low a depth from sea level; or from a summit of perpetual congealation to a plain where the thermometer registers 124 degrees in the shade, or to 140 in the sun. Here nature's forces have done their best in shooting up and shaking down the material elements. Such extremes of gradation in height, depth and temperature are nowhere else so near neighbors. How much influence this peculiar situation may have on the climate of the State at large north and south has not been scientifically settled. The deserts below sea level from Death Valley to Salton must radiate their heat afar athwart the elevated table lands.

One other point, it is claimed, wields a potent influence over the general climate of the State. The coast line from Alaska has a southerly trend, so there is little apparent break to the Arctic breezes. About one-third of the way from Mexico to Oregon, at Point Conception, the coast turns abruptly to the east, and so continues for eighty miles. Near this point, also, the Coast Range is broken off; and parallel with the new coast line is the Santa Ynez range connecting with the Tehachapi range, and extending to the Sierras. This high cross wall of rock, commencing where the coast line changes, it is presumed, arrests the boreal gales and the heat of the great inland valley, and forms the climatic division between Northern and Southern California. Again the removal of the regular Coast Range opens a vast plain or mesa from the ocean to the extension of the Sierras. This tract to the foothills in places, at least, 50 miles wide, is open to the placid waters, bringing the warm Japanese current and sheltered from bleak fogs, seems to insure a climate of ideal mildness. The real estate dealers, the transportation agents and the hotel proprietors spread broadcast their circulars, assuring the public that the great plain from Santa Barbara to San Diego has a climate unequaled for its "soft and balmy qualities." But after all, can it be proved that the climate south of Point Conception and the Tehachapi is superior to what can be found north? Unfortunately no scientific instruments have been invented to measure the "soft and balmy qualities." The United States Weather Bureau furnishes no such instruments at their signal stations. The bureau does not accept nervous sensibilities as an accurate measure of any department of the weather.

Let a native of the Congo country go to Modoc county, where the mercury falls to 28 below zero, and he would conclude from his feelings that he was at the point where mercury freezes. Or let a native from Point Barrow go to Death Valley, where it is claimed eggs cook in the sand from heat of the sun, and he would conclude from his feelings that the thermometer should stand at near 212, the point where water boils. Sensations and thermometers do not agree in temperature.

Near the southeast corner of California is a desert region where the Weather Bureau reports the mean annual temperature from 68 to 72 degrees, and the highest as from 116 to 124 degrees. In the northern part of the State there is no such inferno. Aside from this exceptional locality and the high mountain crests the climate north and south is surprisingly uniform. To show that latitude cuts little or no figure in the climate, attention is called to two circles of isothermal lines on the map. One is in San Diego County near the Mexican border, and at its center is Poway, the other circle is in the northern end of Humboldt County, a few miles from Oregon; in the center is Orleans. The two points are relatively in the same latitude as Charleston, South Carolina, and New York. Poway has a mean annual temperature of 62.6; highest 107, lowest 26. Orleans registers 62.4; highest 109, lowest 29. The northern is three degrees warmer in winter and two degrees in summer than the southern. They are about equally distant from the coast. The elevation of Poway is 460 feet. Of Orleans 520. Only 60 feet difference.

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Take two other points; El Cajon in San Diego County is about as far from Mexico as Shasta in Siskiyou is from Oregon. El Cajon registers mean annual 63.4; highest 107, lowest 29. Shasta 63.9; highest 108, lowest 24. El Cajon is near the coast at an elevation of 484 feet. Shasta is at the extreme north end of the great inland valley east of the Sacramento river and at an elevation of 1049 feet.

Altitude decides little until the alpine heights or infernal depths are reached. As an example, Rocklin and Auburn are 18 miles apart. The elevation of Rocklin is 249 feet, of Auburn 1360 feet. The register of Rocklin is mean 60.6; highest 100, lowest 24. Auburn 60; highest 108, lowest 27. Between the two points by rail is Newcastle, five miles from Auburn, and 970 feet elevation. Here is a citrus belt unsurpassed in the State. The oranges at Newcastle are ready for market a month earlier than at Los Angeles and Seaside, and of the richest quality. This belt is north of the center of the State, and in the foothills east of the Sacramento.

The climate of California is a phenomenal mystery. It cannot be estimated or traced by the rules which prevail in other parts of the world.

I once crossed the Sierras in April, before the middle. We left the snow-sheds just as the rising sun began to glitter on the surrounding peaks. The snow, beginning to melt, was nearly ten feet deep on a level. The road winds back and forth in curves and loops down the mountain side from an altitude of nearly 6,000 feet. Some miles before the train stopped at 7:30 for the crew and passengers to get breakfast, we were passing fruit orchards in full blossom. Before nine o'clock we were in one of the richest orange belts in the State. At ten o'clock we were rushing through hay fields where the farmers were mowing, raking and stacking hay. At eleven o'clock we were in Sacramento. Thus in less than five hours, passing over a circuitous road of 92 miles, we passed from snow and ice ten feet deep to harvest fields in April. In what other part of the world can so great a variety of climate be found in so short a space and time or distance?

We are not dependent upon scientific instruments alone to determine the qualities of California climate. The cultivated productions corroborate the records of the Weather Bureau. Some plants and trees will endure almost an unlimited range of climate. Wheat, rye, oaks and pines thrive from the tropics to the Arctic. It is not so with pineapples, bananas, dates and olives. Citrus fruits, oranges, lemons, date-palms, cannot endure a temperature much below 24 degrees without injury to fruit and trees. There must be a mean of not less than 60 degrees. With these restrictions, citrus orchards are thriving in most of the counties of the State.

The first immigrant settlers in California were Franciscan Missionaries from Spain. They began operations at San Diego, and gradually increased their stations where they found the largest Indian settlements. Finding the climate so much like that in their native land, they introduced the citrus fruits. Step by step they planted stations a day's journey apart till they reached San Rafael and Sonoma, near San Francisco. At the most of these stations they started citrus fruits and palms. Even in Sonoma it is found oranges do nearly as well as south of the Tehachapi. Trees there only a few years old are three feet in circumference. At the time of the secularization of missions, about 1837, the stations were abandoned, and the orchards, with other improvements, went to ruin. A few years later, when California became United States territory, and the mines were discovered, a class of immigrants took possession who had no experience nor interest in semi-tropical fruits. The early American settlers confined their attentions to what seemed to pay best, grazing, grain and deciduous fruits. It was 1860 before any particular attention was given to oranges and lemons. The old orchards were still in existence about Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and other abandoned missions. In 1855 some one at Sacramento planted the seeds from an Acapulco orange. Two years later, one of the little trees was transplanted at Bidwell's Bar, Butte County. It is now a large and thriving tree. This was the first experiment with oranges in the great inland valley and in the northern part of the State. The ex-

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periment with one tree has resulted in making Butte County one of the richest orange centers in the State. In 1862 there were in all California 25,000 orange trees; the latest reports show now more than 5,000,000 trees. North of a line passing due east from San Francisco, citrus orchards are increasing almost as fast as south of the Tehachapi. The vast grazing and grain fields are being divided into orange orchards because they pay better (from $800 to $1,000 an acre) for fruit. The climate is eminently fitting.

In the Capitol Park, containing about thirty acres, around the State House at Sacramento, may be seen 350 different varieties of trees, natives of every country upon the face of the globe—all growing together and flourishing as if they were at home. This is the finest capitol park in the United States, and is the wonder of all visitors who are acquainted with the many varieties of trees that are to be found from the tropics to the poles.—*State Agricultural Society.*

What spot can be found outside of California where the denizens from the tropics and the Arctic can stand side by side without finding it too hot or too cold for the life of those from the extremes? Here is a marvel of climatic perfection.

Do not be deceived. The climate is not the same all over California. It is alike only in spots or belts, not affected as in the world at large by latitude and altitude. In other spots close by it is quite different. Points eight degrees of latitude apart, far as Charleston, South Carolina and New York, do not differ two degrees in temperature. Other spots a mile apart differ materially. An example:

One winter I spent at Ventura, east of Point Conception. The city is on the seaside. From the beach to the steep mountain side is eight city blocks—about a quarter of a mile. I found that on a few mornings on the level plat toward the beach there was a light frost, but above the upper street it was always frostless. No plants were touched.

This warm belt was not more than a hundred feet above the tide level, but it was sheltered by high mountain spurs, and open to the warm ocean current. Less than a mile from this warm spot ice was formed a quarter of an inch thick. The cold place was close to the shady side of a bluff, at the mouth of a deep canyon through which cold blasts from the north swept down from the high mountain peaks. The situation made the difference in the temperature. About five blocks from the sea and not far from the mouth of the canyon are two venerable date-palm trees, planted by the Mission Fathers about 1788, one hundred and twenty years ago. They have never produced fruit. Sea fogs and the cold draughts from the mountains are not congenial to the children of the desert. At Winters, an hour's ride from Sacramento, is a palm tree which is annually loaded with fruit. One year it produced 700 pounds of dates, a single branch weighing 40 pounds. Winters is considerably north of the center of the State, and in the great inland empire, while Ventura is south of Point Conception and close to Los Angeles County.

The successful cultivation of the fruit, as well as the records of the Weather Bureau, prove that latitude and elevation alone wield only a minimum influence on California climate. The weather is determined chiefly by situation. The broad and sunny plains and land-locked valley points, sheltered by mountain spurs or exposed by canyons, relative distance from sea fogs and snow peaks; these are the conditions which regulate the unique climate of California. On no other ground can we account for the strange exceptions to general rules. Poway and Orleans are about equally distant from the ocean, differ only 60 feet in altitude, but are separated by nine degrees of latitude. The mean temperature is the same, and the northern point is three degrees the warmer in winter. Poway and Orleans are alike in the citrus zone. Porterville and Shasta have about the same mean temperature; Shasta is five degrees colder at the lowest. The altitude of Porterville is 464 feet, and of Shasta 1049 feet; the two places are situated in the opposite end of the interior valley, five degrees of latitude apart; each is in the citrus zone. Their latitude corresponds to the south line of Virginia and Connecticut.

Some repetition has been introduced to show the correspondence of the Weather Bureau with the facts gathered from fruit

culture, and also to gather the results of details into the closest compass. It is important to add that between the given points of about the same temperaure at nearly the extremes of latitude are places near the coast and also inland where there is every grade of climate from a mean of 44 degrees to a mean of 72 degrees, and the lowest, 54 degrees to 16 degrees below zero. Environment chiefly, if not exclusively, caused the diversity. With the rarest exceptions, whatever the temperature, the isothermal lines run north and south instead of parallel with the degrees of latitude.

Along the California isothermal lines, extending more than 600 miles north and south is the greatest uniformity of temperature during the year to be found anywhere in the temperate zone. There are also parallel lines running the same distance which show the greatest variety of temperature in an equal distance on earth.

A home seeker can find any kind of climate desired in California without a long journey from any one of the common centers. And nearly all points are salubrious. The greatest glory of California is its climate.

THE ROLLING STONE

BY JOHN A. HENSHALL

Here's honor to the rolling stone,
Who lives Life's joke for Life alone,
Who looks not with a miser's greed
On gold, save to supply his need:
And so I say, nor bow my head,
While life holds out, while blood runs red,
The brave will Earth's wild corners roam
Nor gather moss till Death calls home.

No twining parasite is he,
Dependent on some friendly tree;
No terror holds him in its thralls,
Alone he stands, ascends, or falls:
And so I say, nor bow my head,
While life holds out, while blood runs red,
The brave will Earth's wild corners roam
Nor gather moss till Death calls home.

No mossbound anchorites are they,
No clinging limpets in the bay,
That hang to some protecting rock
Because afraid to stand the shock
And turmoil of the life without.
Boldly they sail across the bar
With courage for their guiding star:
And so I say, nor bow my head,
While life holds out, while blood runs red.
The brave will Earth's wild corners roam,
Nor gather moss till Death calls home.

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"VANEETY," THE CHEROKEE MAID

BY LILLIAN MAY TROY

IT WAS IN the obscure illumination which precedes the dawn that Brisbane woke from an uneasy slumber in the thicket under the tupelo trees bordering the river. The acute instinct of a man familiar with the Indian country told him something had awakened him. Turning cautiously on his side, he parted the brush noiselessly, and peered out on the river racing swiftly along under the canopy of overhanging boughs. A minute passed; two; three; and then the listening man heard the faint dip of a paddle. "Didn't think they would be after me so soon," he muttered, as he adjusted the sight on his rifle for close range. Of course they would discover him; he had been too weary and exhausted the night previous to cover his trail. It was contrary to the redskin nature to track at night, and he wondered grimly why they should have made an exception in his case. Three shots left. Well, that meant he would "pot" two of them; one for poor Murray and the other for Nelson, his two companions they had murdered yesterday. And the third shot—they would have his scalp, but not until after the third shot—what then was left of it they were welcome to. He had been so positive of success, and now this was the end of it. The survey for the first tracks over the southern part of the continent had cost the railroad company dearly in money and the lives of their bravest men, and Brisbane had been the only one who had been successful in evading the Indians and completing the survey to the river. He had known the danger, and when his chief had told him to select the men to accompany him, he called for volunteers; refusing to order any man to go into the Indian country with him. When Murray and the boy Nelson stepped forward he was pleased; they knew the risks to be taken as well as Brisbane did; they knew their business thoroughly, and if any three could succeed they could. It was not actually the survey for the roadbed, but the most important preliminary step in the science of railroad building; the mapping out of the prospective route. It was practically the primal intrusion of progress into the great Southwest, and the wondering eyes of the nation were upon the men who took the risks of death and torture in the Indian country, as well as upon the man who risked their all to further a project which many wiseacres were wont to term premature.

General Miles and his cavalry were kept busy with Sitting Bull and Geronimo some few hundred miles away, and so general was the uprising that a military escort could not be spared, and the three men had to depend upon themselves to do their own scouting and protect themselves as best they could.

Men had made the attempt before, but none had ever returned, and many of the Eastern stockholders had advised delay until such time as the Government could make peace with the redskin braves. The president of the company replied that both he and the stockholders risked their fortunes, and while he asked no man to risk his life, if men there were who were willing to do so, it was the business of the company to take advantage of every opportunity; and as to peace with the Indians—the company could not afford to gamble in futures.

Brisbane heard the scratching of a paddle on the rocks in the stream, as though a canoe had approached too near their sharp jaws. His rifle pointed up stream, and the stock was pressed firmly against his shoulder and the hammer lay back with his finger on the trigger. A steady eye ran along the barrel, as he brought the rifle into position for a shot as the first

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canoe turned the bend in the river. The light was dim, but he was sure of himself now, and he knew he would have to shoot quickly. He heard the scraping against the rocks again, and he wondered why they didn't keep away from the rapids on the side, and get into the middle, where the current ran smoothly and swift.

As a canoe came sweeping around the bend, he took rapid aim, but as he would have pressed the trigger, he gasped with amazement, and sat bolt upright. The canoe had one occupant, a child—a girl! She came perilously near to the bank where the water lashed itself into white foam on the jagged rocks. Dexterously she avoided them without seeming to see them; her eyes scanning the bank as she gracefully balanced herself, feet apart in the frail craft. Brisbane's ears, trained to the silence, could hear no swishing of paddles up the river, and he thought the girl must be alone.

Suddenly she turned the canoe toward the bank, jumped out and beached it. With long, quick strides she reached the brush and undergrowth, and scanning the ground hastily, she came directly to where Brisbane knelt, and parted the bushes abruptly. She looked at the man a moment, and he fancied she appeared slightly satisfied as she muttered "huh." "Hello, youngster," Brisbane said cheerily, as he sprang up. "I suppose your whole tribe is out in your wake, taking the early morning air on the river, and as I'm a trifle solicitous about my health now, too, I'll ask you to pardon me if I relieve you of the canoe. 'Twill help me along."

Hope was once more dominant in Brisbane, as he sprang down the incline and shoved the canoe of skins and saplings into the stream, and sprang in.

"Huh," said the girl, with what seemed even more satisfaction, as she nimbly climbed in after him, just as he sent the craft swiftly into midstream.

"Here, you; get out," he said, as he paddled back to the bank: "Get out." As he would have assisted her out of the canoe by the arm, a brown hand shot up, and five long bleeding lines on his face marked the course of five finger nails. "You little tigress," he said, as he winced in pain.

"Huh," answered the girl with undisguised satisfaction. He caught her by both arms, and would have put her on the bank, but he left her go as he saw two rows of glistening teeth in close proximity to his arm. She reminded him of a kitten who, when you want to put it down, hangs on with its teeth and claws.

"All right," he said, disgustedly, "you can stay—I haven't any time to remain here arguing the merits of the question with you."

He pointed the nose of the canoe down stream, and commenced to paddle furiously, not knowing now where the painted braves were. He was surprised that the girl made no demonstration, but he watched her closely nevertheless. For three hours they went on thus; the man in the bow paddling with all his force; twice riding unfamiliar rapids, but going on, on, as only a man who had the rejuvenation of hope in his heart could; on until he was ready to faint with exhaustion and fatigue. He gave no thought to hunger, although no food had passed his lips for forty-eight hours. He had all he had hoped for—a chance—and he was going to get every shred out of it he could. In his pocket were the maps the company needed—they would not attempt to lay another foot of steel without them—and he had succeeded. If he could only outwit the redskins.

His stroke grew weaker, and it was sheer luck that the light craft was not dashed to pieces on the rocks that jutted out of the stream everywhere.

The canoe rocked ever so little, and a brown hand grasped the paddle.

"Let go there," he shouted.

Five little fingers sank into the cartilege of his ear, as the other hand grasped the paddle, and Brisbane relinquished his hold. A long, slender, childish hand pointed to the stern; and a strong pair of young arms held the canoe steady as the man sank down among the skins in the bottom of the canoe. When they reached a smooth stretch of the river, the girl drew some venison and a roasted quail from the twigs and leaves in the bow, and pressed the food into Brisbane's hands. He looked up in wonder! Her face was as immobile as a bronze statue, as she dipped a slender hand into the stream and wet his parched lips many times.

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When he had refreshed himself with food, Brisbane would have taken the paddle, but the Indian child pressed him back among the skins, and threateningly held up five slender fingers near his ear, and with a tired sigh and a smile on his lips he drifted into slumber.

Many times the Indian maiden turned to look at him as he slept. Her face bore the stolid look of her people, but the depths of the dark eyes seemed to soften and sparkle as she gazed. Was it the great length of shapeliness and muscle of the man that drew her admiration or the cluster of straight brown locks framing his clear-cut face? Was it the grey of the eyes or the laugh that lurked round the mouth even in sleep?

"Huh," was all she said, as she balanced herself in the bow, but there are many waves on the ocean that never shall boom on the sandy bars, and the thoughts of an Indian maiden—who knows?

It was late in the afternoon when the young surveyor woke from his refreshing sleep and sat up.

His eyes rested on the tall Indian child in the bow. He wondered what it all meant; was she taking him away from one hostile camp to deliver him to the Apaches farther down the river? Some devilish Indian ingenuity, he thought, as he wondered why he hadn't forcibly put her out of the canoe in the beginning. Then he remembered the food; trying to keep his strength up for some delectable jollification, no doubt—a tied-to-the-stake dance, perhaps.

"She certainly doesn't resemble the Apaches," he soliloquized, as he noted the straight nose, and splendid profile, as she turned sideways to sheer off from some rocks. Her hair was fine, not coarse like the Apache squaws, and hung over her shoulders in two long braids. As she stood in the bow, no easy task, balancing herself gracefully, she dipped the paddle steadily first on one side, then the other; she reminded Brisbane of—yes, a goddess. It was the only word fitting to the unconscious pride and grace of her whole bearing. He fancied she might be about fifteen years of age, possibly more. Her arms and shoulders were as developed as those of a strong boy, and the man reflected that if all women were only as straight and agile as this child, what a wonderful——"

"Huh!"

"Good afternoon, Lady-of-the-Claws," he smiled.

The girl paid no attention; her body was bent forward in an attitude of listening and instantly—Brisbane was alert. He had heard it, too! The unmistakable stomp of Indian ponies drinking by the river. It was not behind them—it was ahead. While he had been sleeping they had come into a camp of Apaches! He expected the girl would give the alarm, and he drew his rifle to his shoulder. He lowered it instantly. Hang it all! Let her shout if she wanted to; maybe she was doing the right thing according to her savage code. The two shots would be for men, not for a woman. As he would have snatched the paddle from her, by a quick turn the canoe shot noiselessly under the overhanging branches near the bank. "Well, I'll be"—Brisbane muttered, as she worked the craft up stream a little close to the bank, and under the low branches, until the thick foliage completely hid it from the view of any one passing on the river. Her face wore its stolid expression, but Brisbane noticed that her nostrils dilated slightly.

They lay hidden there until sunset. Painted braves led ponies to drink not fifty feet from their place of concealment, and Brisbane knew there must be a large camp near by. There seemed to be no squaws, children, or dogs, and he judged rightly that they were on the war path. He wondered whether they were reinforcements for Sitting Bull or only savage marauders preparing to attack some frontier village. At twilight, the faint sound of many paddles broke the appressive stillness, and through an aperture in the foliage he saw twenty or thirty canoes coming down the river. Each canoe held four or six Indians; their bodies and faces were painted hideously, and many were armed with rifles and bow and arrow. Now, surely, the girl would give the alarm. The first canoe approached directly opposite their hiding place. There was a young, powerful buck in the stern, and Brisbane thought he had never seen so cruel and rapacious a face. This fellow would stop the first bullet. As he raised his rifle

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the girl put her fingers under the hammer, and her white teeth gleamed near his nose, as she scarcely breathed: "No shoot—quiet."

Canoe after canoe passed, and it was not until the last one was beached down the stream near the allies' camp that she removed her fingers, and closed her lips over the small teeth. Brisbane stared at her in amazement. "What a wonderful child it is," he muttered slowly.

"See here, Little Claws," he said, "you speak English?"

Ignoring his question, she said, "Stay here. When dark, Apaches no see-go."

The young surveyor thanked his stars, —the moon would not rise until near morning. Here was another chance. His fingers passed over the papers in his breast with still more hope, and elation, which only a man who has surmounted difficulties can feel.

The night was dark, but he kept the canoe in the umbrage of the trees that banked the river, and midnight saw the redskin encampment miles astern, and the tired Indian girl asleep on the skins in the bottom of the canoe.

They journeyed thus for days; hiding by day and traveling by night. The small store of food gave out, but occasionally the girl would lie for hours in the bush waiting for a thirsty rabbit. Without a sound the slender fingers would close about the throat of the little animal and squeeze the life from it. And she would indifferently bring it to Brisbane to skin. They dared not light a fire, and there are worse things than raw rabbits when hunger taps insistently.

The last night on the river had passed, and Brisbane told the girl he must take to the trails to reach his people. The girl had only spoken twice, but he knew she understood. He had been sorely puzzled about her. They had not seen the smoke of signal fires for two days, and he felt he would be safe in leaving the river and taking to the trails. He was familiar with the country now, and he knew that he could reach the railroad camp in two days.

As he approached the girl, who had been screened from him by a bush, he stopped and smiled in amusement. She was kneeling on a flat rock, gazing into the reflecting mirror of a pool as she braided her long hair. When she had finished, she continued to gaze at her reflection critically.

"Oh, woman, woman, thy name is vanity," laughed Brisbane. She looked up suddenly, and the first smile the man had seen on her face parted her lips.

"Vaneety, Vaneety," she said. "Like very much. What means?"

"Oh," the young man answered, "it means—let's see——"

He must be careful not to say anything to drive the pleased expression from those eyes—and what pretty lips she had!

"Why it means," she was watching him closely, "it means very, very nice—very pretty—beautiful. Does that please you, little Apache?"

"No Apache!" she hissed, as the red blood glowed under her bronze skin. "Cherokee!"

"Whew, a Cherokee! An aristocrat!"

"What's mean areestocrat?" she asked.

"That means very proud. But what were you doing in an Apache camp?" asked Brisbane, as the explanation of her fine features and hair began to dawn upon him.

"Big fight—many scalps. Apache steal squaw."

"When did you learn to speak English, little Cherokee?"

No answer.

"Now, don't be stubborn, child!" Suddenly she sprang up and the man backed away amusedly as he saw the slender fingers working nervously.

"No like Leetle Claws; no like Apache; no like Cherokee; no like child," she hissed.

"Oh, I see," he said, trying to look respectfully serious. "Now, what would you like me to call you?"

"Vaneety," she answered shyly, and Brisbane thought he had never seen sweeter eyes or lips. There was something beguilingly childlike and yet womanly about the girl as she stood there smiling questioningly up at him. She moved closer to him, and indicated her satisfaction that the top of her head just reached his ear. "No child," she said softly, looking at him with clear, innocent eyes.

"You're a beautiful——" he began impetuously. "Tell me, chi-Vaneety," he

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asked quietly, "why did you try to help me get away from the Apaches?"

Quickly she rolled his shirt sleeve away from his tanned wrists, and touched the white skin on his arm lightly.

"My mother," she whispered proudly. "Your mother a white woman," he exclaimed. "Yes, my father very big Cherokee chief. Steal my mother. Like very much. Die sometime," she finished with trembling lips.

"Well, you dear little waif, and is that why you helped me?" the man asked softly. "Say to my mother, Snow-Squaw sometime maybe help white man——" she began.

"What a pretty sentiment, child," the surveyor said, feelingly.

"No child," she corrected gently, "Vaneety."

"Oh, certainly! I beg your pardon, Vanity." She drew an old-fashioned flat needle case from her garment and handed it to Brisbane. He opened it, and removed his hat as he looked upon a faded daguerreotype—the sweet, girlish face of a white woman.

"Her mother!" he breathed reverently, as he looked into the shining depths of the maiden's eyes.

"Vanity," he said unsteadily, as he handed her the little worn and faded needle case. "You must come with me. You must——"

"No," she answered dully, the brightness leaving her eyes. "No; Vaneety go back—you, go on." Her voice sounded so hopeless and sad. It reminded Brisbane of the low moaning of the wind at sea.

She pointed to the mountain on the other side of which was the railroad camp.

"But, Vanity," Brisbane insisted, "the Apaches will kill you."

"What's care—who care?" she answered resignedly.

"I care, Vanity, darling," Brisbane answered, holding both her slender hands and bending over her; "I care—I love you, dear little Cherokee——"

"What's love?" she asked quietly.

"This, Vanity," he whispered, as he pressed his lips to hers.

"Vaneety like love very much," she said sweetly, after a little.

"I'm glad you do, you beautiful darling," Brisbane said joyously. "You're going to come with me and be my wife, Vanity, and I'll teach you everything your lovely mother knew. Maybe we can find out who she was, too. How old are you, anyway, sweetheart?"

She indicated seventeen winters on her slender hands.

"And not any more summers, either, I'll vouch," Brisbane laughed.

"What a lucky fellow I am," he said, as he entered the railroad camp—two days later. "I have the maps and I have Vanity."

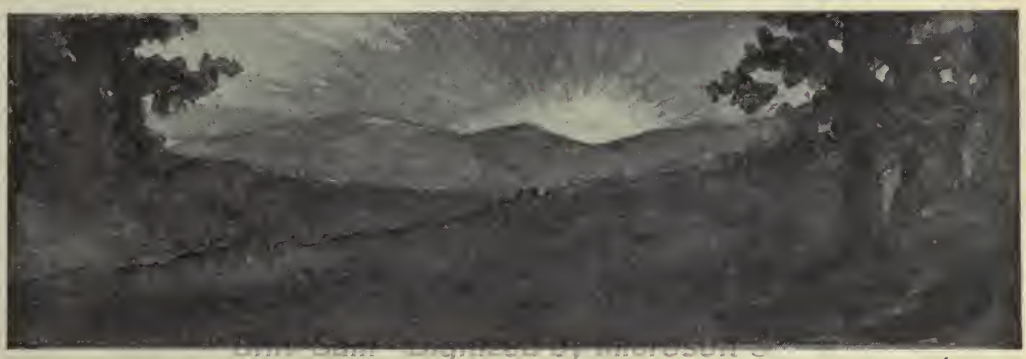
When the strange pale-faces came to meet them, the girl clung to Brisbane.

"Come, sweetheart," he said, quietly, "they are your people as they are mine."

With his arm around her, Brisbane approached the amazed and jubilant railroad men.

"Who in the world is this?" asked the superintendent, smilingly.

"Vaneety," the girl answered proudly, with a dazzling smile.



DEATH VALLEY BORAX BEDS

The Homeric Industry of the American Desert

BY ROBERT E. RINEHART

IN THE HISTORY of man's hunt for mineral wealth there is no romance more fascinating than the grim story of Death Valley's borax harvest. It is woven in the tale of the once most isolated, most dreaded district of the Great American Desert. It writes the chapter of the most bizarre industry the West has ever known, an industry waged far from even the crudest society that bred queer, half-salamander men who scraped borax from sun-blistered marshes and brought it miles beneath a fiery sky across a rugged arid sweep to civilization. Song and story resting for a space their well-worn theme of treasure gold can find rich romance in the quest of this Golden Fleece for which desert argonauts during a decade paid death toll to heat and thirst in Death Valley's maze of ash-heap hills and scar-like canyons.

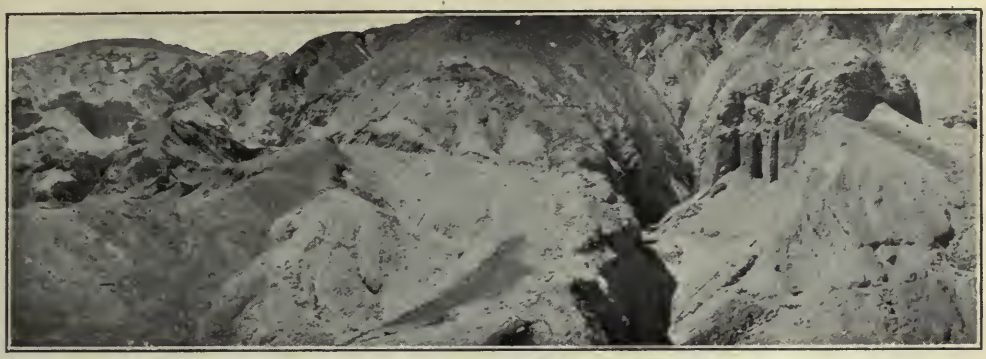
Mineral history can well give heed to the romance of this desert industry, because the harvest of Death Valley borax was the bulk of American borax, when American borax supplied the world. Indeed, it is the record of the first important borate deposits known to trade, since previous to the discovery and working of the marshes of our Western waste, borax beds were extremely scarce throughout the world. Widespread as the mineral is now, it nevertheless is something of a parvenu, though Bulwer Lytton attempts to give it antiquity in his "Last Days of Pompeii," when he has Nero use it in his carnage shows at the Coliseum. Lytton's authority for this association of Nero and borax cannot be found. Its authenticity is questionable beyond doubt, since previous to 1742 chemistry records no knowledge of borax. About that time, green greasy borate crystals were imported from Thibet where they were found by the natives imbedded in the mud of a certain chain of marshes. These crystals chemists named "tincal," but in the Thibetan tongue they were called "Baurach," probably the etomological derivation of borax. But with the exception of few boracic deposits in Italy, South America and California, which, furnishing a very meagre supply of borax, were of small commercial value, the mineral was more of a laboratory oddity than a common article, until 1871, when William Troup found the first "cotton-ball" marsh in Western Nevada.

Troup's find brought about a borax transfiguration in the chemical, industrial and commercial worlds. The "cotton-ball"—the desert name for ulexite, a round mass of white crystals of borate of sodium-calcium—was an entirely new form of a borax deposit. But what was more to the point, it offered purer borax in an undreamed-of quantity. Chemistry at once ascertained scores of new uses for the mineral in the arts, and the demand increased as by magic.

But great as was the augmented call, the supply outstripped it. Out in the West, the desert went borax mad. Lode hunters scorned or forgot gold and silver ledges. Every prospector set out with his burro to locate a "cotton-ball" swamp. Isolated desolate nooks of the desert were explored. Many a borax prospector left his bones to bleach on the blistered flats of Western Nevada and Eastern California. Out of this stampede came scores of borax beds large and small, and as many independent refining plants scattered over the arid region. The borax traffic became the most energetic industry of the West, a veritable giant in growth.

Of this widespread "cotton-ball" gath-

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The great painted cliffs of the Valley of Death

ering, the Death Valley harvest was easily the most picturesque as well as the most important. Its characteristics were most typical of the bizarre peculiarities of the traffic. Its romance is the essence of this heroic age of the desert. In those days, Death Valley was a long way from cities, and city men, in spirit as well as in miles. None but an intrepid traveler ventured into the forbidding region, and reached it only after a fortnight of hard trail. Even among desert men it bore an unsavory reputation. It was spoken of as a spot of incredible heat, where water was scarce and danger plentiful. Moreover, there was a gloomy tradition that it had come by its name through the disastrous attempt of an emigrant band to make a short cut to California across the hot low hollow. All had perished, the story ran, man and beast. To this lugubrious legend "desert rats"—those half-made derelicts of the sea of sun and sand—coming from the man-shunned valley, would add grewsome tales of lost prospectors wandering thirst-crazed in endless canyons till they dropped and died.

While much of Death Valley's horror, whether pictured by "desert rat" or untraveled scribe who never saw the spot, is exaggeration, its evil name is partially deserved. It has been a huge cauldron in which the desert sun has often cooked up a bitter kettle for man and beast. It is a strange, even sinister valley that sinks pot-like in the desert. Around it rise high ridges of slag mountains, the Panamints on the west, with a 12,000 foot altitude, and to the east the terra cotta Funeral Range fully 10,000 feet at its highest points.

The dry bed of an ancient inland sea, the lowest of a chain of pre-historic lakes into it drains the rocky washes of the Ralston and Amargossa Deserts. According to a monument set up in the salt sump the lowest spot of its floor, the valley is 284 feet below sea level, making it the lowest inland on the continent and perhaps in the world.

Death Valley proper, that is, from the north end of the Amargossa Wallow to the barricade of low buttes that divides it from Lost Valley, its northern extension, is about eighty miles long. Its concave floor, varying in width from ten to twenty miles, foothills to foothills, is a pebbly wash of ground and broken rock, save at the deeper dip, where the salt sump, a marsh of livid muck, lies like a lake of molten steel. But for two clumps of mesquite, it is as barren as a stone slab. Sirocco-like dust storms hurtle up and down the valley, leaving for days a grayish purple haze. Mirages are common as sunshine. Truly it is the desert's stronghold with the desert's idiosyncracies carried to an extreme. It is savagely beautiful. Viewed from Funeral peaks, the range of the entire region—the sagging valley with the pallid flat of its sump and sawlike contour of its mountain rim—presents a cyclorama awful in its sweep of sun-burnt barrenness, marvelous as the Grand Canyon in its splashes of barbaric color.

The danger of the region comes from its unnatural aridity. In this characteristic it outstrips the worst parts of the desert. A Government meteorological station maintained one year from June to September at a point midway up the valley, where there is a stream of running water,

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Furnace Creek, has a record of days when the atmosphere possessed barely five per cent humidity. So far as is known, no place in the world approaches this record. But north of Furnace Creek ten or twelve miles the valley, as desert men know, is much more dangerous. For this there is a reason. In the summer the hot winds from the Mojave and Amargossa Deserts blow into the south end of the valley and race up the hollow. In their passage over the salt sump, turned by the wrathful summer sun into a huge griddle pan, they are roasted and destitute of every suggestion of moisture reach the upper ends of the valley. The atmosphere at this point is thought to attain absolute zero humidity. Through this arid air not even a seasoned desert man can travel a mile without a dozen generous draughts from his canteen. The breath drawn into the lungs fairly licks the moisture from the tissues of the body.

Neither Death Valley's evil nature nor the terror tales told of it by "desert rats" frightened W. T. Coleman, a business romanticist such as the desert attracts. Not even the almost impenetrable isolation of the region daunted him. Rather the lugubrious glamor of the name and locality appealed to him. He reasoned, too, that anything trade wishes and is willing to pay for is worth going after, no matter what the difficulty. The market was asking for borax, and upon the Death Valley swamp was plenty of "cotton-balls," not to speak of a precipitate borate sprinkled as drifted snow on the crust of the sump.

The problem was to get the borax to trade. There was but one solution, to freight it by wagon 164 miles to Mojave, a sun-baked railroad station on the brink of the desert. It was a long, weary, costly transportation impracticable to any one but a Coleman. But he tried and did it during the "Stone Age" of the borax industry.

The world has never seen more remarkable transportation than this borax hauling from Death Valley to Mojave. It was freakish in every detail. The route led across a burning desert, free from any sign of habitation. It wound up and down grade through rocky canyons and climbed steep mountain divides. Food and water had to be packed over the greater portion of the way. To make the trip possible, the distance was marked off in daily stages, with an effort to bring each night's camp at a desert well or spring; but even when the system of travel was well-developed several dry camps occurred on the long trail. The out trip to the upper end of Death Valley, when the wagons were not loaded, required ten days. The in-trip, when each outfit carried 20,000 pounds of borax a fortnight.

Ordinary wagons drawn by ordinary teams never could have accomplished this borax hauling. For it, special wagons were built at a cost of $1,000 each. They were the strangest vehicles that ever sprang into existence, tall-bedded structures with wheels seven feet in diameter and seven inches across the tire. They resembled the closed animal cages of a circus. Two such wagons, drawn usually by mules or horses, in large number, made up the extraordinary outfit that brought borax from Death Valley.

Horsemanship that was horsemanship



From the beds to the railroad in olden days.

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The task of driving so many animals is not an easy one

piloted this aggregation of animals. Your famous whip tooling along Fifth avenue or your expert drayman picking his way through a traffic jam, considers himself a pretty good hand with the ribbons if he manages without mishap six or even four horses. Out in the desert in those days of borax freighting the driver who halted at ten and even twelve mules was a mere "rawhide." Your real "skinner" was the steersman of the borax team. At his wheels he had a span of heavy draught-horses; in the lead the cleverest, least-sinful pair of mules; and between, two by two, sixteen shades, shapes and sorts of mule devilishness. This string of animals he manipulated by means of a 120-foot jerk-line or rope. What a spectacle of horsemanship it was—to see from the roadside—when this outfit, coming under full headway down grade, swung round a bend in a rough canyon trail. Such driving was sheer magic.

In the heydey of the borax freighting, Mojave was as roaring as a pay-dirt camp. Teamsters give bustle and bank to a town, and the borax carters did their part by Mojave. Gambling hells and bar-rooms ran wide open from one sunrise to the next. The stakes of the freighters kept them busy. Drivers drew their $100 a month, and swampers—the assistants who went along to cook, "flunkie," and tend the break on down grades—their $75. This money was invariably "sloughed" in the gambling hells and saloons in time to take out the next trip.

They were strange men, those drivers and swampers of Death Valley days, to be satisfied to flit back and forth shuttle-like between Mojave and Furnace Creek. They must have had a touch of "queer" in the beginning to take the job; and jolted along, week in and week out, beneath a sun that grilled the brain, breathing the parched desert air, alone with their own vacuous thoughts, they grew into the half-mad wretches about whom incredible heart-sickening tales are told. As the freighting days wore on, quarrels and bloody duels between driver and swamper became so frequent that it was the chief duty of the superintendent at Mojave to make sure that all was fair weather with a pair at the end of each trip before sending them out again together on another grind over the lonely trail. But even with this precaution, dark tragedies occurred. Occasionally one of the five outfits that plied the Death Valley route would fail to arrive at the scheduled time. Three or four days later the next team would bring in the ugly news that the missing wagons were out on the road with a gristly corpse beside them. A new grave would rise beside the trail and a new outlaw haunt the desert fastness, all because flesh and blood and brain could not stand the heat of Death Valley's sun or the grip of its uncanny silence.

Meanwhile up in the gray, gaunt valley was waged the borax gathering. At the northeast segment of the sump Coleman garnered his supply and refined it in huge

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tanks ranged in three rows, twelve in a row, along the brow of a barren butte. Twenty miles to the south near Bennett's Well, the Frenchman Isidore Daunet, a noted desert character, operated the Eagle Borax Works, a smaller plant. Perhaps fifty men labored in the sweltering solitude. By day they toiled over the blinding salt sump, gathering "cotton-balls," to lie down at night in a wind-swept camp and sleep till sunrise and another day's work. Unbroken was this labor, for out on the desert there is no Sabbath. Save for the semi-weekly arrivals of the borax team, the men were marooned as on a dead planet. A month behind the world their lives wore away.

Those were the Homeric days of the borax traffic. After half a decade of fighting the hardships and handicaps of the region and keen competition in the

the Death Valley region, unearthed the big ledge of Colemanite embedded in Mount Blanco, he upturned the borax industry more than William Troup and his "cotton-balls." Previous to Lee's discovery, mineralogists had never considered the existence of a borate ore. But once the identity of the new mineral was established, there was another borax stampede after Colemanite ledges. Strangely enough, the man whose name was given to the ore from which the present borax supply is gained, and who, for a time, owned enough Colemanite ledges to supply the world's borax for centuries, never profited a dollar from his rich properties. His business collapse came just as this borate ore was appreciated for what it was.

But the discovery of Calemanite took the borax harvest away from Death Valley. Colmanite ledges were found nearer



Vast areas of desolate lands teeming with unheard-of riches

markets of trade, the Death Valley enterprise gave up the ghost. First Coleman, his fortune wrecked by too many business ventures, resigned his borax properties to "Borax" Smith, at present the one survivor of the big trio, Coleman, Searles and Smith, who fought so bitterly the borax trade battle of the "eighties." In the loss of Coleman, Death Valley was deprived of its most faithful believer. But two other reasons worked for its subsequent neglect by the borax industry. To begin with, the manner of transportation, though picturesque, was far from economical, and next, the discovery of Colemanite, a borate ore, wrought another revolution in the borax harvest.

When Philander Lee, a squawman of

the railroad. "Cotton-ball" gathering gave way to Colemanite mining. Though ore wizards and mining experts continued to scour Death Valley's hills and canyons for more Colemanite ledges, the actual production of borax moved down to the Mojave Desert near Daggett, California, and Death Valley was abandoned to its old-time isolation. The sun beat down on the rows of corroding refining vats and its dust-winds scattered bills and records from the deserted office over the white field of the sump.

After an absence of twenty years, the borax industry is, in poetic justice, returning to the scene of its romance. Already it is on the threshold of Death Valley. The next step will carry its mining into

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A "cotton-ball" lake

the silent knolls of Furnace Creek Canyon.

Poetic justice, it is true, demands this return to Death Valley, but the call of trade is more compelling. While this cry as yet is not clamorous, it at least has given warning that some day it will draw on Death Valley's borate beds. In truth, the American market must in the near and far future depend upon this once forbidding region for the bulk of its borax, because deposits elsewhere—they never were numerous—have been eaten up during the last two decades. Once the ledges of the Lila C mine, the source of the present borax supply, are gutted, as were the Colemanite seams down Borate, Death Valley's successor, the industry must enter again the vale below the sea. But there is no menace of a borax famine. Beyond the desert hogsback which barricades the westward way from "Lila C," sinks a barbaric waste, whose wealth can sustain centuries of most gluttonous mining.

This is the sinister zone of the desert's most sinister region. From the high hogsback, slag mountains, ash heap hills and dust dunes sag with the fall of a great watershed, till twenty-two miles away they melt into the gray flat of Death Valley's salt sump. Not a sprig of green spots this parched area, either at its cream-colored core or on its fan-like rim of motleyed browns, burnt blues, and brickish reds. Canyons and ravines, gorges and gullies, etch the sweeping slope. Through the heart of this bank of burned-out earth, the torrents of cloud bursts have riven a huge, jagged gash that cleaves the landscape to Death Valley's nearer side. It is a healed wound from which wrinkling scars twist into trackless hills. They call this monstrous gash Furnace Creek Canyon. It gives one gateway into Death Valley.

The scalding and scorifying of primeval fires are branded on this barren tract. Its upheaved mountains, its twisted ranges, record the writhing of the earth's early agonies.

Here nature hoarded her borax.



The illimitable distances of the sunken sea

Through volcano throats and chasm rents the boron of the inner earth welled up and poured into crevice and fissure. Miles and miles of borate dyke interlard the hills and mountains. Cloudbursts wearing away the outer soil have laid bare but a meagre portion. Yet on every hand is the glint of borax. It flecks the crest and cheek of hummocks, knaps, and knolls. It chalks the painted foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

A thousand feet above the nearest node towers Mount Blanco, a mountain of Colemanite, the largest single borate deposit in the world. Calculation cannot compute the ages necessary to exhaust this immeasurable store. Death Valley borax will outlast all save its romance.

THE WORN-OUT SHOE

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

This morn I went to the attic, to a trunk all padded gray,
With the dust and cob-web tissue of the long, long yesterday;
And there amid heaps of trinkets I found a little shoe,
Still plump with a baby's foot-form and the toe all broken through;
O! Hope that is gone forever! O! Sorrow of the years!
O! Breast cease, cease thy sobbing and eyes hold back these tears!

Ah! How well do I remember he danced upon my knee
And kicked this self-same slipper as he laughed in baby glee.
All the world seemed fair and smiling and the future promised bright.
O! That was our hope's clear zenith—how soon, then came the Night.
Back, back through the years you've led me and you've rent my heart in two,
You little tenantless slipper, you dear little worn-out shoe!

Yes, here is the battered rattle and here is the little frock;
Here is the old, flannel bunnie and this was his tiny sock.
All, all are just as I left them on that sorrow-darkened day,
When I brought them to the attic and laid each one away.
I had braved the empty cradle and the curling ringlet, too,
But my heart broke with its burden when I came to this worn-out shoe.

O! Poor little shoe how empty, for the tiny feet lie still,
In a grave in the quiet valley, beneath a snow-wrapped hill—
And my soul—Ah, Soul so hungry with this yearning mother-love,
Still is praying, still is striving for solace from Above.
Though my life flows on serenely, hidden deep from mortal view,
Upon my heart is the imprint of this little worn-out shoe.

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DOWN THE DEVIL'S SLIDE

BY AMOS GEORGE

IN SPITE of the Comet's indifference to the higher branches of muleology, he claimed first place in the three-cornered race for the queen of the foothills, which did not improve his standing at the feedyard.

Nor was his popularity increased by the wearing of clean clothes and the use of correct language; "if he ever raised any dust he'd get that shirt dirty," they said. Star gazing, census taking, apple raising and range renting didn't make up a man's work.

Tommy Ayres was a close second, for Tommy was the real thing in ladies' men, and he knew it. He could swing down the grade in the dust of six big mules, drop off his near-wheeler with the grace of a stage cowboy, and with entire self-possession, salute a queen, should any chance to be present, which was usually the case at the Widow Weeks. On his down-trip, Tommy filled the evenings with nonsense and flattery till most of the men drifted off to the yard, "Not carin' to play aujience to a one-man show."

Then there was Sandy McClellan, Scotch, straw-haired and stubborn. That was all, except his devotion to his eight sleek mules and Nina Weeks. His chances were small enough, for he was not versed in the ways of the stars, celestial or feminine, but he served for contrast with his rivals.

As for Nina herself, if any man of them were blessed with her morning smile, he hid it away for reference through the day, for she was twenty and rosy, and the boys felt at home with her, and she treated impartially all comers to the stopping place that her father had located at the foot of the grade where he could "catch 'em comin' and goin'," which excellent system fascinating Nina had adopted as her own.

"Ay tank," Pete was saying down by the water trough, "Ay tank that Tommy coom down the grade late purty of'n now, and eet hees supper after we com away. Sandy better bane late, too, or Tommy get the girl." But Sandy was not there to face the laugh, and when Pete went up to fill his canteen, he found the four under the oak tree by the well.

They were discussing the night, and the Comet had with accuracy explained the brightness of the moon. Tommy had delivered a tribute to the granite dome of old Baldy towering over his big stone feet. They were walking on conversational stilts, and Sandy said little, only the shadows hit his contempt for this hifalutin' talk. When the Comet asserted that such a bright night reminded him of the poet who sang of one whose eyes were so bright they shone at night and drove the moon away, he groaned audibly and said: "Well, folks, I be goin'; good-night, Miss Nina."

The stock of fine phrases suitable for public courtship being exhausted, Tommy and the Comet retired in good order, leaving Nina with her head on her hands, gazing vacantly out over the valley. At the sound of an apologetic cough, she started, and then she smiled at Sandy, back again on the old stone step at her feet.

"I thought you'd gone," she said, in feigned surprise. "It getting late for a man off the grade to-day."

Sandy ignored the remark and went straight to the point, the only method of approach he knew.

"Nina," he said, and she started. "Nina, you know why I'm back, and you know where I stand, and I can't stand here much longer without falling off, unless I have something to hold to. I have not touched a drop since you said you'd never marry a man that drank, and if it's a go, I can keep on to the end of the chapter. But I can't hold out forever this

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way. How long are you going to keep me waiting?"

"I know all that Sandy," she answered frankly, "but somehow I can't make up my mind. I like you and I like Tommy and I like the C—Mr. Brown, and oh, lots of people, but I always like the last one best, and I can't settle down to just one man for life. Perhaps something will happen sometime to settle it, and then I will know which is the one."

"I don't know what you want—I never felt that way—and I've got to know something one way or the other. How long you going to keep me up in the air?"

"Oh," she temporized, "it's nice to live in the air, like a bird. I know how it is. I have been studying for two years for the teacher's examination. I'm in the air, too."

Sandy groaned. Everybody knew of Nina's ambitions, and Sandy knew of the Comet's envied hours spent in tutoring her efforts at books.

"This thing's no matter of a paper certificate to me. It's Heaven or it's—the other place. I'm not much, but it's all yours, if you want me. I haven't got much but the place and the outfit, but you'll never want for anything you need, and I'd roll off the grade for you. I guess if there's nothing doin', the sooner the better."

"How you do talk!" she chirped, but she went on more seriously. "I'll tell you what I'll do. When I come back from the examination next month I'll settle it for one of you."

"Which one?" protested Sandy. "Which one, I'd like to know?"

"Why, the first one I meet after I get back, I suppose. That'll give you all a fair chance, and I can't tell when you are all together!"

"Then I'll lay off the rest of the season, so as to be here when you come home. I'll go down to Fresno and wait at the door. Besides, you'll pass, and then what?"

"Not much," asserted Nina, with vigor. "If you do, it's all off. I won't have any man that will neglect his work. If anybody misses a single trip over this, it's all off."

"But the Comet don't make no trips," argued Sandy. "That ain't fair."

"Yes, but it's ten miles over to his place, and he will be hauling early apples then."

Sandy rose to protest, but he knew the signs of a closed mind, and no more comfort could he get from this piece of feminine uncertainty than that she would treat all the boys alike.

Thus it happened that ere two more suns had set, all parties to the unequal contest knew that after the examination, which of them first reached this foothill Eden, might hope to transplant the fair flower to his own garden, provided only that the coming test should end in failure, which they were assured would be the case. By no very occult process, it happened that everybody came to know it too, and there was a lot of comment and some uncultured jokes on the outcome, not to mention the good money held as stakes by the store keeper who reported in confidence that the Comet was a close second to Tommy, with Sandy barely visible in the distance.

It was not strange that relations became tense. Nina's books shut out all but the Comet. Tommy and Sandy made trips on the same schedule, avoiding each other. Capable Mrs. Weeks, fair and forty, maintained an inscrutable silence, saying only that she guessed that Nina was old enough to know her mind and would marry the man she wanted anyway, arguing from both observation and experience on her part.

Nina left, declining to set a date for her return, saying they would find it out soon enough anyway, and the days dragged by. One hot morning in July, the widow looked over her family of teamsters at breakfast and remarked carelessly that Nina would be home to-morrow—if nothing happened.

"Did she pass the zamanate?" inquired Pete.

"I don't know—she only said she'd be home."

"My team needs shoein' all round," began Tommy, but the chorus that met his remark, changed his mind.

"Ay tank somebody better go tell the Komuck," drawled Pete. "Yesterday he go Polaski."

"Never mind; he'll know it soon enough," groaned Tommy.

The widow smiled a comprehending

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smile, and "'lowed he would turn up right and proper when the time came," which was interpreted to mean that the orbit of the Comet was sufficiently well-known to predict any possible conjunction with such stars of first magnitude as might appear in the foothill firmament.

Then came the scramble for first out. One by one the jingling chimes swung onto the road, and two by two the wagons rolled out onto the steepest hill in the Sierras. Sandy was out three teams ahead of Tommy, who had been too busy parrying sallies and thrusts to get away quickly.

Step by step the long teams wriggled and stamped and crept their way up the face of the cliff, and stone by stone the wheels bumped and rolled up and up and on up till the Widow Weeks' place looked like a miniature camp below. On up they went, a wagon length at a time, a moment's pause, another pull; big mules and little mules and mules bad and indifferent, silent and persistent, up past the Deadman's point and out of sight from below.

Sandy boasted no diploma, but he did possess an accurate working knowledge of mule psychology, and he had a mutual understanding with his intrepid little flea-bitten leader. As he swung up the grade on the high seat, his thoughts were not on the road nor the mules, but they came rudely to earth again with the sight of one of old Badluck Biddie's predicaments scattered over the road ahead.

"Head that team out of the track," he shouted in wrath, and as he edged past the stalled team, he expressed his personal opinion of the quality of the alleged intellect and equipment of the ill-natured and inefficient Badluck in language that will best grace this tale by its omission. At the next passing place, though, he pulled out till there was room to get by, and then went back and inspected Badluck's misfortune in detail. There was plenty of it, well distributed, and while one by one every team on the grade pulled by, Sandy straightened out the wretched team, made unsuccessful efforts to get started, brought back four of his own mules, pulled two wheels from under the old wagon, ignored the whining protest, chained together the broken pieces, and left Badluck on top of the ridge with a free lecture on the problems of inefficiency.

But all this took time, and when Sandy climbed back onto his own wagon, he was four hours behind in the race for first in to-morrow. When Jerry picked his way through the darkness into the lower yard at the mill, he passed Tommy's wagon, loaded and set for first out in the morning. Tommy, sure of victory, waxed sympathetic.

"What'd you stop for down there, you old sardine? Nobody else would?"

"That's why I stopped, I suppose," replied Sandy, wearily.

"Just like the darn fool," said Nelson. "Always fooling around helping out some no-good cuss."

"He done tank mooch of dat girl now, or he no stop that-a-way for ole Badluck," commented Pete.

Sandy ate his supper alone, and that night, after the Bearsden was dark and silent, he was pushing plank after plank onto his wagons, glad for once that his load was out of hearing in the upper yard. As the stars of the morning began to fade in the east, he put the last twist under the chains, and turned his attention to the mules.

But the news had reached the lower yard, and for once Tommy had no time to joke. As the gong rang for breakfast, he hooked up the last trace chain, and with a "Haw there, Kate!" was out on the road.

"I see myself cutting out breakfast for any girl," said Nelson, in disgust.

Sandy heard the cheer from the grub house and knew its meaning. Weary and hungry as he was, this was no time for such trifles as breakfast, and he strung out his mules at once. While the coffee went around the second time, he pulled onto the road, second out, but ten minutes behind Tommy, with no chance to pass.

Down the grade the mules swung with steady step, while Sandy munched crackers from his box. After all, the world looked better in the fresh dawn than in the darkness of the night. If Nina would only be reasonable, all life might be like the glint on the firs and the odor of the tamaracks. Anyhow, she was at the other end of the road waiting for him—perhaps, and Sandy's jaw took a set that indicated that he did not consider the race lost just yet.

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Two miles below the mill, the old abandoned road led off to the right across the ridge. Sandy dismounted and explored a short distance. He could hear the jangle of the bells of Tommy's mules a half mile below, and without further investigation, he swung the eight mules and two wagons down the Devil's Slide. Last year the new road was finished, and no wagon had now been down the old grade since the season's rains had torn its ruts to chasms and carved landslides out of its banks. When in good repair, its ascent was a case of doubling on one wagon, and no year had passed without its record of fatality. It saved five miles distance, but there was no complaint of the longer road.

With steady nerves, Sandy headed his team down this causeway of destruction, and whatever may serve as substitute for nerves in a mule, was steady in Jerry. After a quarter of a mile of passable road, the descent began, and with set brakes and sliding wheels the flat was reached in safety, for the rain had done little damage on the crest.

Sandy breathed easier, and was thinking of regular trips by the old road to get home quicker to Nina if—but he thought of something else, for the road ahead out of the flat had been the play path of the torrent, and for a thousand feet was cut into gullies and crevasses from one to three feet deep. It looked bad, but Nina was at the other end, and there was no retreat now.

With four mules detached and chained wheels, Jerry and his three plucky brothers dragged the load down that corrugated skidway of ruin. With a super-mulish intelligence Jerry dodged holes, climbed banks, and picked his way along precipices. Twice the trail wheels went over, but the gear was strong, and with new danger at every rod of the way, the notch was reached, and Sandy drew a long breath. Then Jerry stopped short, and Sandy's heart came into his mouth. At the next fill, the earth was washed out clear across the road. There was the perpendicular hill on one side and the yawning chasm on the other, and across the chasm a four foot log bridging the ten feet of space.

Sandy got down and examined the log while Jerry watched intently. A little work with the shovel, a testing of the strength of the narrow footing next to the bank, and he climbed back on the seat, and Jerry began to pick his way out onto the log. Inch by inch the wheels followed, starting and stopping till the first wagon was over. The last wheel on the second wagon slipped, struck a rock, and came down on the bank, but three minutes later eight plucky mules lifted it onto the road and the gulf was passed.

The last thousand yards was steep and rough, but it was no worse than the road above, and with shoveling and side-pulling and sliding, mules and wagons were on the new grade, with no damages other than scratched paint and strained nerves. No road had ever looked so good before as this nice, smooth, dusty grade, and as he caught the faint echoes of Tommy's bells a mile above, Sandy felt like shouting, if ever a Scot feels that way. He had brought his load down the Devil's Slide in an hour and a quarter, and he would be first in to-night.

Now it happened that Tommy was so elated with his early start and so busy composing a fine speech that he did not notice the tracks leading in from the old road, and proceeded on his way in blissful ignorance of his loss of place by one of the most difficult feats of teamstership known on the mountains.

But other eyes did see the tracks. An hour later, Billy Dean, the mail carrier, passed Sandy, and inquired whether he were the blasted fool that came down the slide this morning, and went on with the comforting assurance that "Next time you'll go over, and then everybody'll say, 'I knew he'd break his fool neck some day.'"

At Kellog's, Sandy only stopped to water and get from the cook a substantial handout which he hungrily devoured in the dust that half the time hid the leaders. Tommy's mules were famous walkers, and the sooner it were over now the better. At this speed he would turn into the yard at the record breaking hour of 4:30 p. m. Then he would throw down his jerk line, wash up, and go to the house to hear what she would say to him. "One thing," he muttered to himself, "I ain't much to look at, and I'm no ladies' man, but if she takes me, she'll get a square deal."

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Just above the Deadman's, he met Pelton, the road boss.

"Goin' to the chivaree to-night, I suppose?" he queried.

"What chivaree?" inquired Sandy, dully.

"At the Widow Weeks, of course. Have you not heard the news? The happy event came off last night."

"Happy event!" echoed Sandy. "Who?" But he knew too well the name he dreaded to hear.

"The Comet," chuckled Pelton, in glee. "Wouldn't that grieve you? He ain't been a-hangin' at that there likely widow's all this time for nothin'; long head, you bet?"

Sandy sat motionless on his seat. All the suspended fatigue of yesterday, the toil of the night and the tension of the Devil's Slide fell on him at once. The sun went out, and in the soul of the man was a thick darkness that could be cut, and through it there did cut something into the heart of the man. To have been beaten by Tommy would have been bad enough, but this dude that wore clean shirts and talked about the stars and could not drive a jerk-line—it was too much for flesh and blood. He had never taken the Comet seriously—Nina was too sensible a girl!

At the roadhouse he went in and brought out a black bottle with a green label, and put it in his wagon box.

Billy Deen's incredible story had spread about the flat, and it was about five o'clock that Ben came up to the house with his mouth full of news, which he heralded with the relish of those who bear ill-tidings.

"Sandy's in," he asserted, "and he's drinkin' agin. I saw the bottle in his jockey box."

Straight to the corral went Nina, flushed of face and determined of step. Sandy saw her and turned his head.

"What's this I hear?" she exclaimed, suddenly coming upon him, pulling the harness from one of the mules.

"Nothin' bad, I hope," said Sandy, doggedly.

"Ben says there's a bottle in your box, and there is, too; I can see it myself."

"Well, the cork's never been out of it yet, but what's the use? I got nothing to live for now."

"Sandy McClellan, whatever is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," he stubbornly answered.

"Nothing!" she challenged. "Give me that bottle, and don't you get another one, either. You need a guardian, you do."

Sandy braced himself. "Well, Nina, I did hope to have a guardian—a guardian angel, but now—excuse me, I forgot to congratulate you. I sure wish you——"

"Congratulate *me!*" she exclaimed. "What for? Are you crazy?"

"For getting the man you wanted, I suppose. I hope you——"

"Sandy, if you don't talk sense pretty soon, I will send over for the marshall."

"Well," said Sandy, utterly perplexed, "Pelton said it was the Comet, and that the happy event came off last night."

Nina's contracted brow relaxed, and then she laughed, a merry, hearty laugh that rang out over the yard and up to the house.

"Sandy McClellan, you old goose, you; the Comet married *Ma!* Did you think I could support him?"

"Then you're not married?" ventured Sandy in cautious bewilderment.

"Not even engaged," she said, demurely, as she drew up a pile of sand with the toe of her shoe.

That night they sat on the old stone step together, close together. Her hand was in his, and she was saying: "Just to think that you worked all night and came down the Devil's Slide this morning to get here first after helping out old Badluck! I never supposed that any man would——"

"But suppose I had not got in first!" interposed Sandy.

"Oh! then I had the certificate to teach. I passed, you know. And when Billy Deen came down the hill this morning and told what you did, I knew that you were the right one. I guess you need teaching as much as anybody I know."

"Here comes Ma's chivaree," said Sandy. "Let's git!"

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THE HOME OF THE RED MAN IN STATEHOOD

BY GRANT FOREMAN

Mr. Grant Foreman tells us, in a most instructive and convincing manner, the story of the American Indian in Statehood. While the editor is not prepared to affirm that Mr. Foreman is correct in all of his conclusion, it is certain that the meagre knowledge of the question so ably discussed by Mr. Foreman is to be deplored. The white man's actions, toward a race that is probably one of the noblest the sun has ever shone upon, have been such that the impartial reader of history shudders in contemplating the record thereof. Mr. Foreman has contributed to the history of our times, in the article in this issue of the Overland Monthly, and the whole country is indebted to him for his painstaking efforts.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

BY ITS INFREQUENCY in recent years, the admission of States into the union has become something of an event to be approached with unusual circumspection. Oklahoma, the first State to be admitted in a period extending over eleven years, comes into the Union fully grown, with all the vigor and strength of maturity. Born into affluence, conscious of her own strength, she asks no odds of any State. She numbers almost half as many people as there were in the thirteen original colonies at the close of the Revolution. Four times as many people as there were in the next largest State at the time of its admission. When the census of 1900 was taken, twenty States of the Union had each less than the present population of Oklahoma. Any one of sixteen of them had less than one-half of the number of Oklahoma's population.

As fair a land as the sun ever shone upon, Oklahoma has welcomed to her broad acres hundreds of thousands of citizens from the older States. They have come from every section of the country to better their conditions, and, unmindful of the lack of laws, contented with the fertile soil and salubrious climate, have settled down and built homes and cities.

Unique in many other respects, the genesis of Oklahoma is as different from that of other States as is that of Texas or Florida. Nearly every other State of the Union represents a bloody conquest of the Indian occupants of the land and the cruel driving of them out to seek new homes while their visitors turned their minds to conquering the wilderness, wresting a bare existence from a not always too generous soil, passing through the privations and hardships of pioneer life, enduring the rigors of winter with illy provided protection, rallying from droughts and loss of crops, and finally emerging into a degree of comfort.

And when these pioneers became so numerous that they could organize a school district here and there and an occasional village throughout the land became an established fact, they saw a hand beckoning to them from Washington inviting them to come into the Union and be a State. It did not matter that they were small in number, they were young and would grow. Uncle Sam loved a big family, and he thought it was only right to reward the hardy men and brave women who had gone forth and toiled and suffered to conquer wild nature, by giving them the right to make their own laws and

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to rise to the dignity of citizens of this great country with all the rights and privileges thereunto appertaining.

For many years the Legislature of our Government has invited the settler to "go West and grow up with the country." Liberal homestead and pre-emption laws have encouraged pioneers to occupy and improve great tracts of public domain. Grants to railroad companies have induced the building of highways to carry settlers from the States. And the privilege of Statehood has been freely extended these pioneers upon a fair showing of population and of the natural resources which ultimately would make a respectable State.

We have for so many years seen Uncle Sam coddling territories into States and nourishing tender young States until they acquired the strength that comes with years, that the spectacle furnished by Oklahoma of a sturdy, full-grown young State not only coming into the Union unbidden, but fairly forcing her way in by sheer strength, comes in the nature of a strange departure. Twenty-eight States of the Union were admitted in the ninety years ending 1890, averaging three States in every ten years. Thirty-two States admitted to the Union numbered at the time of admission from 6,857 in Nevada, to 376,683 population in West Virginia. The great State of Illinois came into the Union with only 34,620 souls, only a little more than the population of one average-size Oklahoma county. As recently as 1890, the State of Wyoming was admitted with only 60,705 persons. North and South Dakota together had only 100,000 population.

In 1906 Oklahoma was pounding at the doors of the Union clamoring for the admission of a State of a million and a half people. Congress had turned a deaf ear to her claims theretofore, but her remarkable growth of recent years gave such force to her persistent claims for recognition that Congress was at last obliged to take notice. Reluctantly the law-makers said that if Oklahoma and Indian Territory would unite as one State and apply for admission as the State of Oklahoma, she might be admitted, subject, however, to certain conditions named in the enabling act. This apparent discrimination against Oklahoma, the fact that this great unorganized civilization should have grown up here, surpassing many of the States in wealth, population, thriving cities, railroad mileage, energy and development, before Congress grudgingly gave it statehood to better conserve its wealth and strength, suggests something out of the ordinary in its organic nature.

Unlike most other States of the Union, the pioneers of Oklahoma, the early settlers who claimed the country from the aimless prodigality of nature, were not white people, but Indians, and anomalous as it may seem, these pioneers and settlers reduced this wilderness to civilization without bloodshed, and their appropriation of the land did not dispossess others of prior rights.

The five civilized tribes, the Cherokees, Creeks, Chickasawa, Choctaws and Seminoles, less than eighty years ago lived upon their own lands within the boundaries of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee and Florida. Even in those days they were regarded as civilized Indians. They had schools and churches, they trafficked in the crops, fruits and vegetables they raised. They built roads and kept inns. They had mills and workshops, and they manufactured cotton and wool. A young Cherokee named Sequoyah had invented an alphabet which has been used since 1826 in publishing Cherokee newspapers and books.

The fact that these Indians had made such progress in civilization, promising to become fixtures in the States, worried not a little the white citizens of those States who are hoping and striving to ultimately possess the fine lands owned by these Indians.

It would be a long story that would tell how these States passed laws to circumscribe the Indians, the enactment and execution of which contravenes the treaties made between them and the Government of the United States. How the President refused to enforce the laws of Congress to protect the Indians from the oppression of their covetous neighbors; how he and Congress finally decided to banish the trouble from their minds and at the same time conciliate the States named by sending these five civilized tribes to a remote end of our possessions recently acquired

from France and known as the Louisiana Purchase.

Treaties looking to this removal were made by the Government with these Indians from 1826 to 1835. The making of these treaties on the part of the Indians was tragic. They were opposed by many of the Indians and occasioned intestine strife. The preamble of the treaty of 1830 with the Choctaws, known as the Treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek, contains the admission that the President of the United States could not protect these Indians from the laws of the State of Mississippi.

By these treaties each tribe gave up the lands held by it in the east, and accepted in lieu thereof a large tract of land extending from Arkansas Territory west to New Spain, now Texas. Since the Louisiana Purchase was consummated, the Government has cleared up the title as it were to this land, by taking a quit claim deed from the Osage Indians, who exercised dominion over the south-end of that great domain.

At this time so little was known of this proposed new home of the Indians that the real boundary between the United States and Mexico along Red River was in doubt, and the question which was afterward litigated between the United States and Texas was not determined until a decision was handed down by the United States Supreme Court in 1895. This suit which grew out of a lack of information on the part of the United States Government at the time the treaty of 1819 with Spain was made, as to the fact that there are two large forks of Red River, involved a tract of 1,500,000 acres of land lying between these forks, which is now Greer and Jackson Counties, Oklahoma.

For fifteen years after the Louisiana Purchase was accomplished, Spain was claiming that part of it now included in the new State of Oklahoma and insisted that the boundary line between the United States and New Spain should run north and south through Arkansas and Missouri. Spain holding all west of this line and south of the Missouri river. Overtures to that effect were made to our Government by the Spanish Minister in 1818 and 1819, but John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, was firm in his demand for the boundary line subsequently adopted in the treaty of 1819. The Spanish Minister reluctantly giving ground, said in one of his letters to Mr. Adams in 1819 that he did not think the United States should be so particular, as the land between the Arkansas and Red Rivers, which embraces most of the new State of Oklahoma, was covered with alkali and was of no account. The estimate of this fertile country put upon it by the Spaniards seems to have been accepted by the United States for the old geographies called Indian Territory part of the Great American Desert.

It was here, then, that Congress arranged to send these Indians to occupy a waste place about which it knew only enough to assume that white men would never want it. To this new and strange home came these five civilized tribes, and the Government built a number of forts to garrison troops with which to afford protection to them from the savage tribes ranging adjoining territory, so that the new comers could in peace pursue the pastoral lives they had lead in the East. The Indians settled on the eastern part of their new domain, as the soil is more productive and the rainfall more copious than upon the western end. They brought with them their household effects, their horses and cattle, their slaves and civilized institutions. They settled upon a garden spot of nature. It was all they had been led to believe in, and more. It is doubtful whether in all our dealings with the Indians a promise has been more faithfully kept by our Government than in its representations made to them concerning the character of the country to which they were to be removed.

The Indians built themselves homes and planted orchards and made farms. They built school houses and houses of worship. There are houses built by these Indians in the '30's still standing in a good state of preservation, which testify not only to their handiwork but also to the foresight which induced them to build so well. In due time they organized their several Governments and proceeded to enjoy the blessings of civilization untrammeled by the conventions of white men. They elected their public officers, their

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chiefs or governors, judges and treasurers. They elected the members of their legislative bodies similar to those of the States. The Creeks by way of distinction called the two branches of their legislature the House of Kings and the House of Warriors. Each tribe had a written constitution and code of laws, simple, but made for the purpose of securing to every member of the tribes peaceful enjoyment of his rights.

As a consideration to these Indians for moving from their old homes, the Government assured them that they should never be subject to a repetition of the oppression that had trampled upon their liberties and rights in the Eastern States. This Indian Territory was vested in them in fee simple. They were promised in the treaties made with them that in their new home they should have full jurisdiction over persons and property within their limits. That they should make their own laws. That no State should ever be allowed to make laws for them as the Eastern States had persisted in doing, and finally that they should never be made part of any State of the union without their consent. So that in moving the Indians out here the Government had in mind the creation of an Indian Territory in fact, which should always be their home and should never become a State of the Union, at least so long as the Indian tribes survived. At that early day, this territory was ordained not to be a public domain subject to entry by white people, but essentially different from every other tract of land in the country.

As exemplifying the attitude of the Government, it was provided in the treaty of 1835 with the Cherokees that in recognition of the progress made by them in civilization and "with a view to illustrate the liberal and enlarged policy of the Government" towards them in their removal beyond the territorial limits of the States, they should be entitled to a delegate in the House of Representatives "whenever Congress should make provision for the same." Similar promises were made to the other tribes.

While Congress passed laws to prevent white men going upon and occupying the lands of the Indians, licensed traders, mechanics and others desired by the Indians were excepted. The Indians were a sociable class of people, and suffered many white people to come among them. White men married Indian girls, settled on the Indian lands and raised families, and with the rights given them by virtue of their Indian wives and Indian children, held and cultivated large tracts of land, and leased other tracts to white men who were not intermarried into the tribes. Drawn by the opportunities to make money by trading and farming free from taxation, white people came into this attractive country in great numbers. A generation ago there were as many white people as Indians in Indian Territory, and since then the number has been rapidly increasing, and they who formerly were here merely by the sufferance of the Indians now so far exceed them in numbers and importance as to put the former lords of this domain in the background, demanding that laws and conditions be adjusted to the change which has made the ratio of white men to Indian about ten to one—on the Indian's land, to be sure—but there was the situation, and legislation had to be devised to fit it.

For years Congress has occupied the position of trying on the one hand to keep faith with the Indians in the matter of their treaty agreements, and to protect them from their own inexperience and from the white people who wish to own their lands, and on the other hand to adjust its laws and policy to the changed conditions brought about by the flood of white people, who have gone into this Indian domain and developed it into a great and wealthy community ripe for statehood. The compromise has not been satisfactory either to the white people or to the Indians, but it is probably the best that could be attained. The duty of Congress in the premises has not been clear, and the result has been a postponement until the last minute of decisive action concerning the question of statehood.

In 1900 Congress was urged to admit Oklahoma and Indian Territory as one State. It was told that there were then in Indian Territory 350,000 American citizens other than Indians, "without any political privileges, without local self-government, mere tenants at will and peasants of the soil to 70,000 persons of

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Indian extraction. They can build neither roads nor bridges, neither schools nor higher institutions of learning, neither asylums for the unfortunate nor refugees for the poor." The political parties readily enough promised in their platforms that statehood would be given these territories, but when the problem came up in Congress it was avoided or postponed repeatedly until the enabling act of 1906 was passed.

Foreseeing the inevitable occupation of Indian Territory by the dominant race, in 1898 Congress passed an act called the Curtis Act, for the protection of white people in Indian Territory. One of the principal features of this act was that providing a method by which white people could acquire title to the lots occupied by them in the towns and cities that had grown up over the land.

Previously to this act, white people had enclosed, occupied and built upon these town lots without a vestige of title; they had bought and sold the mere possessory right to lots by bills of sale, trusting to an indulgent Congress in the future to confirm these claims of title. This faith in the action of Congress induced the building of valuable and lasting improvements, business blocks and residences in scores of Indian Territory towns before this law was passed.

Quite as important a feature of the Curtis Act was that providing for making allotment of all the lands of the five civilized tribes among the members thereof, in the proportion that the number of members of a tribe bore to the amount of land held by that tribe, so that every man, woman and child of each tribe would hold in severalty an equal amount of average land, each member being permitted to allot land containing his farm, home or improvements. The Creek and Seminole allotment is 160 acres per head; the Cherokee average allotment is 80 acres; Choctaws and Chicasaws 320 acres. Provision was made also for participation in this allotment by the ex-slaves of these Indians and their descendants, the Indians having been compelled by Congress soon after the emancipation of their slaves to share their lands with them. The details of these allotments were arrived at by subsequent treaties between the Government and the different tribes; they were ratified reluctantly by the Indians, who realized that it mattered little whether they agreed to them or not, and that they offered probably the best solution of the situation.

The enrollment of the Indians and the allotment of their lands in severalty to approximately 100,000 members of the tribes has engaged for years the services of a United States Commission commonly called the Dawes Commission, so named after its first chairman, the late Senator Dawes, who had given much thought to the great work which he was not to see completed. The work of this commission has been very aptly described as the administration of this huge estate of nineteen and one-half million acres.

As the land was held in common occupancy by the tribes, title in any particular tract could not be conveyed; and after allotment there were restrictions on the alienation of the land by the allotee. The homestead cannot be sold for twenty-one years, but as to the remainder of the allotment Congress has so modified the restrictions that the freedman or ex-slave allottees can sell all of their lands except their homesteads, and Indians less than full bloods can sell inherited lands, and upon satisfying the Secretary of the Interior of their capacity to take care of their money may have their restrictions removed except as to their homesteads. The result has been that millions of acres of land have been sold to settlers from the States.

The five civilized tribes having settled upon the eastern part of their new domain, left unoccupied the western part. This half became known as the "Oklahoma Lands," Oklahoma being a Choctaw word meaning "Home of the Red Man." This great tract of unoccupied country became a great temptation to the hardy rovers of the West, who planned and attempted clandestine appropriation of its fertile valleys and prairies.

An extensive scheme was organized in 1879 by parties in Missouri and Texas to take possession of part of Indian Territory not occupied by the Indians, but in 1880 they were driven out by President Hayes. Returning later they were warned by President Arthur in 1884 to keep out, but this warning not having the desired

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effect, the next year President Cleveland sent troops to drive them out.

The logical result of this situation was, that in a few years Congress purchased from the Five Civilized Tribes these "Oklahoma Lands," and established them into a territory known as Oklahoma Territory. The name Indian Territory was thereafter confined to the region to the east remaining in the possession of the Indians. 1,900,000 acres of this Oklahoma Territory were thrown open to settlement by proclamation of President Harrison at noon on April 22, 1889, and by night fifty thousand settlers who had encamped on the border rushed in, formed a provisional government and laid out townsites. In a single day the city of Guthrie, with 10,000 population, sprang into existence.

The Government had settled upon the Oklahoma lands remnants of other tribes, including the Sac and Fox, the Cheyenne, Arapahoe, Pottawattomie, Tonkawa, Kickapoo, Caddo, Kiawa and Comanche, and, as cessions were obtained from these Indians from time to time, additional tracts were thrown open to white settlement in 1891, 1892, 1893, 1895 and 1901, and on nearly every occasion the same wild rush of home-seekers was witnessed. In 1901 the method of distribution was varied somewhat, the Government disposing of the allotments by a drawing or lottery. During the fall and winter of 1906, 400,000 acres of Kiawa lands known as the "Big Pasture" were thrown open by a still different method. Persons desiring allotments were required to submit sealed bids and for the 3,000 quarter sections offered, there were over 76,000 bids submitted.

A territorial Government for Oklahoma was organized in 1890, at which time she had a population of 61,834. In 1900 her population had grown to 398,000. In 1890 the population of Indian Territory was 75,000; in 1900 it was 392,000. In the succeeding seven years the population of both had increased about equally, adding on an average 100,000 each year to the whole territory, which goes to make the new State of Oklahoma.

The growth of this country is remarkable, and the more so when taking into account the adverse conditions which have obtained in the Indian Territory part of the new State. Oklahoma Territory has been favored by its territorial Government for seventeen years, and by Congressional legislation looking to the settling of all disturbing questions and the building of a State of it. Indian Territory was never intended to be a State, and Congress has consistently adhered to that theory. What it has become is in spite of conditions intended to hold it back. It has never had any form of representative government except such as is found in incorporated towns, and that of the tribes, participated in of course only by the Indians. But this latter form of Government practically ceased to exist on March 4, 1907, by decree of Congress.

Indian Territory, of course, has had its courts, whose judges were appointed by the President and the Senate. The search for the laws that controlled here reveals a heterogeneous mass of authority. They were found in certain statutes of Arkansas which, by Congress, were put in effect in Indian Territory so far as applicable; in the United States statutes; in the rules and regulations of the Interior Department; in the opinions of the Attorney-General; in the treaties between the Government and the Indians; in the laws and usages of the tribes themselves; and as elsewhere, when everything else failed, in the common law. A condition probably without parallel in the country.

The judicial branch of the Government has flourished. Of the legislative, there was none. The executive has been represented by the agencies of the Interior Department, whose duties have to do almost solely with the "citizen," or Indian residents, individually and in their relations with white people. There were no laws to provide for schools outside of towns other than Indian schools. The result was that schools and academies for white children have flourished only in the towns. There were no laws to levy taxes for public improvements so that bridges and roads have been made by voluntary contribution. In the towns, no special assessments could be levied, but in spite of it, streets have been paved, sidewalks have been built, and other improvements created by public-spirited citizens. Only by the approval of the Secretary of the Interior could towns and cities bond themselves for waterworks,

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sewer and school purposes.

But notwithstanding the conditions that would discourage investors and home-seekers elsewhere, capital has been pouring in, investing in farm lands, developing mines, producing oil, building railroads, erecting business houses, refining oil—finding its way into every avenue that offers safe and lucrative investment. Tens of thousands of families looking for congenial surroundings, the advantages of school, churches and good society, a mild climate and the prospect of a comfortable livelihood, have moved to Indian territory, all willing to take their chances with inadequate laws.

Oklahoma was the ideal home of the red man. Its beauties so impressed Washington Irving that in 1833 he wrote "A Tour of the Prairies," which chronicled a trip he took through the Indian Territory part of the new State. In describing this country, he said: "It consists of great grassy plains, interspersed with forests and groves of trees, and watered by the Arkansas, the Grand Canadian, the Red River and their tributary streams. Over these fertile and verdant wastes still roam the elk, the buffalo and the wild horse, in all their native freedom. * * * It was early in October, 1832, that I arrived at Fort Gibson, a frontier post of the Far West, situated on the Neosha or Grand River, near its confluence with the Arkansas."

The romance attaching to this old fort of Indian Territory was destined to rest not alone on this unquestioned claim to distinction. Before the Mexican War, Zachary Taylor was in command of the post and the remains of his house are still in evidence. At the same time, Jefferson Davis, as a lieutenant, was stationed there when he began the courtship of Taylor's daughter, so distasteful to the General, which later resulted successfully to Davis, General Taylor's objection having been overcome while observing Davis's gallantry on the field of battle in the Mexican War. Still later, the wife of Admiral Dewey spent part of her honeymoon there with the husband of her younger days, Captain Hazen, later General Hazen, who was in command of the post. James G. Blaine spent a time at the post while on a visit to his son-in-law, Major Coppinger, and was nursed through a spell of sickness in one of the houses there. Another visitor at the same time was Gail Hamilton, who afterward wrote her impressions of the country. General Rucker, the father-in-law of General Sheridan, was at one time in command of Fort Gibson, and the remains of his first wife, a Cherokee woman, lie in the National Cemetery a mile from the post. There rest also the remains of Tahlihina, the Cherokee wife of Sam Houston, and Billy Bowlegs, the Seminole chief who opposed General Jackson during the Seminole war in Florida, is buried there.

Oklahoma, "the home of the red man," a State of the Union! Not content with invading the Indian's home and compelling him to share it with us, we have even robbed him of his name. With unsuspecting irony, as though to record for future generations the shame of Indian despoilation of this day, Fate has caused this new home of the white man to bear a name which characterizes it as the dearest heritage of the Indian—his home. To him the name is signalized as a badge of the white man's dishonor. To him the name of the new State is a mockery—a reminder of the things that were—overwhelmed by the onrush of the irresistible Caucasian race.



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THE CONQUEST OF PERU

BY ANNA BRABHAM OSBORN

Fiction story writers who are capable of striking a new vein and of making a proper exploitation of all of its leads are rare, and Anna Brabham Osborn is one of these. In "The Conquest of Peru," she has written a story that is absolutely entrancing at times, and the romantic feature of it all is an automobile. Hundreds of stories have been written around an automobile, but no story that has come under my notice is quite the success our readers will vote the "Crimson Joy" to be. Anna Brabham Osborn has a future as a fiction short story writer.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

SILVIA SAT on the back stoop, wrapped in pale gray gauze and stormy meditation. With her round chin sunk in a rosy palm, she nursed its dimpled oval and her cumulative wrath. This I knew by the waxing high lights on her cheeks and the stiletto points in her eyes.

At sight of me, her chin flew up and her hand flew down. The ancient stoop timbers creaked a protest as she gripped their edges and gave a little militant bounce.

"There's such a thing as carrying prejudice too far," she hurled down the gravelly path, up which I was cautiously advancing, admiring the eruptive phenomenon of Silvia aroused.

"Yes, ma'am," I agreed meekly, seating myself tentatively on the lowest step. I had lived with Silvia five years, and I had learned things; my education had been quite liberal.

"That a motor car and a brown cow should raise such a barrier between Peru and Idlemead!" she fumed. "It is ridiculous!"

"The Cordilleras ever had to be passed to reach the treasures of Peru," I murmured pacifically, thinking the while how splendidly the idea would work into a lecture. It seemed to have a dewy freshness compared with Over-the-Alps-lies-Italy, so long dangled over the fires of commencement eloquence.

"The Cordilleras," echoed Silvia, catching the allusion with evident pleasure. Her two hands closed around one knee, the stilettos drew back into their sheathes, leaving her eyes softly contemplative. I moved up two steps with great bravado.

"Tony"—Silvia leaned over, bringing her face on a level with mine—"don't you see, this horrid estrangement will spoil our short, precious vacation weeks? Never to run over to Aunt Sarah with a cookery tangle; never to have that sweet little Bessie running in with wonderful cottage cheese or cookies that melt in your mouth. Tony, I can't stand it."

"The Spaniards' first move," I ventured, "was to get possession of the person of the Inca."

"Tony, you're a genius," declared Silvia, clapping her hands.

"Yes, ma'am," I assented modestly.

"Your flashes of intelligence are sometimes almost human," she added as a squelcher, having noted my rising vanity.

Then humbled again, she gathered her chin into the pink embrace of her left hand and appealed: "They enticed him to their castle or something, didn't they?"

"Invited him to dine at Caxamalca," I offered in my best encyclopedic style.

"Tony, get out the car!" Silvia had risen and was performing stunts with the gray head-wrapping. "I shall emulate the great—great——"

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"Pizarro," I supplemented, commiseratingly.

"The Inca dines to-night at Caxamalca." Silvia was catching the gray gauze in a confident four-square knot under her chin. "And do you, Tony, see that there is game."

"You remember Atahualpa left the Spaniards' castle by way of the gibbet? Does your policy include some such measures toward Uncle Eben?" I interrogated respectfully.

"It won't be necessary," assured Silvia, complacently, "a dash in the Crimson Joy and a chicken pie will secure me a safe passport into——"

"Cuzco," with my most obliging bow and smile.

So, nothing doubting, Silvia set off, billows of gray floating about her like the draperies of the Hours in Guido Reni's "Aurora."

"I'll bring back the Inca and all his household to dinner," she called back gaily.

In truth, I was considerably cut up over our unpropitious advent to Idlemead this year. The long, hot summer had been spent on Chautauqua platforms, with Silvia loyally in the front rows to start the applause in the right places.

It was late September before our breathing spell came. The old world rustled her vari-colored dress and enticed to the simple life with her mellow Indian-summer smile. The lure of the woods was upon us, and the game law was "out." Idlemead outlined itself in our desires surrounded by the halo of past happy summers. But had it not been for the Crimson Joy, I think we would not have achieved Idlemead and the animosity of our neighbors that year. For many smoke-grimed, cinder-filled miles circling through a series of dingy by-stations, each exacting its pound of flesh in hours of tedious waiting, loomed between. And our courage, already wilted by the summer's ordeal, would not have been equal to it.

But to mount the smooth-gliding car, that had recently come into the possession of Silvia through the indulgence of an opulent, doting bachelor uncle, and spin along the river road, was in itself a nerve tonic, and of a piece with the pastoral calm of Idlemead.

After a few hours' joyous riding, filled with ozone and keyed to the last pitch of exhilaration, we turned into the broad, smooth road skirting the fruitful acres of Eben Peru. The approach to Idlemead was level and unobstructed from here on. Then there entered into Silvia the little demon that urges womankind to the spectacular. Her new toy must be displayed in all its impressiveness to the simple country folk.

"Speed up, Tony," she urged. "Let's wake up Uncle Eben's, and let them know some one is coming."

Nothing loath, I threw open the high-speed gauge, responding as much to the lure of the open road as to her request. The Crimson Joy gave one gasoline-scented cough, and took the road like a comet. In a trice a blurr in the landscape resolved itself into the Peru homestead nestled among its cherry and plum trees. A vivid imagination could construe the Millet-like patches of light and shade on the front porch into the forms of women. Silvia zealously flapped a tiny square of white linen as a symbol that we came in peace and not in war.

"What the dick——!" I ejaculated the next minute, throwing my eyes ahead to see a brown object lunging into the path of the machine.

There was a momentary flashlight of an old man with sleeves rolled up brandishing a stool of the one-legged variety in one hand and a pail in the other, while the air in the vicinity of his mouth was bluer than the blood of the first families of Virginia. I swung all my force onto lever, pedal and wheel, but it was too late. Brownie lay by the roadside breathing her last, and Eben Peru's opinion of automobiles and their idiot drivers was going on record at the rate of one hundred forceful words a minute.

The next day I stood beseechingly in Eben Peru's cow-shed, my hat in one hand and my spurned gold in the other. The patriarch of the fertile acres towered above me, implacable. All the sang froid of the lecture platform left me. I became a blushing school boy caught in a puerile prank.

My retrospection was cut short by the return of Silvia. The Joy crept up at a Dobbin pace. Silvia's gauze draperies

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hung limp like sails in a dead calm. The air about her was charged with dejection.

"The Inca scents the trap of the pale-faced stranger and comes not to Caxamalca," quoth I, as she stepped from the car, defeat weighting down every youthful curve of her.

"Tony,"—one last remnant of reserve spirit flared up fitfully—"you forget the pump." It was the law of Idlemead that any one posing as intellectual should go under the pump.

"Yes, ma'am," falling back on my Uriah Heap inflection, I steered the car toward the antiquated granary which had been converted into a garage.

Coming back, I found Silvia again on the stoop. It took both hands now to support her crestfallen chin. The rays of the setting sun brought out the gold tints in her hair, which was at last released from its diaphanous gray prison.

"Do you know, Tony," she began, "I don't believe it is the Joy or Brownie at all. That is only a pretext. I tell you, Tony, there is a *family skeleton* stalking through the house of Peru and *'we-all'* are intruders." She sat erect with most owl-like expression and waited for applause from the pit.

I ostentatiously took off my cap before her superior wisdom, and looked up hungrily for more crumbs. But with all due regard for woman's intuition, I was making mental reservations, remembering certain fierce anti-motor car sentiments of Eben Peru's freely expressed at the village post-office in times past, and his reputation for being "sot" in his opinions.

"When I approached the house," she went on, "Bessie dropped her apple paring and disappeared like a scared rabbit. In the big, homey living room, where I had always been so comfy, I sat on the edge of my chair, while Aunt Sarah, looking so sad and a bit flurried—I believe she had hidden something in the big work basket—waited for me to make my errand known. Directly Uncle Eben stalked in like a lion protecting his lair."

"And your next move, ma'am?"—now what there was about that pacific question to send Silvia post-haste into the house with that ridiculous little nose of hers putting on aeroplane airs, is beyond the grasp of mere man.

Another day passed, and the domain of Peru lay distant and impenetrable, though only the orchard intervened. Trot, Uncle Eben's dog, refused to recognize the ban under which Idlemead lay. Morning, noon and night found him on our doorstep licking his chops and wagging his tail in a most insinuating manner. Silvia fed him choice tidbits in a conscienceless endeavor to alienate his affections.

It was Trot who first announced the arrival of reinforcements. The isolation of our lives must have already taken hold on us, for at the first bristling bark Silvia and I sprang to the doorway with country-side curiosity.

A phaeton drawn by two beauties of ponies was entering our gateway. A lady with a wealth of pale-gold hair held the ribbons.

"Almagro with fresh horse," I breathed softly, for Silvia's ear alone.

But Silvia pushed me aside and rushed down the gravel path. "Natalie! Natalie! Natalie!" coming back to me in ecstatic crescendo.

Then I knew at last I was beholding in the flesh that paragon of paragons, Mrs. Natalie Grayson Shipman, whose graces and virtues had been dinned into my ears for the past twenty-five years. But "How? When? What? Why?" I advanced, my mind one animated bundle of interrogations.

But I began to get the lay of the land out of an avalanche of exclamations and explanations shot through with introductions and directions for the care of the ponies. Out of the heterogeneous mass, I learned that John Winthrop Shipman, D. D., had been called unexpectedly to the presidency of an aspiring college in the vicinity of Idlemead. By mere chance his wife learned that what Silvia had been pleased, in her private correspondence, to call our country villa, was not far distant. By a more remarkable chance, she had learned that we were at Idlemead at the present minute, et cetera, et cetera.

The chatter of the re-united friends was exasperatingly overwhelming. I felt distinctly out of it. So I shouldered my gun and took to the woods, Trot following close at my heels.

I had not expected to be needed excruciatingly at the cottage that day. And

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was a little surprised, on my return, to find Silvia waiting for me all on impatient tiptoes. I had just deposited my stuffed game-sack on the garage floor when she came winging on Mercury sandals, palpitating with the greatness of her message.

"Oh, Tony," she panted, "you were so long." Then dropping her voice to almost a whisper, "it *is a skeleton,* Tony. They are married." Her four hours' desertion cropped out in the injured tone of the next, "I couldn't find you anywhere." Then shifting again from the complainant to the informant, she finished in one grand elucidating burst, "It's Roy Fleming, Tony. He's at Caxton College. He has told Natalie everything. And oh, Tony, what are we going to do about it? Her grandparents don't know,"—Silvia sank on the granary floor with clasped hands, a mute statue of appeal.

"Now, Mrs. Enfield," I suggested, as I overturned a bushel measure and made ready to strip the feathers from a bird, "if you would begin at the beginning and follow a consecutive train of thought, much more logical conclusions could be drawn."

But this was entirely beyond the excited Silvia. She would rush from peroration to exordium and mix sixthly and thirdly sadly. However, the synthetical mind of her husband could gather up the fragments and patch up a respectable whole.

It was the old story. A feud divided the houses of Montague and Capulet. The third generation produced its Romeo and Juliet. But a hard-headed Peru and a hot-headed Fleming would permit no Veronese romance. Uncle George whisked Roy off to a military school and Grandfather Peru kept Bessie immured on the farm.

But when did ever old and wise heads overmatch red-corpuscled youth. Under cover of the mid-winter holidays, Roy had stolen back, and they were married in the country school-house in the gray of Christmas morning by a strolling evangelist who, at that time, was holding a "series of meetings" in the neighborhood. Only Mattie Cromwell, aged seventeen, witnessed the ceremony.

After a few days, Roy dutifully returned to his school. His presence in the neighborhood not even having been suspected by the lynx-eyed Eben Peru. And Bessie took up the difficult double role of wife and maid. Now, Roy had broken completely with his uncle and was at Caxton. He wanted his wife, and had sent Mrs. Shipman with a *habeas corpus,* as it were, to fetch her.

While my mind was wrestling with these facts, a crashing of brush brought us to the door in time to see Eben Peru vault the orchard fence. I had just time to drop, *sotto voce,* "The Inca comes to Caxamalca," when he reached the granary door in a sprint that would have done credit to an international.

"Get out your gasoline buggy," he ordered peremptorily. "Screw it up to its best licks."

"Yes, sir"—Silvia's training clung in moments of stress—I wiped my hands on a grain sack and turned to the Crimson Joy without delay or question.

"Go to Sarah!" was his next command. This was leveled at Silvia, who still stood by with dilated eyes and parted lips.

She needed no second bidding. Signaling Natalie, who had come out on the back stoop, the two of them rolled under the orchard fence like school girls, and sped straight into Cuzco.

"The shortest route to Caxton Center," was Eben Peru's brief order, when seated by my side in the Crimson Joy. "Never mind the speed limits—I'll see to the fines. We're racing with life to-day, young man."

The Joy gathered her forces and flung us onward on the wings of the wind. A level open country stretched before us, and we ate up green-bordered ribbon of a road with a silent insatiable greed. Eben Peru leaned forward, his brawny arms stretched along his angular limbs, his sun-browned, gnarled hands working convulsively on his knobbed knees. "Oh, Lord!" he mumbled, as if in prayer, "this thing must not come to my house. We've been a hard lot, but shame has never smutched the name of Peru."

"They're married, Uncle Eben," I hazarded, not knowing whether I was holding out a straw, or shaking a red rag, or striking wild of the apropos.

"Married!" he snorted, bringing his seasoned, powerful-limbed body erect with

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a jerk. "Don't you know, young man, that marriage is a sacred institution? Can a defaulting bank clerk, hiding his guilt under a preacher's coat, unite hearts and hands for time and eternity?"

I could only gasp my comprehension and give my attention to the machine. He did not seem to expect a reply, and was leaning forward again deep in thought.

"Say, young fellow," he straightened suddenly and pierced me with his steely blue eye, "how did you know the children thought they were married? Has everybody known that but me?"

"I only learned it to-day. Mrs. Shipman——" I began.

"And I only learned it to-day." He took the words quickly and fiercely out of my mouth. "And they say a woman can't keep a secret. She can, if she's a Peru." He snapped his lips together in a mixture of pride and contrition.

"But when Mattie Cromwell got home to-day, just in the nick of time, it didn't take long to get the truth out of her. Say, young man, can't you whip up this sorrel horse a bit?" We were making about a mile a minute. He slid to the edge of the seat and sat erect, an image of impatient haste.

But before he had quite "bust his biler," as Jake Whatcomb would have said, we were at Caxton Center. A swirl into the college campus among the gaping students; a rush toward a young man, leaning languidly against a tree, who came quickly to life at the sight of Eben Peru; a dash up the steps and a quicker run down them, with a gentleman in clerical garb in tow; a stowing away of the passengers in the Crimson Joy, and we were away again with a great honking like a flock of wild geese winging due north.

When I had time to take in the situation, I knew that no less a personage than President John Winthrop Shipman, D. D., occupied the seat with me, while Eben Peru and Roy Fleming sat in the tonneau, heads together in earnest, anxious confab.

Eben Peru raised his head just once as we left the college behind to say: "Home, young man, with all the git she's got."

That was a ride to go down in song. The Joy settled to her work with a steadfastness that was almost intelligence. We shot through the dust like a flashing arm of the aurora borealis, leaving plunging horses, shrieking women and profane men in our wake. There were no fatalities that I ever heard of.

When we sighted the Peru homestead, Silvia was in the roadway signaling frantically to us. Eben Peru chewed a straw savagely, bounced about on the cushions and called the singing Joy a spavined old skate, in his eagerness to annihilate the distance between us and the home wire. But his complaints were scarce given to the air before the Joy was slowing down within his own yard and Silvia was running alongside expressing her relief that we were there.

"Are we in time?" implored Eben Peru, in labored breath, as if he himself had been making the Joy's record.

But Silvia only responded: "Quick, quick," and led the way into the house.

"Come on, Enfield," called President Shipman, "we may need you for a witness."

Presently we found ourselves in a small white bedroom where Bessie lay with a frightened, pained look in her gentle eyes.

"Tie the knot without a kink this time, doctor," directed Eben Peru.

We witnessed a brief, impressive marriage ceremony. Then Silvia with nervous flapping hands waved us all out of the room. Only the young bridegroom was given time to kiss the fair, fragile little bride.

In less than an hour Silvia's radiant face peeped in at the granary door. "It's a boy, Tony," she rippled, dimples chasing each other down into her very neck. "They are going to call him Eben George." Then she crossed over to the dust-begrimed Joy and caressed its sleek red sides as if it were a sentient thing. "Thanks to you, my beauty," she cooed, "he was born in lawful wedlock."

The next morning as I was polishing the Joy, the shadow of an old straw hat fell athwart my sunshine, and I knew, without looking up, that Eben Peru had "happened over" with the old time neighborliness.

"What does one of these here contraptions cost?" he remarked with characteristic directness. "Reckon I'll be a-gettin' one for Bessie's weddin' present so Roy

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kin finish his school an' board at home. gradgerates in June, you know. How long was we a-makin' that forty-mile run yesterday?"

"About fifty-six minutes," I answered promptly. I had been proud of the Joy.

"That was good work. There was never a Peru with a stain on his birth." Uncle Eben sat down on an inverted bushel measure, and I knew the Cordilleras no longer lay between Idlemead and the Peru homestead.

A NIGHT OF STORM

BY ALONZO RICE

Dark is the night, my child,
Dark is the night;
The pale moon for an instant emerges,
Then as quickly is hidden from sight;
And the roar and the boom of the surges
On the rocks, fill mine ear with affright,
As they knell out the mariners' dirges.

Pile on the chips, my child,
Pile on the chips;
The red embers through ashes are staring,
And the heaven continually drips,
All unheeding, it seems, and not caring
For the fate of the boats and the ships
In the billowy darkness now faring.

Ours was a bark, my child,
Ours was a bark;
All the fishermen's pride and devotion,
And she sailed o'er the waters, a lark,
In the heavens reflected in ocean;
But I fear she'll go down in the dark
In the wind's and the water's commotion.

Dipping the shoal, my child,
Dipping the shoal
From the emerald sea in the glorious weather,
We were nearing the beautiful haven, the goal
We had toiled for so long, but I doubt me now whether
He will help me deal out what remains of the dole,
For I fear that no more we shall journey together.

Drifting alone, my child,
Drifting alone;
I shall watch the pale day in the Western wave dying,
And the sound of the waters will mix with the moan
Of my heart, and the desolate doves that are flying
To the nest where the fledglings forever are flown,
Like the hopes of my youth where the dead leaves are lying.

Wait till the day, my child,
Wait till the day,
Till the sun o'er the waters in splendor is shining,
And the sails are adrift by the shore of the bay;
For serene is the heaven beyond all divining
When the clouds and the tempest have lifted away,
To reveal our lost bark and to set our hearts pining!

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THE RACE-HORSE THAT RUINED AN EARL

BY WALTER HARRIS GREGORY

THE EVILS of the race-track, the drastic results which are of daily occurrence, are only too well-known to the detriment of the civilized world.

Few Californians know that the sire of the mighty horse, Ormonde, of England, which was purchased by W. B. McDonough, of Stockton, for the fabulous amount of $250,000, was the cause of one of the greatest turf sensations known in history. Sir Henry Chaplain, one of the foremost patrons of the English turf, had a very beautiful wife, who was considered not only the leader of the fashionable smart set, but the most beautiful woman in England. She, like her husband, was a great lover of horses, and her stately figure was always in evidence in the royal enclosure, mixing with royalty at the principal race meetings. Lord Hastings, a dashing sportsman, and considered the greatest plunger of the age, was often seen in Lady Chaplain's company; in fact, so much so as to set the smart set tongues wagging to such a degree that Sir Henry Chaplain became extremely jealous, and is known to have rebuked his wife on several public occasions. It so happened that one day Sir Henry and his wife were doing some shopping in one of the principal stores in London. Lady Henry made the excuse that she had to have a dress tried on, leaving her husband waiting in their carriage. Time slipped away, and still Lady Henry did not appear. Accordingly, Sir Henry made inquiries in the store, and, to his dismay, he was informed that his wife had left the store by a rear door in company with Lord Hastings. "Tricked!" said Sir Henry, furiously, dashing to his carriage, swearing revenge on Lord Hastings. Said he to his coachman: "Drive with all haste to the nearest police station." On arriving, he quickly gave orders to have all depots, docks and stage lines watched for the elopers. But Lord Hastings was too wise, and eluded the police by driving in different conveyances until he reached the lonesome, rocky coast of Cornwall, where a private yacht was awaiting to convey him and his amour to France. News of the elopement spread like wild-fire. Society was all aflame; gossipers reveled in the excitement; Sir Henry vowed he would ruin Lord Hastings both financially and morally, or die in the attempt. For two years, Lord Hastings and Lady Chaplain lived a life of gaiety in Paris. Her exquisite form and beauty were the rage at Monte Carlo. Among the fashionable sporting set she was considered a heroine and idol; money and jewels were lavished on her by even princes and kings, but the pace was too fast to last, for Lord Hasting's finances —through gambling and riotous living— dwindled to such an extent as to cause him to mortgage some of his vast estates. Sir Henry Chaplain obtained a divorce, and sued Lord Hastings for alienating his wife's affections. He won the case and received a large sum in recompense. All Lord Hasting's vast fortune had now dwindled to a few estates, and his string of race horses one of which was Conqueror, who was considered an absolute certainty for the English Derby (somewhat of a new feature for him to come again to the front), in fact, so much so that the general sporting public considered the race over, and backed the horse for fabulous amounts. Lord Hastings not only mortgaged his entire estates, but even borrowed money on his horses, family jewelry, in fact everything of any value, to back Conqueror. But there was one man, one with executive ability and with ideas, who did not think the Derby was at the mercy of Conqueror, and that was Sir Henry Chaplain, who had a dark horse privately

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trained on the sands at Brighton Beach. Not a soul knew of the secret except the trainer and Sir Henry, who backed the horse to win a large fortune, and loaned money to Lord Hastings, unknown to him, through agents.

To make the grand coup complete, Sir Henry took into his confidence the great book-maker, Ben Steele, and told him of the wonderful outsider. Steele immediately slightly increased the odds against Conqueror. The betting ring thought he was crazy, and plunged heavily. Steele, never flinching, accepted enormous amounts, and stood to lose millions. The great Derby Day at last arrived; London was all aflame with excitement. Fortunately the elements were in keeping with the great day; the sun rose brightly, shining radiantly on the richly bedecked multitudes. Royalty thronged the royal enclosure; King Edward and his household were in evidence to see the battle for the most sensational Derby ever contested. Hundreds of men had their entire fortunes at stake; ruin to hundreds of the best families of England rested with the outcome of this race. Just before the bell rang for the great parade, Lord Hastings was seen going from one book-maker to another, still backing his certainty, while Sir Henry, who was cool and collected, was busily engaged adjusting the final preparations to the dark outsider.

The bell rang for the jockeys to mount; Lord Hastings ran into the paddock to lead his favorite out to the parade and give his jockey final instructions. Conqueror, who looked trained to the hour, fit to run for a kingdom, his coat shining like silk in the glorious sun, led the parade of twelve of the finest-looking horses ever seen at Epsom. As they galloped past the grand stand to the starting post, Conqueror seemed to out-class the rest. "Nothing to it but Conqueror!" was heard on all sides. "The race is as good as over!" shouted the bookies. Sir Henry, with his field glasses eagerly watching the flag of the starter, was standing by himself in the grand stand. Lord Hastings, trembling like a leaf, pale as a ghost, was pacing the royal enclosure, when the mighty shout rang out from one hundred thousand throats, "They're off!"

Down the straight came clattering the hoofs. "Conqueror leads!" shouts the maddened throng. Past the grand stand they filed, Conqueror three lengths in advance of his field. Round the first mile post they bunched; the crown stood spellbound, eagerly watching for the turn into the homeward stretch. Dead silence prevailed. Suddenly, one horse was seen to shoot out of the bunch. It was Conqueror.

"Conqueror wins!" yelled the crowd, as they turned into the straight. Down the straight they thundered; jockeys were seen to be flogging; five lengths ahead Conqueror leads. "He walks in!" "All over but the shouting!" "Hurrah for Lord Hastings!" Hats, umbrellas and canes were flying in the air. "Go it, Conqueror!" Fifty yards from the winning post, when, as if shot from a cannon, came a big black horse, right up to the flanks of Conqueror. "What is that?" the shouts went out. Neck and neck the two raced, both jockeys with whip and spur riding for their lives. Right on the winning post, the big black shot past Conqueror.

With breathless suspense, the crowd waited for the numbers to be hoisted. 9—8—1 went up on the board. What is 9? All eyes eagerly scanned the card, when their eyes fell upon the name "Hermit," the property of Sir Henry Chaplain, quoted at 33—1 for a win. A deathly stillness reigned on all sides. The bookies were stupified; the crowd stood as if spell-bound as the horses were led back to the paddock by their respective owners, except one—Lord Hastings. Hermit, the hero of the day, was led in by Sir Henry, calm as usual, wearing the look of satisfaction that revenge was complete. After the winner was weighed in and declared all right, Sir Henry walked up to Lord Hastings, saying: "*Hastings, I guess we are even now.* Although you were scoundrel enough to ruin my domestic life, I think I have hit you as hard. Anyhow, I am satisfied."

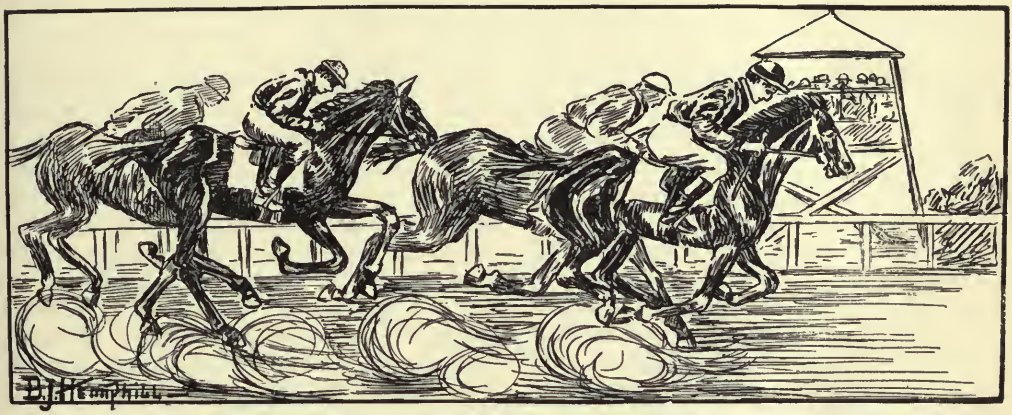
Lord Hastings, without a reply, turned on his heel, reeling as if in a drunken stupor, and left the race track, ruined financially and morally.

Sir Henry had not only won an immense fortune in cash with his success on the race, but acquired all of the estates of Lord Hastings. His first action was

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to settle a dowry on his divorced wife and amply provide for his two children. Lord Hastings retired into oblivion, and died a recluse in poverty. Lady Hastings repented her follies, and devoted most of her time to the welfare of her children. She secured a divorce from Lord Hastings, and lived a philanthropic life.

Thus ended one of the most romantic stories of the English Derby.



EL VAQUERO

BY ALICE BERINGER

He comes like wind across the plain,
With crack of whip, and swirl of dust,
As wild and free as wind and rain,
And in his heart the wander-lust.

He glories in the desert land,
He loves the splendor of the sun,
He rests with saddle on the sand
Beneath his head, when day is done.

The dew of night is on his face,
The winds speak low, he knows no fear,
The silent stars ride on through space
And all is still—and God is near.

Then up, away, at break of day,
His reckless joy no care can dim,
For life is sport, and work is play
And all the world is home to him.

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THE DEAD INCHES

BY L. A. MALONE

THE OLD CAPTAIN, wrapped in his gray army blanket, with his honorable head (which long ago had buried all memory of comfortable hirsute adornment) covered by a friendly skull cap, sat on his little east-side porch and winked and blinked and thought in the waning California sunshine. He was dying by inches! The doctors had said so; the neighbors had heard so, and all together had tacitly leased the captain only six months more of life on earth.

When this lease should expire they one and all had silently agreed to wash their hands at any connivance at his going, and to turn him over to the minister and the undertaker, whom custom would allow to place the old captain where his asthma would never more cry out in choking tones and struggling gasps for more air and California sunshine.

The captain had been kept in ignorance of his nearly approaching fate—not so the children who played in the sidewalks, but at a respectful distance, in awe of the man who was dying by inches.

Tibbles had been the informant to her play-mates of the terrible calamity which awaited the captain. Already the tots were speaking in stage whispers whenever they chanced to pass the captain's door, and counting days, among themselves, till the last inch should call time on the old captain, and the prophecy of the neighbors be fulfilled.

Billy Smith thought it would be just fine to 'tend the funeral of a military man and hear the big Presidio guns go boom-boom away out over the Golden Gate; Tootsie Wise thought Billy Smith cruel and heartless to speak so enthusiastically of so sad a thing, and she cried at his coarseness.

Tibbles listened while Billy Smith narrated all he knew of big guns and booms. Then she was guilty of a mental reservation that she would visit the captain each day and note the dissolution of each separate inch.

Immediately she began to look about for an excuse or subterfuge for these anticipated regular visits. She reasoned that it would never do to boldly communicate to the captain that she had come to feast her curiosity concerning his sure approach to the inevitable. Her intuition told her that the death watch is never entertained with alacrity.

On the following morning, Tibbles successfully eluded the society of the tots and presented herself at the captain's gate. She was early. The sun had not yet warmed the atmosphere of the little east-side porch sufficiently for the captain's appearance, so Tibbles had to content herself with her own devices for entertainment for some time.

Just as she had fully extracted all the pleasure of self-entertainment from her solitaire games, her patience was rewarded by the captain's appearance upon the little east-side porch. His attendant seated him in the reclining chair, wrapped his gray army blanket about him. Then Tibbles heard the captain say: "Now leave me alone and I'll snooze."

"Snooze!" thought Tibbles. "Why, that is what grandpa says, and he's not dying by inches."

For some time Tibbles stood at the gate with eyes peering between the pickets and wondering how in the world was she ever to get nearer the captain. She looked him over many times. She noted the black cap upon his head, and wondered about it. She saw him fight at the flies and mosquitoes, using both hands. She observed, too, that he moved his feet, often putting them off and on a little footstool near him. She concluded from these motions that the members engaged were yet alive—

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and her curiosity as to just the exact situation in the body of the dead inches was beginning to gnaw most fiercely.

She rattled the gate. The captain turned his eye toward the sound. "Oh, hello there, Tibbles, bless my soul if it isn't you! Come in, little peeper, and make the old captain glad with a chat."

Tibbles needed no great urging, but notwithstanding her anxiety to probe the captain, his cordial invitation somewhat abashed her.

"Well, Tibbles, and how have you been? And where have you been keeping yourself?"

"Oh," said Tibbles, as she hopped upon first one foot, then the other. "Home some, school some, an' playin' some with the tots."

"And you never once thought of the old captain in all the long time?"

"Oh, yes, I did—a heap."

"Oh, you did—a heap. Now that is very gratifying, dearie, to an old, lonesome, sick man to be remembered in such quantity, and I trust I shall continue to be remembered according to the same scale. I'll think of you a heap if you will call to see me each day and give me all the refreshing news of totdom. Now, will you, Tibbles?"

Tibbles nodded assent with a quick jerk of her head. She was thinking that things were coming her way fast now. Then she looked at the captain with a pleased, satisfied countenance, and said: "Yes, I'll come. I'm coming, sure—er—I mean I'm coming anyhow. I mean when I see you here I'll come in—er—I mean I'm coming in, of course, to see how long you stay here—er—I mean, you know, how long it takes, and I want to find where it begins and what they look like. I guess you keep them covered up, though, now don't you, or do you mind if anybody knows about 'em?"

The captain was not getting the gist of this questioning plainly, Tibbles saw, so she must go at it again.

"Do you like the sun?"

"Do I like the sun? Yes, my little dear, I do. There's nothing else in this whole big world so enlivening and refreshing and restoring as California's sunshine and air. Don't you like it?"

"Yes, siree, I like it. It makes me hop and skip and feel so fine and live. Do your dead ones like it—er—do they come alive when you are in the sun?"

"Hh, Tibbles, you've had a draught of sunshine, truly. Do my dead ones come alive in the sun? I don't know, little one, what dead ones you have reference to, but everything lives better for the sun or has a better chance of life from being in the blessed sunshine."

"I guess I mean the dead ones under the cap."

"Dead ones under my cap! What should you know of dead ones under a cap? There's nothing under my cap except a very bald head."

"Do they always get bald before they die?"

"Some people do, dear. I think—at least that is my observation and partially my experience."

"Is it soft under the cap?"

"Soft? Well, I'll be honest with you, Tibbles, and say that I believe at times it has been very soft, but I kept it to myself. Others say that it is very hard under my cap, very hard indeed, but I'll confess to you, Tibbles, that despite the hard head the heart has a very soft spot in it."

"Oh, then, they're all inside and I can't see them. Oh, I wish I could, though. Will you break in two when they all come down to the middle? Do they all get softy when they're dead or do they get hard and cold?"

"Evidently, dearie, all dead things get stiff and cold, but they can't feel it, so it doesn't hurt them. Couldn't you tell me of your live games and something of the news of totdom? You almost put an old man to thinking with your grewsome death talk. So I look like death to you?"

"Oh, no; all over the outside looks all right. I guess you keep the dead ones covered up. Huh!"

"I don't think, Tibbles, that the covered up part is any more dead than what you can see. Indeed, I am very much alive all over. I only want a little more breath —that is all."

"You can't guess what Johnnie Jones says about you. He says you wouldn't let anybody touch you for nothin', 'cause you would break to pieces an' there wasn't much left of you now."

The captain was weary. Tibbles could

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see that his interest in replying was flagging. He said good-bye to her, and she was not half ready to go. She wasn't satisfied with the interview, but she meant to come again and again to try her luck of gathering exclusive information concerning the captain's case. And she could just see herself delivering proudly before the kids her great scoop—much to their chagrin, and putting to shame, by the rehearsal, their less alert reportorial instincts.

On the next morning, Tibbles appeared at the Captain's gate, as per invitation and resolution. To overcome the slight misgivings of her conscience as to the righteous charity of her mission, and to bridge the threatening gulf of dissension between her selfish intentions and the captain's innocent acquiescence, she brought along a tiny mite of a baby, which her feminine intuition had suggested as universal peace-maker and accredited passport to the tightest heart.

The captain was occupying his usual place in the sunny east-side porch.

Tibbles plumped the baby carriage against the gate.

"Hello, there, Tibbles; trying to break my gate down. Wait a moment. Let some one open for you. Stop! You'll batter the carriage to pieces!"

"Oh, no I won't. I always go in our gate this way. It's quicker than to wait for somebody. Guess what's here."

"Can't," said the captain. "What is it?"

"Well, now, you a big man and can't even guess what is wheeled around in a baby carriage."

"Oh, I see, now. It's a baby, a real live baby."

"You don't have any babies here, do you?"

"Well, no, Tibbles, there never was a baby around my house, much to my deprivation of pleasure, no doubt, and perhaps also my lucky escape from auricular annoyances. You see, Tibbles, the captain's wife has enough trouble with a sick husband to take care of."

"Yes," said Tibbles; "that's what they say—you are trouble enough and dyin' by inches!"

"What's that? Where did you hear such stuff! By Jove, dying by inches. Who said it, Tibbles?"

"Oh, nothin', captain. I's just talkin' Ain't you got no pets, though, nothin' at all 'round here to coddle?"

The captain was perturbed. Tibbles wished she had not been so bold. Now she wondered if this slip of her lip would serve to block her speedy discovery of the dead inches.

"Nothing to pet! Why, dear, bless me, yes. No one can live without something to pet. I'll show you my cats, the prettiest you ever saw."

"Oh, is that all—just cats?" as she looked down upon the mother cat and five squirming kittens.

"Yes, that's all—isn't that enough?"

"May be," said Tibbles, "but I thought somehow 'twould be a canary bird or a Shetland pony."

"Ha, ha, Tibbles! What do you think the captain would do with a canary bird or a Shetland pony. He's too fidgety to stand the noise of the bird's song and his legs are too long for riding a pony. Ponies are for little folks like you."

"Yes, I know, and I wish I had one, too. I was thinkin' maybe he——"

"Thinking what, Tibbles?"

"Oh, nuthin' much—just thinkin' to myself."

"Tell me out loud what you were thinking to yourself, Tibbles."

"Oh, well, I was thinkin' if it's a canary bird they won't let it starve, and if it's a pony somebody will be needed to care for it when—er—when, I means, when you've done with 'em."

"That's right, Tibbles—so I see you wish something to remember me by. Well, how would you like a kitten? They're not so much trouble as either bird or pony and they're easier to coddle."

"I think I would like one, the dear little furry thing."

"You may have the tortoise shell fellow. Isn't he pretty?"

"Umh-humh!"

And this one the captain placed upon her shoulder, and said: "Now, take Hugo to remember that the captain is your dear friend."

The gift of this kitten signified to Tibbles that she must be getting along at least not poorly in the confidence of the captain, and that his esteem of her would be much promoted by their mutual interests

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in the kitten. Tibbles' heart leaped when she had thought all this out, and her joy at one more triumph over the tots so exhilarated her that she heard not the loud wailing of the baby protesting against her cruel forgetfulness of his rights to attention.

Not only the babe was incensed at Tibbles' evident absorption in the captain's existence, but the tots around the corner were noticing, and with no real relish, that Tibbles had allowed the captain to supersede them in her regard, and for this disloyalty they began to taunt poor Tibbles unmercifully.

When she told them of her beautiful kitten they all cried at once: "Mange, mangy, or the old captain would never have given it to you!" And the cold reception they would give her when she essayed to attach herself and crying baby to their train was enough to shake all confidence in humanity. Her little crushed spirit would rebound elastic through all their taunts and mistreatment whenever she thought of her friend the captain. And she admitted to herself that she yet had a weapon which would lash them back into respect for her and hers, and forever cure their resentment—when she could unflinchingly stand before them and deliver important and exclusive information about the dead inches.

Oh, those dead inches! Yes, they were to be thought of. 'Twas her hearing of them that had suggested these visits to the captain—but when they should come to the last, and carry away her good captain for all time! Then, oh, what would she have to support her feelings when the tots should jeer at her? Where would she go day after day when minding the crying baby?

She wished there were no dead inches, and she wondered if something could not be done to save the captain. She thought she would rather have the captain alive and spared to her now than to know all in the world about dead inches. And she gave a great gulp, and her heart seemed to stand still when she thought he might be even now dying to the last.

To add to her grief, Billy Smith sicked his ugly dog onto her pretty Hugo, and ran him all over the country till Hugo escaped by jumping into an open shaft, from which it took some time and several men to rescue him.

Tibbles was guilty once more of a mental reservation, and that was to get even with Billy Smith for this inexpressible outrage. She meant to tell the captain on Billy Smith, also.

When she appeared at the captain's place, bent upon relating Billy Smith's rudeness, whom should she find peering between the pickets but Billy himself!

At sight of this malfeasance, Tibble's outraged feelings loosed themselves. She flew into Billy Smith with a swiftness and agility which he had not counted upon. She flung his hat into the gutter. She ripped and tore his suspenders and loosed every button in his shirt; pounded him on the head and pulled his hair till he cried out more than "nuff."

Tibbles had clearly gained a victory, but her little heart was to experience the hardest shock it had yet had. When she went in to the captain, he was not there—had gone away!

She went home to bubble over in tears for her dear captain was gone, and she knew not where. Then she prayed that the good Lord might make the dead inches all alive and send the captain back to her.

Many long days went by—long, so long to Tibbles, for she was nursing a grief and bearing her sorrow all alone. She dared not go among the tots for fear of a repetition of the pantomime between herself and Billy. The baby was tiresome company, but the kitten, oh, what comfort now was the tortoise-shell Hugo. He became not only her playmate, but her confessor as well, and Hugo received many embraces and affectionate strokings as she thought and talked of the captain.

This vacation time, during which Tibbles had experienced the most pleasant sensations and also felt the bitterest grief which she thought could ever come to one, was now come to a close, and Tibbles was glad to enter school again for its diverting influence. Her only worry was the fear of a revival of taunts from Billy Smith's crowd. But she found this possibility greatly obviated, in that the rules were made more strict than formerly—that boys could no longer hang around the door in wait for the girls, and she noticed

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to her great gratification that a new close board fence had been erected between the playgrounds with not even a knot-hole through which Billy Smith could stick out his tongue at her to exasperate her. In her heart she thanked the school board for these beneficent repairs.

The teachers noticed a change to calm in Tibbles' disposition. She was very studious. She didn't play with her usual zest, and she paid more than her usual former attention to the devotional exercises. She asked a great many questions of her instructors concerning the answer to prayer. She asked to be instructed as to the meaning of faith. This lead her instructors to announce that Tibbles was of a theological mind. But Tibbles had a worry on her mind which she wished dispelled—how many prayers and how much faith it would require to bring back the captain.

When preparations for Thanksgiving were stirring at Tibbles' home, she was given her usual part to play in bringing about the successful fulfillment of these preparations: namely, the care of the baby.

'Twas a long time now since Tibbles had passed the captain's house, but the idea struck her, which in some measure compensated for her impressment. She would wheel the baby by the captain's house—just to see!

Her heart began to beat furiously, and her amazement was tremendous, as she neared the house and saw some one sitting on the little east-side porch! It looked for all the world like the captain! It was the captain!

Tibbles' walk became a run; a scream of joy broke from her lips; the baby was left quite forgotten. Tibbles hurried up the walk, threw herself into the arms of the captain and cried out her misery, now broken by the greatest happiness, upon his willing shoulder. She asked the captain if he had melted all away and then came together again.

He explained to Tibbles the error of the neighbors' predictions, and said that her words about the dead inches had alarmed him so he had taken flight to the beautiful Yosemite, then into the high Sierras, where three months of perfect rest and good breathing had restored him to her.

Tibbles went home the happiest little girl in the block, and she knows just how much California sun and air with prayer and faith it takes to bring to life dead inches.



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A FICTITIOUS HISTORY OF THE WORLD

BY LIONEL JOSAPHARE

CHAPTER VII.

MY CHILD, it is said that every age calls itself modern. For the time being, it is the world. It establishes itself amid the shrines of the past and embezzles to its capacity of the future. It assumes pride in its descent and befuddles the chances of its descendants. It has always been a world full of egotism; it has always been the flower of time and creation. But we have now come to the modern age that is ours.

It is an age wherein the machinery of life has a myriad wheels. It is an age that has plundered all ages, forward and back; rummaged the past for wisdom which it has not followed, and undermined the future with a greed it does not explain. It is an age of travel and world-round messages, of electricity and wires and wonders of which no one man knows the structure and very few entirely understand the theory. The user knows not what he uses. It is an age of Babel building in which men make machines that outdo the work of men. The world is found to be a sphere, whereas formerly flat. And this vast sphere these testy men have taken to themselves and woven with waterways and bonds for instantaneous news. The world is become a new fabric. Whatever transpires in any part is published that day the world over. The hod-carrier at breakfast reads the death of princes the night before at the other end of the earth's diameter. Man journeys over iron roads and skims the ground in vehicles that propel themselves. In short, the thin schoolboy has mind of more particulars than the heaviest-browed pundit of yore would have dreamed of—or believed had any one else dreamed of. He begins far in advance of the ancient sage's last lesson; and yet (and perhaps therefor) the ancient one in some matters is never equaled.

We live in a republic. It has waxed so large and so quickly that few of us understand what it is, or what it may eventually be. It extends from an ocean to an ocean; the one once unexplored; the other once unknown. It is populated with all the earth's populations; most of whom use ill the Goddess of Liberty's language and none of whom are familiar with the speech of all the others. It is a nation of many races. Its peoples have many complexions and many creeds. In fact, they are so varied that they agree on nothing at all, yet all in all, are the most agreeable people in the world.

Such is the Republic. We live in it and love it. Rather, it fascinates us.

Its chief officer is a President, who is elected by citizens that for the most part never saw so much as the back of his head; and of whose homes, not one city in a thousand has he ever entered.

Cities that are thousands of miles from one another make laws for respective obedience.

The President represents all the people, although almost half have voted against him.

In a republic all men are equal; the highest is no better than the lowest; yet there is a high and a low.

Its main trait is an abomination of despotism; yet it is maintained in dignity by the two most austere of despotisms, the army and the navy.

A republic hates kings and crowns, yet deals with these by means of the utmost diplomacy and flattery.

The people make their own laws, and punish themselves for their own misdeeds.

These laws, in the aggregate, are made by Congress; that is, by the majority of that body, which may consist of two minorities—of the preceding and of the current election.

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One division of this Congress represents millions of citizens; the other division represents about half a hundred Governors of States. The theory of this is, that the people, by virtue of their Constitution, place a Senatorial check upon their own representative wishes.

Also, every city makes its own laws, and every county makes laws for all cities within it, and every State makes laws for all the cities and counties within it; and the nation, for every city and county and State within itself.

No city or county or State, nor any number of them, may withdraw from the union.

Every citizen is a sovereign, because there is no sovereign in the country.

The sovereignty rests in all the people; which is the wherefore that each and every one is a sovereign.

The supreme law of the Federation is a written constitution, which forbids monarchical uses; yet the treaty power of the President and Senate dealing with foreign monarchs is of equal supremacy. The sovereign people's House of Representatives cannot enter into the treaty negotiations. The most precious possession is liberty, and the majority rules. Thus, the majority has the most liberty.

The majority of Congress is the majority of the country in representative capacity.

Congress makes laws under power of the Constitution, and the Supreme Court has power to declare these laws unconstitutional.

In all these matters, the people erect their laws over themselves. They publish legislation which they continually break. They are proud to break laws which they themselves have made instead of being punished by laws that a monarch might have made.

These laws emanate from the wisdom of the country at large. Congress and the President represent this wisdom and the will thereof. Many of the wisest law-givers in the country being in Congress, they therefore represent the will of the less wise. Thus, if the law-givers use any superior wisdom which they may possess, they do not represent the will of the people.

The three branches of government are the executive, the legislative and the judiciary. Should the executive act illegally, the judiciary will intervene; yet the judiciary is powerless to act save through the instrumentality of the executive. When the legislative has published a law, a law-breaker may appeal to the judiciary to determine the lawfulness thereof.

Since the Government is an expression of the will of the majority, therefore the executive, the legislative and the judiciary endeavor to act complacently therewith. But this is difficult, because no one knows who the majority are, where they are, nor what they desire.

The majority does not know itself until after the votes are counted.

The majority might favor legislation evil and oppressive unto the minority; but in this regard a peculiar condition exists. The majority of the citizens are poor; the rich are few. And yet, so much honesty is manifest that the multitudinous poor never make laws that are despotic upon the few rich. In truth, the latter are in better circumstances here than in monarchies; wealthier than monarchs.

Thus, much credit is reflected upon the poor for not using their powers ill.

CHAPTER VIII.

The world is a different one from that in which Wah-wah squatted with his pile of flints. Different and yet the same old world. It has made little if any discoveries below the depth of human nature where Wah-wah stood. His meagre development and sub-savage arts were all consigned to the pride that led Ainu to his cave. And all man's intellect now, his feats, his demonstrations and his rarities are bundled up in the leading away of a woman before the rest of his kind. But, say that we have more. We have in our hands more emblems of the infinite, more tokens of heart and brain, and finer divergencies. The sentiments we extol, and the customs and vanities and sincerities, existed with Wah-wah, or shortly after him. Our politicians grapple with greater problems; to wit, the handling of greater numbers. Our priests talk to us with more subtle ideas, yet pull the veil of the future no further aside than did Leanface before the eyes of the startled Lake-

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men. We have had more oratory, more books, prayers, miracles and dreams, prophecies and commentaries—above all, commentaries. Yet here is the same man struggling for mastery among his fellows; his manifold pleasures merely the stings of a more involute desire.

This is not pessimism. Not one deed is adversely criticised. It is but to say that amid his gallery of pictures and hall of inventions and panorama of power, with here and there a mansion of telescopes, glaring, still stands the ancient man. And That Man is always The Man. Analyze him as you will; say that he is this and that, is more of one thing and less of another; and beneath it all is the one thing you cannot analyze, cannot fathom, cannot touch, cannot see, cannot govern, and seldom speak to—the man.

He stands now in well-fitting clothes; his hair is exactly brushed; his linen, white; and he dons his kid gloves with a knowing air. Perhaps he is something of an artist or sporting gentleman or has a vein of cowardice, or has succeeded in something. In his own mind he is what he has never told you; that is, that which you yourself are, while you wonder if others be the same.

It is because man has given names to so many new things and has a diversified system of nomenclature for himself that he esteems himself different. Names are invented for inventions; and some of the old implements are honored with new terms because their wooden originality was replaced with gold, then with copper, then with iron, then with steel, and then with tin. Sovereigns as well as sugar-bowls. A king may or may not be what a king was; nor a sword nor a scutcheon nor a coat. Yet men use the words to play on the same old passions amid which those glittered.

For instance, there is patriotism. It has become of little use, save for the purposes of war. Let a hostile explosion be heard off our coasts, and there would be the same gathering of sturdy spirits that ever has hurled back the invader to his ships and the bloody billow. And he who does not feel the flag waving in his heart and the drum beating in his blood should not be permitted to dwell in the land. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that, in point of patriotism, we are not at the present time a nation nor a race. We are a country. How can we feel with that sworded patriot whose race and nation and country and city were all in one? He stood upon a hill and beheld his country from temple frieze to outer wall. He, when an invader threatened, grasped his buckler and cried, "These men are attacking me—my very self. He reared a statue or smoothed out a road and meditated, it is mine, my daily life; its beauty is of me.

We have many States, whose inhabitants are of aforesaid every race, creed, color and previous condition, and only one thing in common—a flag. The colors is the only bond of these many colors. And this was not theirs all their lives.

In times of peace, there is no emblem of patriotism save that of war. And patriotism schisms up into love of State, municipal pride and street improvement committees.

It was with such thoughts as these that Malachy Mulverhill tapped his Havana cigar and watched the ash fall to its reflection on a silver tray. In point of color, the ash may have fallen from his ashen hairs, or, brightened, been the light of his eyes. His visage was what might be termed Greek-Irish; classic yet modern —the physiognomy of his blood.

Near him sat his nephew, Lysander Mulverhill, who was leaning over his reflection in a long mahogany table.

After some deliberation, Malachy Mulverhill remarked, "I sometimes think that this country will be a stupendous arena for the first man who understands it."

Lysander grimaced over this proposition, but gave cogitation no further expression than such facial as aforesaid.

Malachy continued: "This country could be handled as easily as a comic opera on a stage by the right man. If I were young, I would try."

"And so would I, if I were younger—five or six years, say; that would make me about nineteen. Unfortunately, at that age, the idea did not occur. I was then agitated by the American girl question and took no interest in affairs of the ballot." He gazed ahead or maybe into the past dreamily. "Do you think my

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hair is as light as when I was nineteen? Has it the same copper tints?"

"I think I shall smoke the rest of this cigar in the presence of your father," Malachy mused. "It is a fifty-cent ovation from a very dear friend of mine; your frivolous temperament is not conducive to the full enjoyment of its delicate Cuban aroma. I had wished to offer you some advice, and——"

"Found me unworthy?"

"Merely unprepared," replied Malachy, whose uncleship was as suave as his congenial respect for a good cigar. Momentarily, in departing, he stood motionless in the doorway; a weakness of his. Malachy Mulverhill seldom left a room without pausing to meditate on the threshold. There he would suffer a sudden thought, lift his head, and stride potentially away.

Lysander looked down at the widespread polar-bear rug, with its huge head, gleaming eyes and powerful array of teeth. The head in some way reminded him of himself; of the same seeming strength, but without activity. Inwardly as savage as the bear had been, he had borne himself almost as actless as the rug was now.

Those that can see the soul formulating itself, incarnating itself and developing the features, might have suspected in him a mysterious underheart of energy, an underlying voice that wanted to roar. But withal he had been modern and ethical, docile, half-imaginative of his own latent desires. Seated on the shimmering upholstery of wealth or a pace below the high windows of commercialism, he had lightly suppressed the infernal growl of the savage. Yet even the passing critic might have remarked that behind that countenance had been more than one baleful moment, and more than one abhorrent glance at the artifice of things. No impotent melancholy was there, but a power to restrain without apparent effort the darker potencies of human nature.

With such, he was trenchant enough to possess the olden virtues, love for his kin, gallantry in duty, combining a pleasant voice, a kindly smile and a dignified manner.

It was in this amiable mood that he now went in search of his uncle to request that advice he had so flippantly rebuffed. He found that gentleman engrossed in complimenting Honora Faraday.

Some weeks before, Lysander had had the same refreshing comment for her; but soon his admiration was becalmed by the public note of her engagement to his friend, Anthony Bruges. It necessarily brought him to a reverie and conclusion that began with "After all——" In this case, the "after all" took place before anything had begun. After all, a woman who would be wife of an Anthony Bruges was not the woman to be desired. This consolation did not nullify the demand for further solace. It was befitting to estimate Honora Faraday over and again. A woman must be measured by her loves and not her charms; by her acts instead of her hair. He returned her the affection he had taken in fancy, and unkissed the kisses that had not been. He transferred her to Bruges, as if she had once belonged to himself. Bruges and Honora might be mated, but they never could match, it seemed. There is no egotism like the lover's. Thus, in Lysander's view, she receded from a woman of beauty to woman in the abstract. The abstract woman is always subject to criticism. A man conjures up all those witty French proverbs. For about seventy-five cents, one can purchase upward of two hundred and fifty maxims appropriate to the regard of a disgruntled lover. Woman, ever exacting, never exact, is the burden of their style. The disappointed one beheld an exhibition of these in a bookshop window, but did not push his researches in the feminine mind by their means.

Anthony Bruges was popular, influential, handsome, and Lysander himself had extended him some degree of friendship. He had followed, feasted, laughed and sported with Bruges. At that period there had been no occasion for elevating the man to a high standard of criticism. It was the comparison with Honora Faraday that immediately caused Mulverhill to see all the contrasting hues in Bruges' personality.

In the ordinary pleasaunces of life, Bruges could have passed mostwheres and mosttimes in the usual good-will of most of his fellows. Still, in romance, the spectator has, Lysander opined, the right to expect an ideal. A love affair must be

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melodramatic; it must be uncontaminated with the worldly; it has rules and regulations of its own. In marriage, woman shows her highest achievement. Selection among her suitors is her broadest scope for honor and perspicuity. Lysander was a belated suitor. He had arrived upon the scene a few days after the betrothal kiss. He wondered why she had not waited, procrastinated, dallied, used some strategy after seeing him, Lysander, before proclaiming her until-death choice.

"And father? Is he booming?" inquired Malachy Mulverhill.

"Anthony is making an astonishing fight for him," Honora replied, with a smile and a mimicry of enthusiasm. "Tumultuous applause, uproarious sentiment, deafening cheers and all that," says Anthony, "are about to be."

"Lysander," said the gray Mulverhill, "is it not time that you become tumultuous, uproarious and deafening in Mr. Faraday's cause? Consider how delightful the obligations involving Miss Faraday if you should help instate her father at the White House."

"Miss Faraday has consolidated all obligations toward her admirers," said Lysander. "However, I am ready to assist without reward of even one smile."

She paid him in advance, somewhat aggravating, and the two were soon seated beside. Within a small circle of their chairs was brilliantly displayed the fact that they were seated in the metropolis of their country. Honora was metropolitan to the last sheen of her hat.

"How did we come to be talking of fairy tales?" Lysander asked.

"I think we had been discussing honor and the like."

"The result was inevitable. However, you and I are not in the one story. I met Bruges the other day and enviously congratulated him. It must be said, he looked the part of a fairy-tale prince, with the addition of a pointed mustache. And 'happily ever afterwards' to you, Miss Faraday. I shall be a most interested reader of the enchanted story and your happiness, absorbed in the plot as if I were a character in it."

"Can't you find room as a wicked giant? You know, a tale is not complete without a villain."

"May I?" he redounded on the instant. "And yet, do you know," he added thoughtfully, "the villain is always fancying himself the hero. He might think that rescuing the forlorn maiden from the powers that bind her arms is but heroic play; but who can wrench her from the black arts that darken her mind. One is hardly able to rescue a maid who is loth to leave."

Purple on her hat seemed to illuminate the black hair and fade to a lavender shadow on her face. Dim, tawny shadows were in the tents of her white skirt. Carefully he noted them.

Without ado, he arose, arms folded.

"Madam," he whispered, "permit me to declare that in the privacy of my thoughts I have been standing as Anthony Bruges' rival." Love scowled on his features.

She arose gaily. "I should not think you would have told me this."

There was no doubt as to his manner. He was not burlesquing the fairy-tale. He was blushingly in earnest.

"We may meet frequently," he resumed. "You are warned."

She glanced toward her mother and Mrs. Mulverhill; then back to him. "I need no warning."

"Perhaps women—no; I shall not say that."

"You may; one is not frank unless he is entirely so."

"I meant to say that perhaps some women might consider it bad art for a man to warn them. Now will you forgive me for that?"

"Forgiveness is too serious a matter to be debated between us," she drawled merrily.

"You are disappointed in me?"

"I had no sentiment that had advanced far enough to be disappointed."

"You are depressed with something."

"Scarcely. And yet I was thinking—no; I am not as frank as you. I withdraw the statement. You know, we are in politics now. We must be cautious."

"You mean," he suggested, "that a beautiful woman never knows the delight of friendship. It is always love, is it not? From this man and that, in his eyes she sees nothing but love. It is, it is wearying, I admit. The beauty of friendship is not for beauty."

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A half hour afterwards he was upstairs in his rooms. Honora had left a banquet of memories by which to stand in sentimental hunger. The lavender-shadowed face and white dress between black hair and the black velvet carpet. The hair —Bruges had kissed it, doubtlessly. Those eyes; they had bedewed with love for Bruges. The mouth had felt his mouth. The long but not prominent nose well nigh as deep at the brows as at the base was too rare for Bruges' appraising. The affair was incomprehensible. She was incomparable; Bruges one of many. "The girl is mad," the lover should mutter. "No, woman's beauty is merely an accident of form and color. In our transports it seems to mean something. That is what mystifies. We are puzzled by that which she seems and then seems not. Were she honest, she would not seem, but be. And yet, she must mean something. Nature would not let such imperial complexion go to waste on nothing of within. A month ago, and I was proud to think it meant she was mine."

He roamed to his rear room, which indicated the mingling of his tastes in that it contained a piano and a punching bag. The piano had been purchased as a place to lay the banjo; on the latter his repertory was three airs; on the piano, five. With the punching bag he was more proficient, and was a master of its various rhythms.

Now, with one hand atop of the piano and the other holding the chandelier, he dominated the room, in meditation.

Perhaps Honora's marriage was political. Bruges was not only a millionaire but a politician. It was not sweet to think of the matter in this way.

Peradventure, Lysander would go into politics himself. Jonathan Andrew Faraday as president of his country. The thought caused him no deeper concern. The Mulverhills were of an old Irish family, connected with antiquity by a few legends. A president's four-year supremacy was not to be viewed as an excellent honor when poised against a proud ancestry. With such a lineage, one would not feel the weight of Bruges' coming to Honora with love in one hand and ambition in the other; wooing the daughter with his heart and tempting the father with the hearts of his fellow-citizens. Lysander was not addicted to the seeking of honors nor the begrudging them to others. He could have borne a hero on his shoulders as a prank and blithely held the joke to be on the hero.

He might study politics as Malachy had advised. Verily, he must do something. At one time he might have entered West Point; but practicing the arts of war in peaceful times was like learning football from a book. Politics, though, would be a capital experience, one that was in the manner of his family. It was, moreover, a duty he owed the country from which the family drew revenue.

It would not be difficult for him. Nothing was. That was his quarrel with life: it would not quarrel with him. And now, in Honora he had the difficulty he had always sought. Strange to relate, he did not esteem it. In truth, from the first moment of meeting, he had felt absolutely assured of her. She had been momentarily delightful. When she thwarted the delight, he was more bewildered than pained. But the pain was to come.

It came the more each day. Every move of his mind sunk him deeper in the quicksands. Now and then he disjoined her from his thoughts altogether. She returned with more fascination than ever. The worst of it was, he oft pictured her as side by side with himself, and could think of no man and woman more picturesque or mateable.

Besides, in her countenance was that which was mystic and perplexing. In spite of her soft loveliness, her eyes had a barbaric gloom that sent his fancy searching back into the unsearchable past. Once he heard her sing. Her voice was as of a woman heard from some moonlit ruin in the distance. It was like a weird calling. It seemed that the weirdness was especially directed to him.

(To be Continued.)

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Statue of the tortured 'Tzin, Mexico City.

MEMORIES OF CHAPULTEPEC

BY G. F. PAUL

Illustrated With Photographs

CHAPULTEPEC CASTLE occupies the most commanding position in the great rock-hemmed valley in which the City of Mexico is built. Tenochtitlan was the name given to the city by the wandering warrior tribe that built it on piles in the marshlands of Lake Texcoco, for here they found the sign for which they long had looked—the golden eagle perched on a cactus, with a serpent in its claws.

The Mexicans of to-day, in having Chapultepec the summer home of their ruler, President Diaz, are but utilizing a place whose natural attractions appealed to the tribes of old. In former times it was an island in Lake Texcoco, though now the lake has withdrawn itself fully four miles. The Aztecs, who christened it Chapultepec (the hill of the grasshopper), occupied it some two hundred years before America was discovered. Yet it was only after the most bitter struggles with other tribes that the Aztecs gained permanent possession of this eminence and built a temple on its summit. These warrior braves did not wish their deeds to be forgotten, for on the outcropping rock at the eastern base of the hill they carved their effigies. Here the imperial Montezuma and his proud courtiers deliberated on what course to take when the intrepid Cortes, fresh from the slaughter at Cholula, was rapidly approaching the gates of their city. What a sight must have burst upon the conqueror's eyes as he reigned his horse on



Chapultepec Castle, Mexico City.

the mountain road and looked from afar at the fair cities and shimmering lakes that lay unfolded beneath the turquoise blue of matchless skies. And when the clanging battles had been fought, when the quiver had been emptied against the stubborn steel, Cortes chose Chapultepec as his own.

Even at that time, the towering cypress trees that dignify the castle grounds were probably centuries old. Many of them have lived to see the Castle of Chapultepec pass from ruler to ruler. They have whispered softly to one another as at twilight the shadowy form of the gentle Marina, the Indian mistress of Cortes, went flitting



Salon, Chapultepec Castle.

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President Porfirio Diaz of Mexico.

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through the woods and gardens that she loved; they have seen the caterpillar-like aqueducts wind their sinuous course off to the city, bearing the pure waters from the springs of the Montezumas; and from Alameda, the heart of that city, they have seen the imperial boulevard, the Paseo de la Reforma, with its stately statues and glorietas, extended to the base of this crag. They have trembled with the roar of American cannonading at Molino del Rey; they have spread their mournful branches over the graves of the Mexican boy-cadets who fell at the foot of Chapultepec, while struggling to defend it against foreign troops. They have nodded a sad welcome to the ill-fated Empress Carlotta and the dreamer Maximilian; they have seen the old order of things changing and yielding to the new, under the far-sighted, firm-handed Porfirio Diaz, a ruler of integrity, dignity and courage.

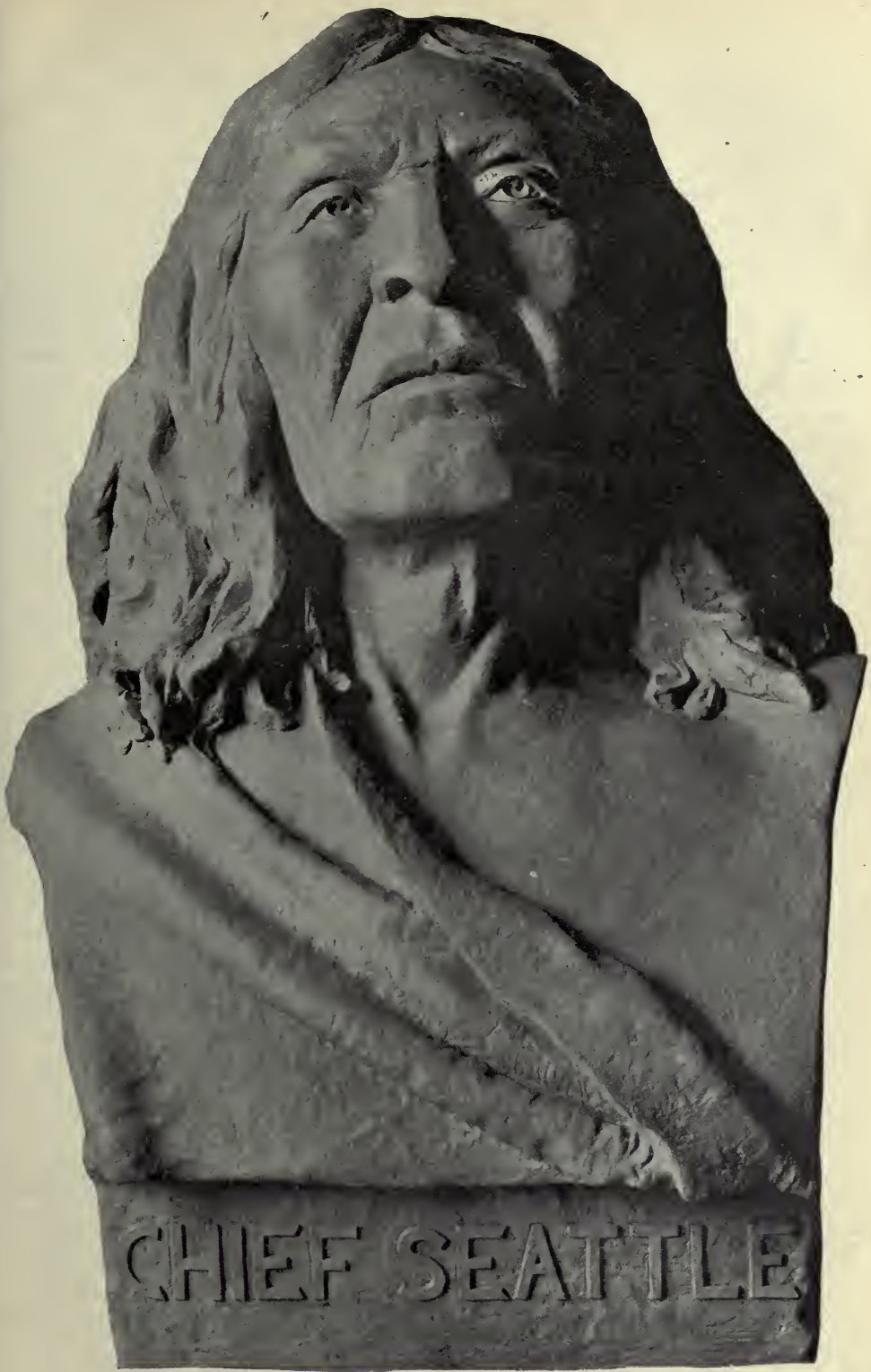
President Diaz, like many other previous rulers of Mexico, has Indian blood in his veins. But he surely feels no shame for this when on the Paseo he contemplates the heroic statue of a former leader, Cuauhtemoctzin, or "The 'Tzin." This chief, a nephew of Montezuma, reorganized the native troops and strengthened the defenses of the city after the expulsion of Cortes on the "Dismal Night." When the conqueror returned and laid siege to the place, it was famine that forced open the gates, not the Spaniards. Immediately on rendering thanks for the victorious entrance, Cortes demanded the royal treasure, but being refused, he subjected Cucuhtemactzin to a cunningly graduated series of tortures. He bound "The 'Tzin" with his feet but a few inches from a brazier of glowing coals, and then waited in vain for the young chieftain to reveal the secret.

Foiled in this attempt, he later, as a political necessity, hanged "The 'Tzin" at the dead of night on a limb of a grizzled ceiba tree in the jungles of Honduras. On the anniversary of his torture, August 21st, the natives gather round this statue to reverence his memory and to chant the traditions of their race.



Notable Statuary of the Seattle Exposition.—Base of the Alaska Monument.

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NOTABLE STATUARY OF THE SEATTLE EXPOSITION.—Chief Seattle, the remarkable aborigine after whom the metropolis of the Northwest was named.

THE DIVINE PROGRAM

X---The Millennial Kingdom

BY C. T. RUSSELL

Pastor Brooklyn Tabernacle

AS IS WELL-KNOWN, the basis of the word Millennium is *Mille,* which signifies *a thousand.* For long centuries, God's people have looked forward to times of refreshment, when the curse imposed upon the world because of Adam's sin would be lifted by reason of the Redeemer's sacrifice. It has been the theory that he who redeemed mankind is to come a second time, not as a sin-offering, as at the first, but as the great Deliverer, to release mankind from sin and death conditions, and to restore the willing and obedient to close harmony with God, and, indeed, to all that was lost in Adam. Those "restitution times" or years, as St. Peter says, have been declared by "all the holy prophets since the world began." (Acts 3:19-21.) In other words, as the heathen have had their theory of a coming Golden Age, the Israelites had the direct assurance of God that such a period of general world-wide blessing would surely come. This hope was associated with Israel's anticipation of worldly greatness under the Head Shepherd, the expected Messiah. Foundation for the hope lay in the Divine promise to Abraham, "In thy Seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." Israel hoped and prayed for the fulfillment of this promise, which meant special honor and exaltation to them, as well as refreshment to others. They understood that Messiah would come first, and that it would be under his direction and ministration of affairs that his Kingdom would be established—*in* their nation for the blessing of *all* nations.

These ancient hopes of Israel will shortly have realization very nearly as anticipated. The difference is that Messiah, instead of being one person, is to be composed of the chosen "little flock" of hundred and forty-four thousand sele in part from Israel in the end of t age, and, since then, the remainder f all nations. As soon as this great Me tor shall be completed his work will gin—the New Covenant will be sealed tween God and Israel, and Messiah, H and Body, will be its Mediator. (31:31; Rom. 11:1, 27, 31.) The bles will extend to all nations, in that nations will be welcome to become "Isr ites indeed" and sharers in the blessi of that New (Law) Covenant. As t thus come into line with the Divine visions, they will, as foretold, bec children of Abraham. As it is writ "Abraham, I have constituted thee Father of many nations." But the c hope of salvation for the Millennium usually based upon the statements Revelation 20th, which assure us tha the end of this Gospel Age the Di power will restrain Satan, hindering further deception of humanity du that period. Meantime, Christ will unto himself his great power and reig control, order, rule, bless. This same iod is elsewhere called "the day of Chr —the epoch during which The Ch Head and Body, shall hold the sway earth. (Rev. 20:4-6.) The same pe is referred to by St. Paul in 1 15:22, 23, when telling us that, "as in Adam die, so all in Christ will be m alive," but, he assures us, "every man his own order," for he, Messiah, "m reign until he shall have put all ene under his feet"—until he shall have s dued everything that is not in harm with the divine arrangement.

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years, but that the Church shall reign with Christ, etc., is in full harmony with what we know respecting the Lord's dealing with our race in the past. If we count the six thousand years as six days of evil—six days of the reign of sin and death—and then speak of the thousand-year "day of Christ" in which righteousness shall reign unto life eternal, we thus have in mind the week of *seven*-thousand year days. And a week, a cycle of sevens, stands for completeness.

It might be urged that as Sin and Death reigned for six thousand years the reign of righteousness and light for a period of one thousand years would be insufficient for the uplift of humanity. But we hold to the contrary that it is abundantly sufficient and really what might have been expected. Some of us with the light of Present Truth, being by the grace of God transformed by the renewing of our minds, can well realize a great work accomplished in our own hearts in ten, twenty or thirty years; and we wonder what marvelous transformations might be effected in mankind during a hundred years or a thousand. We remember that the work of grace in our hearts has had our willing co-operation and that we thus have much advantage over such of the world as might prove unwilling and rebellious. But we remember also that we now are in conflict with oppositions from the world and from the Adversary, and that the Divine program is that neither of these oppositions shall hinder the progress of mankind up the highway of holiness toward the mark of human perfection during the Millennium.

To rightly understand the condition which will prevail during the Millennium we must keep distinctly in memory the fact that there will be two Kingdoms, a heavenly, invisible one, and an earthly, visible one. Our Lord and his Church, his Bride, will be like unto the angels, spirit beings, and their rule or dominion will be only through the earthly Kingdom class, their earthly representatives. As the "kingdom of darkness" now operates through the servants of sin along lines of ignorance, superstition, sin and death, the Kingdom of Light will operate through earthly agencies, in harmony with its principles of righteousness, truth, knowledge, etc. Thus the assurance of the Scriptures is that during Messiah's Kingdom nothing shall be permitted to hurt or do injury, but on the contrary, it shall cause the light of the knowledge of the glory of God to fill the earth.—Isaiah 11:9, Habakuk 2:14.

The earthly agents of Satan and the other fallen angels (the present powers of spiritual control) are evil men and evil women and the whole array of sin and error, superstition and anarchy. Many of these agents of sin are themselves deceived and know not whom they serve. Nevertheless, as the Scriptures declare, "His servants ye are unto whom ye render service." The servants of the Kingdom of God, on the contrary, will be glad, willing, intelligent servants of God and righteousness, as we shall now show.

The Scriptural presentation is that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and all the prophets, together with others who developed similar faith and character, in the period preceding our Lord's First Advent, will constitute the earthly phase of the Kingdom of Heaven. St. Paul calls our attention to this in Hebrews XI., and declares that "all these died in faith, not having received the things promised to them"—earthly inheritance, dominion—and "that they without us should not be made perfect." In other words, the church of this Gospel Age must first be exalted with her Lord to the heavenly dominion before the Ancient Worthies will be called forth from the sleep of death to full human perfection, to constitute the earthly representatives of the Heavenly Kingdom and its laws and regulations. Moreover, each of these Ancient Worthies will in himself be a pattern or sample of perfect manhood —of all that the race as a whole may attain to by obedience to the laws of the Kingdom and its uplifting influences. The bringing forth of the Ancient Worthies from the tomb to instantaneous perfection will be, as the Apostle explains, because of their having stood certain trials and testings of faith, which brought to them the Divine approval as worthy to be used as the earthly seed of Abraham, in the great work of Messiah—the blessing and uplifting of all the families of the earth.

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Those Ancient Worthies were once

styled the "fathers." But as the Scriptures point out through the further development of the Divine Plan their relationship to Christ and the Church will alter. As we read, "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth." (Psa. 45:16.) In other words, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, David, et al., were the forefathers of Messiah according to the flesh; but Messiah's sacrifices of the flesh and his attainment by resurrection to the Divine nature—gave him a valuable asset of human rights, which he is at liberty to dispense to humanity. The giving to men of those human rights, earthly restitutions, includes the giving of life rights: thus the Mediator became "the age-lasting Father" of the whole world of mankind—or so many of them as ever shall attain to eternal life.—Isaiah 9:6.

The Ancient Worthies will receive this earthly life or restitution to human nature in common with the world; hence they, as well as all the remainder of the human family, will occupy to Messiah the relationship of *children,* offspring—those who receive life from Messiah at his expense—and the result of his sacrifice of himself. The superiority of the Ancient Worthies in station and honor and ruling power above the remainder of mankind will be based upon the fact that they will be perfect men, while the remainder of the world will be imperfect. As we have already seen, their instantaneous resurrection to perfection will be the result or reward of their fidelity to the Lord under severe trials during their time of contact with sin. As we have already seen, the world of mankind will experience gradual resurrection from death conditions to life conditions. First will come the awakening, "Every man in his own order," and then during the thousand years a gradual raising up (resurrection) out of degradation and sin and imperfection, to righteousness and perfection in proportion as each individual shall heartily avail himself of the knowledge and opportunity which he will then possess. All who refuse to progress will die the Second Death.

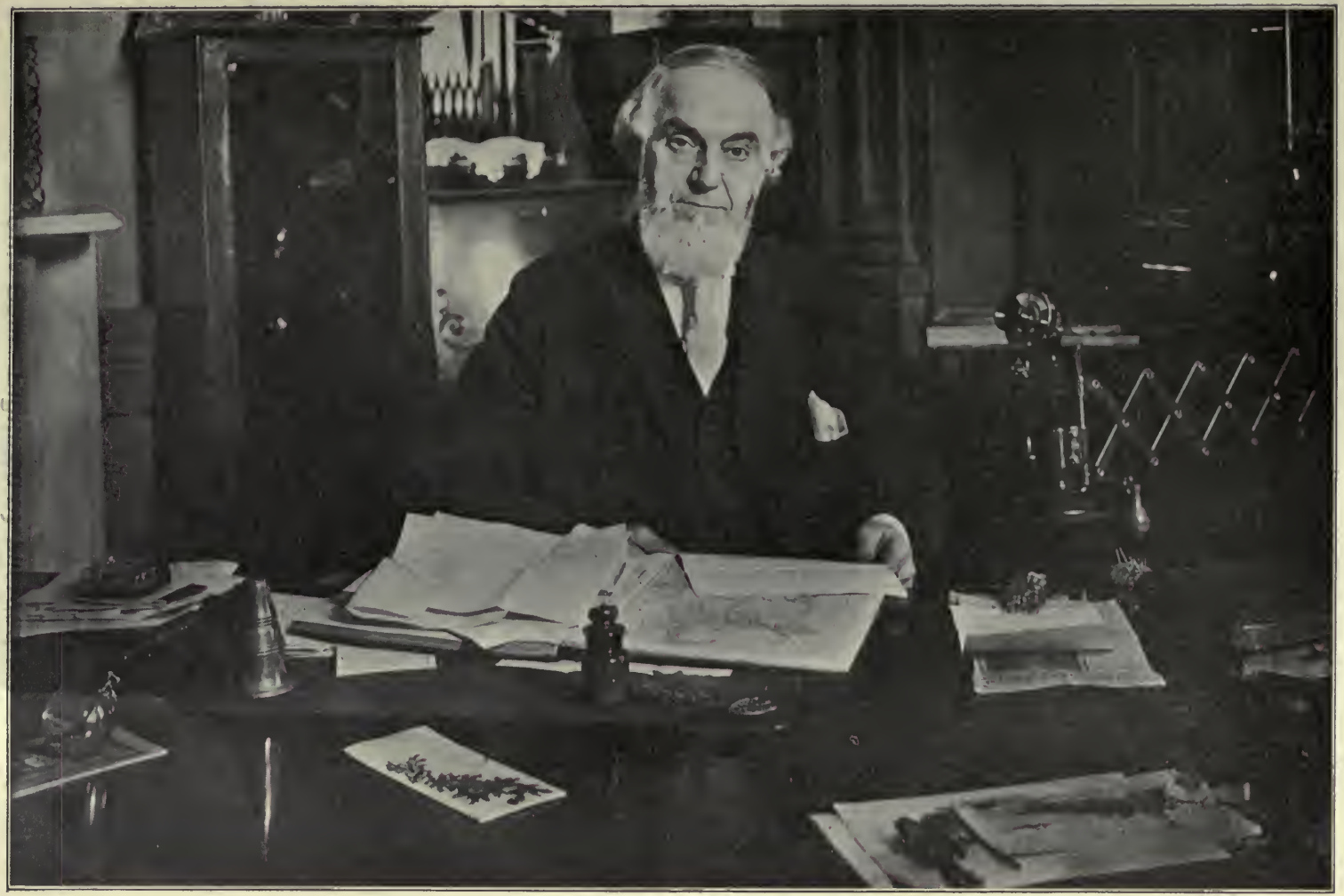
The Day of His Preparation.

As already seen, the world has been for more than a century in what is termed "The day of his preparation"—for the Millennium, the time in which the Lord's blessings will fill the earth. The wonderful inventions of our day are already making the world rich. But what will a thousand years of progress signify in the way of accumulated wealth? If, as inventors assure us, we are merely on the edge, as it were, of still more wonderful inventions and devices for human comfort, what may we reasonably expect the world will have before the close of the thousand years of Christ's Millennial reign? If present inventions are but preparations for that glorious day, and the work of imperfect men, what may we not expect in the day itself at the hands of a growingly intelligent race and under the special supervision of the Ancient Worthies perfected in human nature, and under the further supervision of the great Messiah, Prophet, Priest, King, Judge and Mediator for the race?

If any are disposed to fear that the great wealth of the world at that time would inure to the comfort and blessing of only a wealthy few and not to the general prosperity of the race, let such reflect upon the fact that the great Messiah, Emmanuel, has given us assurances, not only in his own character and teaching, but also directly through the prophets, that he will lay righteousness to the line and justice to the plummet. Let such remember, also, the distinct promise that he will remember the poor and needy. Note the prophecy: "He shall judge the poor of the people; he shall save the needy children, and shall break in pieces the oppressor. In his day shall the righteous flourish, and an abundance of peace." (Psalm 72.)

Let us remember, also, the figurative promise of the Scriptures respecting the Millennial Day, that "every hill shall be brought low and every valley exalted." Let such remember also the Scriptural assurance that "the meek shall inherit the earth;" that "the righteous shall be exalted and that evil-doers shall be cut off." Surely there is abundant evidence that during the Millennium the blessing of life will be justly, unerringly distributed. The Divine promise is that the great King will lay justice to the line and righteousness to the plummet and sweep away all

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Pastor Russell at his desk.

the refuges of lies. The high ones will all be brought low and the lowly ones will be exalted. This will mean more than a fulfillment of socialist dreams. Their well-meant scheme is a thoroughly impracticable one; first, because if they could effect such a change as they desire, it would be only a question of time when the selfishness of the human heart would re-distribute the wealth of the world much after the manner of the present; secondly, their view is impracticable because the wealthy and favored class, believing that they are justly possessed of their wealth, would see the streets run with blood rather than permit distribution of their wealth and special privileges. We are not discounting the benevolence and goodness of the wealthy, but neither are we discounting the innate selfishness of all classes.

The Divine program has taken into consideration every feature of the situation in its providence, and the results will be glorious. The wreck of the present social system in anarchy, shortly, will teach humanity the necessary lesson that it cannot trust itself under present conditions. The help necessary must come from the Lord. The new Kingdom will be a strong one and its judgments, its decisions, its rewards, its punishments, will be world-wide. The righteous will be blessed with the true comforts of life—health, strength and earthly blessing. The unrighteous will be made to feel the unprofitableness of their course—that the way of transgressors is hard. Gradually, this system of rewards and punishments—or, as the Scriptures put it, these "judgments of the Lord"—will teach the right lesson of the sinfulness and undesirableness of sin in its every form and of the blessedness of righteousness and equity, "when the judgments of the Lord are abroad in the earth and the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness."—Isa. 26:9.

The condemnation of Divine Justice will be lifted immediately at the beginning of the millenium, when the great Mediator shall apply the merit of his sacrifice *on behalf of the world* (as he applied it to the *household of faith at Pentecost.*) Nevertheless the "curse," the imperfections, the blemishes, of humanity and the earthly home will be gradually recovered. The promise of the Lord that the whole earth shall be brought to a Paradise condition will be gradually effected during the thousand years, just as human restitution to Adamic perfection will be gradually attained. The blessings which will then prevail, the comforts, the leisure, will be for all, because all will be rich and under the supervision of the Millennial Kingdom. This leisure will not be permitted to be used for sinful or depraved pleasures, but merely in accord with the highest interests of all. Love, joy and peace will be the characteristics of that time.

By the close of the Millenium God's will shall be done on earth, even as it is done in heaven, and every human creature shall have attained to full perfection—the rebellious being cut off in the "Second Death." The loss incurred through Adam's transgression will have been fully retrieved. The race, so far from being injured by the experiences of sin, will really have been blessed; because of their greater appreciation of Truth and righteousness and their experiences under the reign of sin and lessons that will be learned during the Millennial period of reclamation from the influences of the curse. All refusing these gracious provisions, after trial, the Scriptures assure us, will be utterly, hopelessly destroyed in the Second Death.—Acts 3:23.

When the Mediatorial Kingdom of Christ shall have acomplished its design of blessing all the families of the earth, by uplifting of the willing and obedient out of sin and death conditions, that special and provisional Kingdom will terminate.

As the Apostle says, Christ shall give up the Kingdom to God and he will be all in all. Meantime by his Millennial Kingdom he shall have put down sin and all opposed to the Divine Government and everything in opposition to the highest interests and welfare of the race. Love and mercy having done everything possible, their utmost, for the race during the Millennium, the regenerated race will be handed over at its close to strictest Justice. Thenceforth, no allowance will be made for imperfections, because no imperfections will exist. Ignorance and superstition having been done away with, de-

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stroyed, Divine Law, absolute Justice, will be enforced.—I Cor. 15:24, 28.

The Scriptures, properly enough, then, show us that immediately following this turning over of the Kingdom by Messiah to the Father, the reign of Mercy, giving place to the reign of Justice, will be followed by a period of trial to the race. For a brief period, Satan will be loosed, and an opportunity for sin will be permitted, with a view to testing the loyalty of those who had been rescued from the reign of Sin and Death. A conspiracy of self-will against agents of Divine authority will be permitted—to test, to prove, all dwelling upon the face of the whole earth, whose members will then be as the sands of the seashore—innumerable. How many of these will succumb to the temptation and thereby prove their heart's disloyal, is not stated.

But all who do thus yield to the temptation will be accounted worthy of the Second Death and will be utterly destroyed. By such strenuous tests the Lord will prove, test, the hearts of men and blot out of existence all who with full knowledge and opportunity to the contrary still entertain any disloyalty to the principles of truth and righteousness. It is because of these strenuous tests which will be applied to every creature that the Lord is able to guarantee to us that "there shall be no more sighing, no more crying and no more dying," because there shall be no more sin.

There may be some unwilling to believe in the Millennial Kingdom, because unable to grasp by faith so remarkable a Divine supervision of human affairs for the uplifting of our race from sin and death conditions. These are not to be specially blamed, for, as the Apostle says, "All men have not faith." (2 Thess.3:2.) All men, however, who have faith to believe in the Divine promises can realize the justice as well as the love and mercy connected with the Divine scheme of redemption. It began with our Lord's giving himself as a ransom for all, to be testified in due time. It has continued during this Gospel Age in the selecting of the "little flock," the "jewels," to be Messiah's associates in the work of the Millennial Kingdom. It will operate during the Millenial Age most gloriously, and the results will be all that can be desired. Then shall come the time when every creature in heaven and in earth and under the earth shall be heard praising and honoring the great Prophet Priest and King, whose righteous dealings will finally have been made manifest, and whose creatures will have been brought to the highest degree of blessing—the "little flock" on the heavenly plane, mankind on the earthly plane, and the incorrigible to Second Death—destruction.

THE MIRACLE

BY ONEY FRED SWEET

Where yesterday, fell but the cactii's shade
'Midst all the glare of desert's stretch of sands,
Behold the green-patched sweep of huddled farms
And yonder where a rumbling city stands!
The thirsty land has quaffed the cup we gave
And where was dreary waste, we revel now.
Through miles of vines, there clings the purpling grape
And temptingly the orange bends its bough.

THE VINTAGE IN CALIFORNIA AND ITALY

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY

THE CULTURE of grapes for wine making was introduced into California by the Catholic missionaries from Spain and Italy, who found the soil and climate of their new home very similar to those of their native lands. They observed that wild grapes grew in profusion, and, desiring the wine which they had been accustomed to use in church and on the table, they asked their brethren who were assigned to the Pacific Coast to bring cuttings of vines suitable for wine-making. The "Mission grapes," as they were named, were planted near the Missions in various parts of Southern and Central California. They took kindly to the soil, one of the vines, reputed to be a century old and to bear a ton of grapes each season, living till a few years ago at Santa Barbara. The first vineyard was in Sonoma County, where grapes were planted so extensively that the price fell to a point at which it did not pay the grower to pick them. The "Mission grapes" produced a heavy, highly alcoholic wine, which did not meet with much favor among wine-drinkers. In spite of these untoward circumstances the importance of establishing viticulture as one of the leading industries of California was recognized, and between 1860 and 1865, Arpad Haraszthy was sent to Europe with a commission to get cuttings from the best wine-producing districts of Europe. The cuttings were brought and the kind of soil best suited to each variety of grape was ascertained after many experiments and costly failures. Later a viticultural commission was established, and C. A. Wetmore, a well-known grower, was sent to Europe to gather cuttings of grape vines and val-



One of the great vineyards of California established at Asti, through the thrift and industry of the Italian-Swiss of California.



Italian women workers in the vineyard. Transplanting seems to have a like effect on the women and the grape. The Italian woman of California is the mother of some of its best and sturdiest citizenship.

uable information about soils and wine-making.

As experience became wider, the quality of the wine produced in California showed steady improvement. The dreaded phylloxera did much damage in some counties, but it is now the practice to plant resistant vines, which are not affected by the pest. In the last year of the nineteenth century it was estimated that there were 80,000 acres of vines, producing 250,000 tons of wine-grapes, which yielded about thirty million gallons of wine. Grapes can be grown nearly everywhere in the Golden State, but the dry wines, such as Zinfandel, Burgundy, Mataro, Sauterne, Reisling, Hock, etc., are produced best in the northern counties, especially Sonoma, Napa, Santa Cruz, Contra Costa, Alameda and Santa Clara. Sweet wines, such as Port, Sherry, Muscat, Angelica, Tokay, Madeira and Malaga types, Marsala, are grown best in the Southern counties—Madera, Fresno, Kings, San Joaquin and San Diego. No fine dry wine can be made from grapes grown on irrigated lands, and south of the Tehachapi irrigation is necessary.

The largest vineyard in California was planted by the late Senator Stanford at Vina in Tehama County. Now, though the Senator was a successful money-maker and founded a large co-educational school, he did not know everything. His vineyards produced great quantities of grapes, but good wine could not be made from them. When this became clear, the idea of wine-making was abandoned and the product of the vineyard turned by distillation into excellent brandy.

The next largest vineyard in California is owned by the Italian-Swiss Agricultural Colony in Sonoma County. The colony was formed in 1881 on the model of the building and loan associations with which Andrea Sbarboro (the leading spirit and secretary of the colony) had been connected. The co-operative association is-

sued 2,000 shares of stock, each paying one dollar a month into the general fund. When $10,000 had been accumulated, a committee of men who had had wide experience of wine-growing in Italy was sent out to inspect the State. After examining many districts, they selected a tract of 1500 acres near Cloverdale in the Valley of the Russian River. The tract was a sheep ranch, but eminently suitable for a vineyard, the hills having a southern exposure and the soil being volcanic. The place was named Asti from the famous district of that name in Piedmont. Though the colony experienced much hard fortune and put a severe strain on the courage and resourcefulness of its founders, it lived through all, and became a brilliant success. The original vineyard has been enlarged to 2,000 acres, and scores of families find a happy home on it. The colony has a school-house, a railroad station, a post-office, telephone service and other modern conveniences. Its winery is one of the largest in the State. The colony has grown and possesses dry-wine vineyards at Fulton, Sebastopol and Cloverdale in Sonoma County; and sweet wine vineyards in Madera, Fresno and King's Counties. At all the vineyards of the Italian-Swiss Colony the viticulturists and wine-makers are Europeans, who brought their families with them from the Old World, so that many dark-haired, olive-skinned women and handsome children with laughing, mischievous eyes are to be seen there.

But the colony owns not only the greatest vineyards and wineries in California, but also the largest wine tank in the world. This tank at Asti is cut from the solid rock and is lined with Portland cement, having a glazed surface. It is 84 feet long, 34 feet wide, 25 feet high and has a capacity of half a million gallons. In the center of its flat top a small pagoda-like structure of rock-work supports an urn, which forms a cover of the stairway leading down into the tank. At times, the great vat is pumped dry and cleaned. On one of these occasions it was illuminated, and a hundred couples danced on its floor to the music of a military band. The tank stores the wine, safe from external influ-



Under the pergola of Andrea Sbarboro at the Pompeiian villa at Asti, California



Young Italy—This sort of thing has found just as picturesque setting in sunny California as in Italy.

ences, until it matures; keeps it till a favorable time for putting it on the market; serves to blend large quantities and to maintain from year to year the same type—a most important consideration in acquiring and keeping a reputation for the products of a vineyard.

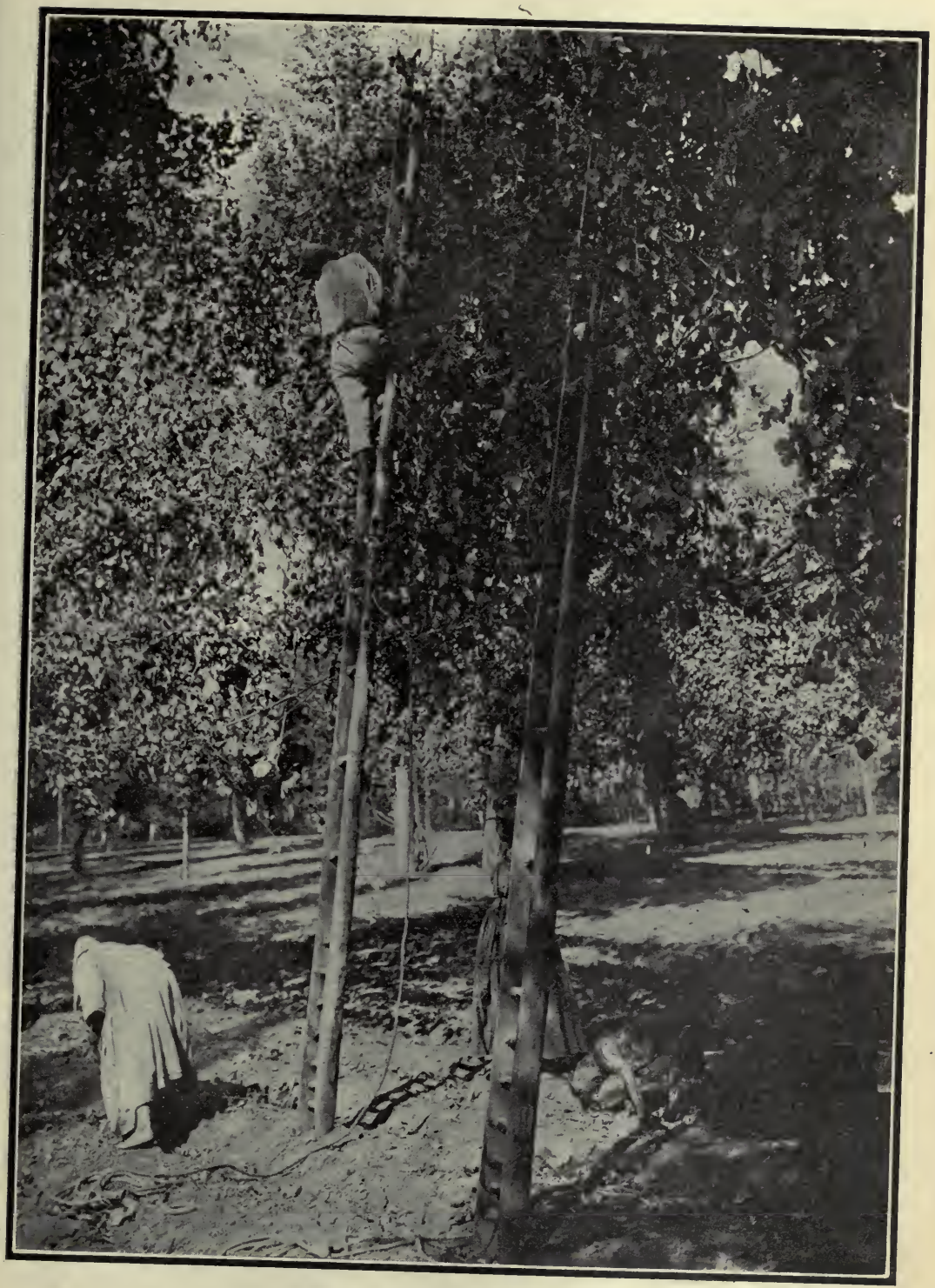
The vintage in Southern California takes place in October, frequently after the first rain has fallen and the brown, burned-up hillsides have begun to turn green again. Many of the pickers are Mexicans, who bring their families and camp in tents in or near the vineyards. Men, women and children join in the picturesque work. Each is armed with a knife and drops the purple clusters into a box, which, when filled, holds sixty pounds. Even a girl, if strong and industrious, may pick a ton of grapes in a day. No climbing is necessary, for the vines, not being trained on trellises, are bushes not more than two or three feet high. When a large number of boxes has been filled, a wagon takes them to the winery, where the grapes are pressed. At noon the pickers seek the shade, the men chatting and smoking the inevitable cigarette, while the women and children take a little siesta. The grape-pickers are a happy, cheerful tribe and while away their leisure evening hours with laughter, gay talk and music—for among their few possessions are some guitars. Their drink is the native wine, pressed from the grapes they helped to pick in by-gone seasons. When the vintage is over, they turn to gathering walnuts or pampas plumes; and later may get a job at picking oranges or lemons. In the winter, some of the men chop wood in the mountains. But, whatever their occupation, they take life cheerfully and with much innocent gayety.

In Northern and Central California, except in the Sonoma vineyards of the Italian-Swiss Colony, the vintage is not so picturesque as in the South, most of the pickers being Chinese, Japanese or Americans, animated by no sentimental interest in their occupation. One of the most interesting vineyards in California is on the island of Santa Cruz, twenty miles across

the sea from Santa Barbara. This is owned by Italian-Swiss, and is probably more like an Old World vineyard than any in the United States. The vines are trained on trellises after the manner in vogue in the wine-growing districts of Europe; the principal house is of the French balconied type common in New Orleans, and a French horn calls the pickers from the vineyard at meal time. A little chapel and a quaint sun-dial are further reminders of an old European country. The endless chain, on which the grapes are conveyed to the presses, seems like an American device. The marc, as the refuse stems, seeds and skins are termed, is thrown out into the yard adjoining the brick winery and fills the air with a peculiar odor.

In the Italian vineyards the grape-vines are trained on trellises (as in the vineyard on Santa Cruz Island, California), and it is necessary to use ladders in gathering the clusters. The pickers are women and children, who perform their tasks with much more gentleness and care than the laborers in a Californian vineyard display. The bunches of grapes are placed in wicker baskets, which are carried on the heads of the women or the shoulders of men to the press. In a small vineyard in a district into which modern methods have not yet been introduced, the press is merely a shallow wooden box, nearly square, into which the grapes are emptied, and are then crushed by treading them with the feet in the manner often spoken of in the Bible, and still followed in Oriental countries. The press is set on a roller over two big casks, so that it inclines to one or the other as the man changes his position: the juice, as it is expressed, running into the casks. After the juice has been extracted, the crushed skins and seeds are emptied into barrels, which are carried away in a two-wheeled bullock cart, as shown in one of the photographs. In larger vineyards, hand-presses, operated by a screw, are used to crush the grapes. Though primitive and rude methods prevail largely all over Italy, some of the great establishments, owned by rich vineyardists, have hydraulic presses and employ modern machinery, as well as scientific methods of wine-making. It was from Piedmont (Italy) and the University of Turin that Mr. Pietro C. Rossi, President of the Italian-Swiss Colony, brought his scientific knowledge of grape-growing and wine-making, in which his ancestors had been engaged for generations. The vintage in an Italian wine-growing district lasts two weeks, and as all the grapes in that region must be gathered in that time, nearly the whole rural population—men, women and children—engages in grape-picking. The vineyards present scenes of great activity and gayety. The girls and women employed in grape-picking in Italy get small wages. In the north of Italy, much white wine is grown, to be made into sparkling (or, as the Italians call it, spumante—foaming) wine, for which only the virgin juice is used. The residue, after the virgin juice has been extracted, is left in tanks to ferment with a little water, and produces a cheap wine of inferior quality; this is called picquette, and is the drink of the peasants. For in Italy everybody drinks wine—the rich, those in moderate circumstances, and the poor: yes, even the very poor. Stupendous, almost incredible, quantities of wine are made in Italy. The production in 1907 was estimated at one billion four hundred and ninety-five million gallons; and, since little Italian wine is exported to other countries, nearly all this was consumed by the Italians themselves. Pretty hard drinkers, you say. Not at all: wine-drinking peoples like the Italians and French are the most temperate in the world. In the picquette drunk by the poor there is only six to eight per cent of alcohol. Wine is rarely drunk undiluted, but commonly in the proportion of one-third water to two-thirds wine. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the advocates of national sobriety that a nation of wine drinkers is a temperate nation; cases of alcoholism are almost unknown among people who, from childhood, have been accustomed to drink light wines with their food. The greatest hope of making the American nation a temperate one lies in the spread of the habit of drinking wine at meal-time, instead of taking cocktails before, and raw whisky after dinner. This habit would ultimately make of the American a temperate race.

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The vines in Italian vineyards are trellised, and ladders have to be used to gather the crop.

FROM THE ANNALS OF THE MAD BAR O

BY GERTRUDE M. HENRY

TO FENTON, in the hot corner of the Golden West Hotel porch, hastened the girl school teacher of Brave Bull Creek.

"He is coming now," she announced, "and I want you to look at him."

Fenton rose to offer her the sag-seated rocker, and perched upon the worn rail beside it.

"Now who," he drawled lazily, "might you have in mind when——"

"Hush!" she implored. "Oh, *you* know! I described him last evening. Oh, there! Oh, isn't it warm to-day." Her voice trailed off into the conventional.

Fenton, turning with precarious carelessness on the rail, saw a tall, dark-skinned ranger lift his hat and bow with sinuous grace. Typical in face and bearing, but extreme in dress, he strode on, his spurs clicking softly in the quiet street, his supple shoulders undulating under a silken shirt.

Fenton grinned, and turned again to the girl. "Stunner, isn't he?" he indulged her.

"Isn't he?" she sighed, softly; "and so interesting," she continued. "He told me about a bear hunt he was on last winter."

"Bear?" asked Fenton. "Must have borrowed him from a circus. There hasn't been any bear about here in ten years."

Miss Clayton looked hurt. "But you don't know; you've only just come yourself."

Fenton smiled into her troubled eyes. Her short skirt and high shoes were obviously new, and he hated them. But her bright hair still curled as in New England fogs, her skin was not yet tanned, and her soft blouses had a daintiness of lace that spelled the East to Fenton's longing.

"Doesn't a year count?" he asked.

But she returned to her favorite theme of the West. "It's so splendid here, isn't it?" she continued, and her white hands included the whole of the curbless street that began in the midst of the prairie, held a narrow way between tentative buildings, and finally tapered out into the westbound trail.

"I've longed for years to come here," she continued. "I was not intended to live in the East. Why, everything in me is primitive—primitive," she repeated. "Don't you feel that way yourself? Oh, you must have, or you wouldn't have come here to make your way."

Fenton turned from her fresh face and gazed toward the low, unclouded sun. Into the shadow of the hotel porch a young Indian stumbled lazily, and sitting upon the sand, relaxed into instant sleep. A half dozen rangers clattered by on dusty ponies. The swaying doors of a saloon across the way let out a laughing group. A work train jolted in over the new road.

His gaze returned to the girl. "I rather believe," he said smilingly, "that the primitives have been thrust upon me. In fact, I've been a year or so learning to hold my own among 'em. The wild in me," he continued, "comes only in response to call—an urgent call for coin; butter, you know, and bread."

And then he went away to interview the foreman of the work train.

A week later he returned from a survey at the end of the new road that was pushing westward under his guidance, and found his place at the hotel table usurped by the swaggering hero of Miss Clayton's eulogy. From a neighboring table, therefore, he ate his fried steak and waved away the busy fly, while Miss Clayton suspended her biscuit in mid-air, and the hero detailed his exploits. Fenton saw, also, with regret, that Miss Clayton's hands were growing brown, and that her dainty nose was sunburned.

That evening he encountered the hero in a saloon. Blewett saw him enter, and

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instantly advanced upon him. "Look here," he said; "I saw you looking at her to-night again, and I won't have it; you understand? I won't have it."

Fenton drew back a little. "Gently, my son," he said. "Have you filed that claim yourself? I haven't seen notice."

Blewett hesitated a moment under the engineer's gentle banter. "Yes, I have," he said, finally, "and you'll keep off—see?"

Fenton removed his hat and turned it about idly. "So?" he said, still gently. "Drink?"

Blewett scowled, then nodded to Fenton's "twice."

The incipient crowd dispersed at the sign of peace, and Blewett's enmity hastened to obliterate itself. He became friendly, chummy, communicative, and into Fenton's ears poured the tale of his love. She had refused him, to be sure. Fenton felt an unaccountable relief. But he was determined. He encircled Fenton's shoulders with a heavy arm, and recounted Miss Clayton's charms. "She also loves the West," he said, "and the adventures, the romance, the primitive. I have told her of the raid at Rixman's, and she was thrilled. Yes. And now we shall have another raid. To-morrow night it is to be. Fortunately Terrill of the bar O is in. I have told the boys that I humor her to make the romance for her, and they, too, will assist."

Half incredulous, half apprehensive, Fenton listened while Blewett rambled on until his tongue slipped gently into a sibilant speech like that of his mother's mother, who had been a squaw.

At last Fenton shook himself free and escaped, to grow calm under the cool night sky.

At the hotel, he found his newly arrived assistant, Halland, awaiting him—bluff Hal of his college days, and so hungry was he for his own kind that the surprise almost unnerved him.

After the night of reunion and reminiscence, they made early start for the road's end. Late into the following night they studied plans and technicalities, and Fenton had but fallen asleep when Halland roused him. "What in thunder is going on down below, Fen?" he asked. "Listen!"

Fenton, instantly awake, listened. Horses stamped gently beneath his window. Beyond, some one stumbled as upon strange ground, and low talking was suddenly hushed. Fenton shot out of bed and began to hunt for his clothes, as the memory of Blewett flashed into his mind. "Get your rags and come on," he whispered fiercely to Halland. "Here, take this gun. Get up, I tell you, and hurry."

Astounded, Halland began to dress, while Fenton's explanation came in synthesis. "Girl," he whispered. "East—romantic—Blewett—half breed—fool—oh, Lord! hurry up."

The halls and stairs creaked beneath their stealthy feet. Failing to open the door they climbed through an office window into the porch shadow. The delay was costly, for with sudden whirl a small group of horsemen clattered past them and broke into a gallop in the open road. Two of them guarded one between, and Fenton lowered his rifle with a catching breath. "They've got her," he said, "the fools! the fools! Come on; we've got to stop 'em. Come on!"

Together they ran down the street. The early moon had set, but the stars shone above the dust cloud still in the motionless air. From the stable corral they took two surprised bronchos, made quick work of saddling and were off.

* * * *

Now, when the gentle young Father Mulholland set out to make his annual summer visit to his Indian mission at Big Moose Bend, he sighed with relief when he heard that the new railroad had been pushed on nearly two hundred miles westward. He hated to travel by wagon. But now he had been many hours on this erratic young road with its exceedingly old cars, and he had learned that every curve held possibilities of delay.

The morning was young when the sharp jolting of the brakes awoke him. From the window he saw only the lineless gray prairie, and he lifted his large frame painfully from among the angles of the elongated chair. At the door he met a hurrying man with a green-eyed lantern. "That's right," said the man—"come on, you're wanted, quick."

"There is trouble?" he asked, startled.

"Yes, trouble," replied the brakeman

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angrily. "It's that crazy bar O gang again. They've hung us up here about a dozen times since we started running here. They've held us up fer fun, and they have stolen our engine when they wanted to get to town sudden. They greased our rails when we had the chief himself on—and now it's a wedding. They're clean crazy, them cow-punchers."

A yell greeted the perturbed Father as he made his way hesitatingly in the early light toward the station house. Blewett's party was re-inforced, and the bar O was full of joy. The conductor, backed up against the station, swore steadily at the grinning men whose guns were quick and handy.

Inside the station, Blewett bent, with ill-concealed fury, over a white-faced girl. Untouched by romance, and unbending beneath his eager eyes, she threatened to bring unstinted ridicule upon him. Even with the good Father almost at hand, she refused steadily to marry.

Furiously he tramped the tiny room. "But I tell you, you must," he said, stopping before her, "and——"

A noise of hoofs made him turn. At the platform, two dust-white men flung themselves from horses, and faced the idling crowd with guns. For an astonished moment no one spoke, and Fenton's quick eyes recognized Terrill. "Where is Blewett, Terrill?" he asked.

Terrill nodded toward the station. Fenton sprang forward and Blewett met him at the door, his dark face flushed and ugly. Terrill's arm shot out, and Fenton's gun fell harmlessly. A dozen men sprang forward to separate them. The bar O's were not out for murder. Suddenly the group parted and the girl slipped through to Fenton, and hid her sobs shamelessly in his arms.

Instantly rose a surprised and laughing cheer, and eager hands pushed forward the bewildered priest.

"My boy," said he to the breathless Fenton, "does she wish to marry you?"

Fenton gasped, and the bar O's answered as one man, for they were out for a wedding. Halland, too, saw light. He turned to the Father. "This—this villain," he indicated Blewett, "tried to abduct her."

The Father understood. Gently he disengaged Miss Clayton from Fenton's arms. "There, there!" he said, "calm yourself." He turned, towering with youthful dignity, to the excited crowd. "Silence," he said. "My friends, this is a strange place for a marriage, but since these young people are determined," he turned again, and Fenton, standing in the pale sunlight, looked up from the girl's face and made answer:

"We are quite determined, Father," he said.

SONNET TO SANTA CLARA VALLEY

BY LOUISE CANN RANUM

Sweet Santa Clara, mistress of the sun,
Who woos you daily with his ardent rays
And sends for gift his genial golden days,
With tribute fruitage from the dark earth won,
The swift glad days shed perfume as they run
And veil you in an amethystine haze
Of violets, wistaria, a maze
Of bloom in auric mesh by sun's love spun.
When thoughts stray back to you, dear vale of light,
And dreams of magic hours in you passed by
Possess me with their mystic reveries,
I yearn to thread once more your meadows bright,
Among your golden poppy beds to lie,
And hear the gallant sun's love-symphonies.

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THE COMING SEASON ON THE PACIFIC COAST

IN THE GLARE OF THE CALCIUM

BY PAUL GERSON

THE THEATRICAL future of the Pacific Coast is fraught with significance. Never in its history has there been displayed such universal interest by the public and theatre-lovers in particular. A good deal of this interest has been stirred up by the Shuberts, whose determination to establish an independent chain of theatres, from coast to coast, has brought about a new era in American theatricals. These young wizards, who love to style themselves the "Independents," have virtually set about to beard the theatrical lion in his den, or, in other words, to fight the theatrical syndicate to a finish. The task they set themselves was a herculean one, and the wiseacres shook their heads and said that they could never do it; that the result would be ruin, utter oblivion and annihilation. In the first place, a theatre was needed in every principal city of the country, as well as many of the smaller towns and one night stands. Then again attractions must be found to give these houses consecutive bookings.

After a campaign extending over some years, the Shuberts announced themselves as ready, and threw into the theatrical arena the gage of battle, and this season the merry war will be on in full force. The Pacific Coast, owing to its geographical position, will, in a measure, be the great gainer. Heretofore, we have not had fair treatment at the hands of the New York booking agents; in other words, the trust. They have had absolute sway and domination over the theatrical destinies of this coast, and any old thing has been good enough for us. We have been obliged to accept the good with the bad, with equal grace. Local managers have been at their mercy, and have invariably been given little consideration, and their protests have been in vain, as they have been told if their bookings were not satisfactory, they were at liberty to go to a much warmer clime or close their houses altogether. Naturally, such conditions have been unfair, and managers and public were not given a fair and square deal.

The recent visit of the Shuberts to this coast has resulted in their leasing or erecting in every syndicate town of any importance, a theatre for their own attractions. This activity has, of course, been noted by the syndicate, and, intuitively, both forces have selected this territory as their chief battle ground; that is, excepting New York. The result is, that this season we shall be surfeited with a menu of good things from the theatrical larder, and some real original productions will be a feature. At this writing, the first gun has been fired, and the entire coast is on the *qui vive,* smacking lips in anticipation of the theatrical feast spread before them. It is almost impossible, for many reasons, to obtain even a partial list of the various companies and productions to be seen here, but as many as possible of this and last season's successes will be brought out.

Owing to these new conditions, and the renewed and added interest of play-goers in general, a partial summary of this season's output should be of general interest, because the majority will in due time be seen on this coast.

The enterprises, owned or controlled,

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by the Shuberts during the coming season number nearly fifty. The official statement of the attractions follows: Miss Lulu Glaser in a new musical play, "The Girl from the States." Sam Bernard in a new musical play, "The Girl and the Wizard." Planquette's new opera, "The Paradise of Mahomet," will be given a big production. A new English musical comedy entitled "The King of Cadonia." Lew Fields in a new revue as yet unnamed. Louise Gunning in the Pixley & Luders operetta, "Marcelle." Corinne in "Mlle. Mischief." Emma Carus in a new musical comedy. James T. Powers in "Havana," and a road company in the same play. "The Girl Behind the Counter," with a prominent comedian at the head. Frank Daniels in "The Belle of Brittany." "The Persian Princess," London's latest musical success, and another imported one called "The Barefoot Dancer." John Philip Sousa's newest opera, "The Glassblowers." Eddie Foy in "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway." A comedy called "The Motor Girl." Jefferson De Angelis in "The Beauty Spot." Madam Nazimova in a new modern play. Florence Roberts in a new play. Mme. Bertha Kalich in a new play. Mary Mannering in "The Independent Miss Gower." Forbes Robertson in his big London success, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Maxine Elliot in "Deborah of Tods." William Faversham in Stephen Phillips' "Herod." Bertha Galland in a new play. George Fawcett in "The Great John Ganton." Charles Richman in "The Revellers." "Lawrence Wheat and Walter Jones in the comedy, "Going Some." Chas. Cherry in "The Bachelor." Marietta Olly, the Viennese actress, in a new play. Two companies in "The Witching Hour." A road company in "Going Some," as well as two companies in Clyde Fitch's "Girls," and three companies in "The Wolf." Three companies in the "Blue Mouse." Clyde Fitch's new play, "The City." "The Typewriter Girl," a new musical play by Joseph Herbert. "The Mouse Trap," a new play by Hartley Manners. Zelda Sears in a new Clyde Fitch comedy called "The Manicure Girl."

A perusal of the list conclusively shows that the enemy is armed and well prepared, and it might be added that as a matter of fact, that the Shuberts are now the largest single producers in the world.

A few early New York productions are "The Gay Hussars," an operetta from the German. "Billy," a new comedy by Geo. Cameron will be brought out at Daly's. Also a drama at the Hackett by Wilson Mizner and George Bronson Howard, called "The Only Law." At the Liberty, a musical play called "The Florist Shop," by Oliver Herford. A drama called "The Ringmaster," by Olive Porter, at Maxine Elliott's theatre. "A Broken Idol" at the Herold Square. At the Garrick, Michael Morton's comedy, "Detective Sparks." At Wallack's, a drama called "The Dollar Mark." At the Lyceum, "Arsene Lupin," a French detective play.

Among other things, Charles Frohman will produce Edmond Rostand's new play, "The Chanticleer," also "Israel," a powerful new play by Henry Bernstein. Also a Paris success called "Scandal." Alfred Sutro has two new plays. John Drew in a new comedy called "Inconstant George." Ethel Barrymore in a new comedy by Pinero. Otis Skinner in a new play by Booth Tarkington. Also Conan Doyle's London success, "The Fires of Fate." Bruce McRae in "The Flag Lieutenant." A new musical comedy called "The Dollar Princess." Maude Adams in "What Every Woman Knows." Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern in "Antony and Cleopatra."

David Belasco will have a new comedy, "Is Matrimony a Failure?" David Warfield in a new play, and Charlotte Walker in "Just a Wife." Frances Starr will continue in "The Easiest Way," Blanche Bates will continue in "The Fighting Hope."

Henry W. Savage will bring out Bisson's new drama, "Madame X." Also a new Viennese comedy. The Lieblers will have Walker Whiteside in "The Melting Pot." Viola Allen will be seen in "The White Sister." Dustin Farnum in "Cameo Kirby." H. B. Warner in Royle's new play, "In the Blood," which is a sequel to "The Squaw Man." Chrystal Herne in a new play by Henry Blossom. Harrison Grey Fiske will present "Septimus," with George Arliss in the title role. A drama called "The Bridge." Mrs. Fiske continues in "Salvation Nell."

Henry B. Harris will continue "The Third Degree," and a new play of Russian

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life called "On the Eve." Robert Edeson in "The Noble Spaniard." Edmund Breese in "The Earth," a new play by an English playwright. A new play entitled "The Heights," with Frank Keenan. Also "Such a Little Queen," by Channing Pollock, also Kellet Chamber's comedy, "An American Widow." Mr. Savage will also present "The Love Cure." Grace Elliston in "An American Girl from France," by Harriet Ford. Among other Harris productions will be "The Commuters," by James Forbes, and a new play by Charles Klein, which is as yet unnamed. "The Barrier," with Guy Standing and Theodore Roberts. Maclyn Arbuckle in "The Circus Man." Lillian Russell in "The Widow's Might." Mlle. Adeline Genee in a new play. Klaw & Erlanger will bring out "Through a Window," which will feature Lillian Albertson, and another play called "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Their musical plays will be "The Young Turk," with Max Rogers, and Maude Raymond in "The Air King," and a Victor Herbert piece with May de Souza in the principal role.

Mr. Brady will have Robert Mantell in Shakespeare. Grace George in "A Woman's Way." Tim Murphy in "My Boy," and Clara Lipman in a new piece called "The Sins of Others." Cyril Scott in "The Little Brown Jug." Phoebe Davies in a new play by W. J. Hurlburt. Fritzi Scheff will continue in "The Prima Donna," and Elsie Janis will again be seen in "The Fair Co-Ed."

Mabel Taliaferro will be seen as the star of "Springtime," by Tarkington and Wilson. Also "The Assassin," a new play by Eugene Walter. "The Fool's Comedy" is another new play by J. Hartley Manners. Also two new plays by Porter Emerson Browne. George Ade and Gustave Luders are writing a new musical comedy for Montgomery & Stone. Wagenhals & Kemper will produce a new play by Eugene Walter, and "The Raven," by George Hazleton. Henrietta Crossman in "Sham." Francis Wilson has a new play called "The Bachelor's Baby." William Collier in a new play by himself. De Wolf Hopper has a new play. Joseph Weber will continue in "The Merry Widow and the Devil." He will also produce a new opera called "The Song of a Soul." Brady will also bring out a new play called "The Children of Destiny." Klaw & Erlanger will produce a political play called "Sena-



Maxine Elliott.

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tor West," by H. B. Needham; also a dramatization of the novel, "The Inner Shrine." Mr. Frohman brings out an English musical play, called "The Arcadians." Also another London success entitled "Our Miss Gibbs." Later he will produce plays by Henry Arthur Jones, George Bernard Shaw, J. M. Barrie, Captain Marshall and Haddon Chambers. Mr. Hackett will star under his management in "Samson." Also an English comedy called "Chains," and Maugham's new comedy, called "Mrs. Dot." William Gillette will not act this season. Lewis Waller will come to this country, and another noted English actor will be seen here, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. Also Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore, and we will have from across the pond Ellaline Terriss and Marie Tempest in their latest success. Billy Burke continues in "Love Watches," and Marie Doro has a new play.

THE SEA FOGS

By H. A. Stout.

Did the gold of the West give birth to thee,
Child of the North Wind and the wandering sea,
Sad sea foam?

Thou drifteth from the white-reefed line of the bar,
Leagues, long leagues, past the evening star,
Where ships roam.

Where the sea-born goddess trails her hair,
Thou riseth from the waves beside her there,
White, death white;

And trailing thy filmy skirts across the foam,
Thou sweepest landward toward man's home,
With Night, sad Night.

On past the headland and the dying fires,
With soft touch chilling the soul that aspires;
Soon, too soon.

Spirit of the reefs and the sounding sea,
O what can thy message for the wanderer be?
Rest, rest soon!

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SPANISH-CALIFORNIA.



Miss Antonia Vallejo de Portola. This is the Spanish Californian type of beauty. Miss Vallejo is the great-great-great granddaughter of Governor Vallejo and of the Portola family.

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THE EYES OF THE GAMBLING GOD

BY C. LILLIAN A. SHELP

YOU MAY SEARCH in vain through the most complete and authentic works on astronomy for the mention of two stars in the firmament that were at one time the eyes of a god. Astronomers will dispute the statement and call it a "poetic legend," but if you will go to one of the Acomites for authority, he will tell you it is true. Then, too, if you search over the pages of the latest geologies, you will find that the large plains east of Acoma were covered thus by a lava flow from two volcanic craters near by. The Acomite will dispute that also. He will say that it was through Alaka's revenge that it became so. I am inclined to think he ought to know, for did not his family live here long before any white man came to this country with his astronomic and geologic ideas?

In many respects, these Acomites, or Pueblo Indians, must be regarded as the most peculiar and remarkable of existing people. Never in historic times have they been savages or barbarians. Gentle, happy, contented people, they live most successfully on the communistic plan. They are true pagans, serving the gods of their fathers, worshipping the sun and the forces of nature, and clinging fast to old rites and ceremonies. Wrapped in clouds of superstition, which are rich in fanciful legend, he dwells upon a height that is as populous with gods as was the Mount



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Acoma, General view from the south.



The above illustration of Acoma women, while picturesque, does by no means do justice to the tribe, as some of the women, many, in fact, are physically perfect.

Olympus of the ancient Greeks. There are gods of the chase, of peace and of war, of harvest and of famine, thunder and lightning, and sun and rain and snow. They are innumerable, one for every occasion.

Chief among their deities was Alaka, the gambling god. He was young and handsome, straight and tall. The women and girls adored him for his beauty and fine manners; the men admired his skill and physical strength. But he would gamble! Many times the Great Spirit warned him, saying: "Gamble not. It will ruin you, and then bitter punishment will be upon you." But Alaka paid no heed to

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the monition. For the passion was strong within him. Wherever he went he met men who asked him to gamble, and he was not strong enough to refuse. "No," he would say, "I like not to gamble." When the men would laugh and say: "Ho! ho! you like to gamble, but you are afraid. You are not a god, or you would have no fear." There was not fear in Alaka's heart, but there was a false pride. Their twittings and scoffings were more than he could endure. Anger and recklessness and a determination whatever the consequence, aroused him, and he replied, "Come on; I will show you if I am afraid. I will make babies of you." And so Alaka, forgetting the warning of the Great Spirit, played. Before much time had elapsed, he lost his precious turquoises, which were so blue that they were believed to be bits of the sky. This loss did not daunt him, and he continued playing until all of his highly-valued shells were gone. Because these shells came, as they did, from the Great Waters, many days' journey toward the setting sun, so far away that none of their tribe had ever been there, they were regarded by the inland desert people as great treasures. And yet Alaka would not stop.

Next he gambled away his sacred meal. When Coronado and his men sought for the Seven Cities of Cibola, their object of search was gold and precious gems, but more precious than these the natives regarded corn meal, for it was to them the staff of life. When they wished to seek special favor of the gods, they offered the meal. As Alaka placed his portion of it before the men, they laughed and said: "Ho! ho! you wished to make babies of us. You had better go and take lessons." Then Alaka became very enraged. For a long time he sat in meditation. At last he returned, crying out in his anger and recklessness, he said: "I will put up my eyes against anything!"

So they gambled again. Alaka lost. He took out his left eye and placed it on the table. Then they continued the game. Once more he lost, and he placed his right eye beside the left one, the sacred meal, the shells and the turquoises.

No longer could the Great Spirit endure it. Becoming very angry, he snatched up the eyes, saying, "I will place them up among the stars as a warning to men forever and ever, never to gamble." And so you can see Alaka's eyes in the night-sky as a terrible example.

At first it grieved Alaka that he had lost his eyes. Then his anger rose in terrible fury, and shouting out in his rage, said: "I will have my revenge. I will burn up the world and all men in it." So revenged would he be that he gathered all the pitch in the world, and placing it in one great pile, set fire to it. The blaze reached the sky, and so heavy and black was the smoke that the day was as the darkest night. The hearts of men were filled with fear. Alaka would be revenged.

But the Great Spirit would not have it so. He began a rain, and for days the water came in floods until the flames were extinguished.

If you will pause in your travels to-day, fifteen miles west of Acoma, New Mexico, you will see where Alaka attempted his revenge, for at that place are miles and miles of ground covered with a black substance resembling pitch, unlike anything in the neighborhood. And there, from the edge of the three hundred foot cliff, may be seen the stars that were once the eyes of the gambling god.



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THE EDITOR'S PHILOSOPHY

(Continued)

AS TO RACIAL PREJUDICE AND BUSINESS

IN THE PHILIPPINES, the Chinaman is looked upon as a shrewd business man, and many a Chinaman has married a Filipino woman, but the Filipino men very rarely marry with Chinese women. In the Philippines it takes a long time for the colored man to establish a footing, and he must indeed be a great genius who manages to finally acquire social and business equality. In China, the Korean and the Japanese are scorned and scoffed at: the Korean publicly and the Japanese privately.

Yet time cures all things, and in the South of the United States the irreconcilable white who believed that the black was born as the bondman to the Caucasian has finally come to accept conditions, and while social equality is not dreamed of as a possibility, even in the remotest future, yet the Southerner of to-day has an ethical code in his treatment of the negro that allows the Afro-American a happier existence than he can possibly enjoy in the Northern States, where intolerance is growing as a noxious and dangerous weed.

Just a few weeks ago the citizens of the little hamlet near old Ticonderoga formulated an indignant protest against the quartering in their midst of the "fighting ——sixth," a crack colored regiment of the United States Army. This protest was, of course, unheeded by the War Department. It was a very mild manifestation of the anti-African sentiment in the North.

In certain cities of the East the sentiment against the Slav and the Italian is quite as strong as it is against the black in other places. Everywhere there is race hatred, dormant, it is true, but ever ready to leap into flame and show itself by riot and bloodshed, brutal attacks, murders and lynchings.

Presumably, we are not different from any other people, and in Europe the lower and middle classes are only held in leash through the fact that for centuries authority has held sway, through a powerful financial aristocracy, and the ruling mass is so strongly entrenched that to struggle against any dictum were futile. The civilization of China is certainly as old as any, and yet we see that race hatred flames up at "the drop of the hat," so to speak. So, then, we see that civilization has little or nothing to do with the case except that it may be that it is the remains of an ancient, an ineradicable and irremovable barbarism, showing forth whenever the situation becomes so tense that it can no longer be held in the background.

Nearly every war that has ever been fought was brought about by business aggression or by a desire to over-reach industrially. Every revolution has been the result of intolerant wage conditions and class tyranny.

Racial intolerance is the direct result of industrial rivalry. It is true that the negro had little or nothing to see in the oratorical fire-works that preceded the War of Secession. It is also true that the negro's social condition has been ameliorated only in some directions, while in others it has been made many times worse. It is not my intention to point a moral or to launch into a long story regarding a subject that is tiresome, and that may only be discussed with profit by gray-beards around the evening board. Suffice it to

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say that behind Harriet Beecher Stowe there glowered on the Southland the evil eye of the New England manufacturer, who saw in the early development of steel mills and cotton factories in the South the ultimate destruction of the big industries of Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts and the other States of the far Northern business and manufacturing coterie. Sentiment, as personified by Mrs. Stowe, could never have brought on a war against the will of Abraham Lincoln, but business waited until the psychological moment was at hand, and then it struck! Abraham Lincoln was crumpled as a sheet of tinsel paper.

And, so it has been with every other war in the history of man. Sentiment mounts a prancing steed and goes to the court house steps and raises the banner of righteous indignation and voices in inspired oratory the cry to arms for the defense of suffering or pillaged humanity, and when the mob is crying aloud for enrollment, along comes Business, and Business knocks Sentiment in the head with a stuffed club and steals her clothes, and marches and blows the trumpet, equips the troops and sells the powder and the uniforms, the cannon, the transport wagons, the clothing and shoes, the food and the thousand and one other necessities that go to put a modern army on a war footing.

It is a safe bet to make that the men who have been most interested in scaring John Bull into a blue funk about the invasion by Germany are those who will profit by a continuance of the ship building and by the equipping of a standing army. One can easily imagine a meeting of the British barons of industry in rehearsal of the farce, "The Germans are coming!"

There will be a day when racial intolerance will cease, but that day is far away. Its coming cannot be hastened, and it cannot be retarded. In order to appreciate the fact, all that it is necessary to do is to study the map or diagram of the origin of races. Scientists presume that all races are descended from one root, and they have gone so far as to mark the track of the tribes of earth as they swarmed from the original fount. That was thousands upon thousands of years ago, and as time went on, climate and occupation developed the pigments in the skins and changed the conformation of the skull.

These men of wisdom have painted lines on their little diagrams, and from these lines branch out the races from one central fount. From this same fountain of life has come the Aryan, as well as other races. Back into the fountain is the trend of the races. Back to the original color and the original homogeneousness is the trend, and in a million years all but one race of one color, speaking a volapuk no one of to-day can possibly understand, will have disappeared.

That time is too far away to be of profit in discussion, but that this leveling process is going on, no one can successfully deny.

We see it in the assimilation of words by one nation from another; we see it going on through the process of inter-marriage of races, and here, in the United States, we see it in the marriage of white women with negroes to such an extent that it was the boast recently that in a hundred years it would be impossible to find a man who could say that his was pure Caucasian blood. This boast was made by an educated negro. Of course he made the time too short by many hundred years, but what he prophesied is likely to come to be true. We see the leveling process going on, in the delimitation of frontiers and in the gradual decay of romanticism and national pride and in the advance of commercialism.

It is not this theory which confronts us, but it is a deplorable condition. We know that in some sections of this country the prejudice is exceedingly strong against any and all foreigners. We, of California, know that in our large industrial centers the laboring element has transferred its former fierce hatred for the Chinese race to the Japanese, and with much less cause. We must, if we are students and truthful, admit the white Californian of the farm hand class, is a lazy, easy come, easy go, thriftless, unreading, unthinking, easily prejudiced, extravagant individual.

We have been given the most gloriously productive piece of land on the globe. We have been given the best climate of the whole world, and, probably because of

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these gifts, for two or more generations, we have wasted them and cast them to the winds. We are of a heroic mold when put to the test, but in our normal, every-day condition we are about the most useless human I know of in the whole catalogue. It is only when put to it that we do great things.

We deny the right of asylum to the Japanese and we do not attempt to bring in a desirable class of European. Our own American, of native birth, is a city dweller, while the country born is too small in numbers to properly care for the farms and the vineyards. We have the Land of Canaan, but for all we care it may as well return to its virginal state. We, the California people, have decreed that it is our own dunghill, that no yellow Chinaman or brown Japanese may intrude, and that as far as the world at large is concerned, we want none of its people. Hurrah for us, for we are the Ultimate Obtuse!

It is strange, but we do not seem to possess, as a Nation, the power of recollection. It is seldom in these days that we see an Irishman in a street cleaning gang. The Irish are now no longer in the lower ranks of the police force. We find them business men and scholars, bankers and railroad presidents, but the day is not far in the past when in the State of New York they occupied relatively the same position in the community the Chinese and the Japanese do in the big hospitable State of California. The Erie Canal riots are a matter of history, and the bloodiest fights in the annals of labor took place between what was known as the native born American element and the Irish. The Irish were stoned, beaten, strong-armed, brick-batted, crippled and slugged at every opportunity. They held their own, without the help of coverture of a national flag. They were the subject of sneer and of scorn, but they have lived beyond the accusation of "living on the smell of an oil rag." They built the Erie Canal, and they have built other great works, and the man who sneers at the Irish to-day is not to be found, not even in England.

The Irish beat up the Chinese in the Sandlot period of San Francisco. The present-day exclusionist is of no particular nationality and of no particular religious creed. There is nothing in common in each with his fellows except the nature of a hog in the trough, a fellowship in united brutality. But even here there is hope, for we see a gradual advance along the lines of civilization. One of the most prominent of the leaders is an erstwhile convict, and it is certainly an improvement to become a disreputable union labor leader. Thus, we see the light of hope ahead.

The probability is that in a trillion of years the world will be united at one big trough, and complacent fellowship will be the rule. In this Utopia the children will be of the State and race improvement will be the care of each individual until we shall have become as the Gods. It is sincerely hoped that the Californian of that far-distant day will have learned to stand in some other than his own light.

It came upon me in the Philippines that the Spaniard as a nation was deficient in color harmony. A little later, a musician of note, who shall be nameless, said that the Spaniard was deficient in harmony in music. That his favorite music was always just short of being *baroque,* and that in his poetry, he lacked euphony, and that the thing which attracted the most in all that was Spanish in art and in music was that which scraped very closely to the odd and the out-of-the-ordinary. He pointed out to me that the Spanish dance was really a succession of rhythmic jerks rather than anything resembling the poetry of motion. I neither dance or sing. I know little of music, but I must confess that my sense of color is always offended at the blending of the *oro y sangre* of the Spanish ensign. Red and gold is well enough in its way, but when the red is brick and the gold a sick canary yellow I cannot help being offended, and I pretend to know something about color harmony. San Francisco, just now, is in the midst of the Portola festival. It is the festival of discovery of the bay by Portola. There be those who say Portola was simply a complaisant captain of dragoons, and that his discoveries are called such by courtesy only and that the good fathers of the Catholic Church are the real discoverers of anything worth while.

These non-conformists refuse to take history as she is made for them, and with true Missouri spirit demand to be shown.

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E. H. Harriman in repose. At his New York desk.

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The majority of the pleasure-loving San Franciscans, and indeed all Californians, have accepted the story of Portola as that of a great captain who made wearisome forced marches and counter-marches, and who planted slabs and crosses to mark his path in the then wilderness. It's little I care whether Portola is Portola, with the accent on the last syllable or the pen-ultimate! He is having a fine celebration, and he has served his purpose as a means of advertising San Francisco once more to the world, in a new guise. There was a danger that the world lapse into a belief that we were so commonplace as to never have been discovered at all. It's the color jangle that bothers me. I cannot help thinking of San Francisco as a jaundiced individual suffering with nasal hemorrhage, when dressed in the Spanish *oro y sangre*. The yellow is bilious and the red is brickish. It cannot be denied that San Francisco is gay in its bunting, and in its life. It is the old San Francisco again! The Portola is not so much a festival of discovery as it is a notice, to the world at large, that San Francisco is once more master of its own destinies, and that it is once again come into its own. There is the same spirit, the same bohemian bon hommie and good nature, the same frankness and jollity. San Francisco is getting to where it can stop and look about and take a breath and a rest from its herculean task. San Francisco is a-pleasuring!

The nation has lost one of its big builders, and History will know how to eliminate the chaff from the grain when the final record is written. E. H. Harriman was a constructor of great ability. Everything that he touched during his very short tenure of office with the big transcontinental lines turned to gold, and every property became a successfully run concern. He was in no wise a wrecker. His mind, as well as his method, was Napoleonic. He was the logical successor of the age of the hewers, of the iron men of the Huntington, Stanford, Crocker type.

While he fitted in the day and the hour, it is true that he is gone only just before his type, too, will disappear. This is an age of vertiginous advance, and we will be surprised when, in ten years, we look back at the records of the men that have gone before.

James J. Hill has again delivered himself of a whining jeremiad, and bids fair to become the National Scold. He is of another school, and while he invariably vents his liver troubles on the public in unwholesome predictings, there is much that we should take to heart in his semi-occasional lectures. Back to the land, should be the cry. Back to the land; if we would save the Republic.

President Taft seems to have surrendered to the "vested interests" in more ways than one, or—this may be the way of the judicial mind. It seems to be, in the case of Ballinger, an idea of "let us have peace at any price." Time will tell!

The next gentleman to have attention at the hands of the people and the President is one Wiley, of the Chemistry Bureau. He says he is the only man who stands between the people of the United States and their wholesale murder by the manufacturers of food stuffs. He practically promulgates the idea that he is a bigger man than the big-stick ex-president, and the rules of the Agricultural, Interior and Treasury Departments have no meaning for him! He will abolish them by State enactions! He is the great nullifier, and just now he negatives the acts of the Remsen board.

P. N. B.

The eminent divine, Mr. C. T. Russell, writes me as follows, and as many of our readers are intensely interested in "The Divine Program," as interpreted by Mr. Russell, his letter is published in full:

Editor Overland Monthly, San Francisco, California.

My Dear Sir—My attention has just been called to the fact that in your magazine, August number, Page 109, Column 1, Line 15, "ninety-five millions" should read "ninety-five thousands." The error is so eggregious that surely no one would be deceived by it. I looked up a copy of manuscript, and must confess that typographical fault was not yours. The error was not caught by my proof-reader.

Very truly yours,

C. T. Russell.

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CITIZENS' BANK OF THE UNITED STATES

BY ELIAS LOWE McCLURE

President Taft, before starting on his journey through the West, gave out a foreword to the public in a newspaper interview, in Boston. The one valuable suggestion made in this interview was in regard to a United States Bank. Mr. Taft mentioned that Mr. Aldrich had some sort of nebulous plan which would later be sprung on the public, and that this financial plan contemplated the establishment of a United States bank. The idea is a good one, and will, if carried out, along sound lines, go far toward curing all the ills we are heir to through the legislative pampering of special privilege. The remedial financial panacea will never come, short of a miracle, from the money holding or controlling power, and the allusion that the cure will come from Aldrich is a bit of unconscious and inimitable humor on the part of our honest President. Senator Aldrich and his friends are the Greeks bearing gifts.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

UNINTERRUPTED CREDIT creates the most favorable environment for the normal development of the body-politic, but whenever money supply vanishes, it precipitates bankruptcy throughout the body-politic, as inevitably as severing the juglar vein would kill the individual. The uninterrupted circulation of sound money is as vital to the life and development of the body-politic as circulation of the blood is to the individual.

The world is teeming with treasures inexhaustible. It has been created by Omnipotence perfect and complete, under natural law, for the habitation and development of life, and every normal individual has been endowed with intelligence to distinguish good from evil. A puppy or baby knows its dinner instinctively, and under normal conditions, if it obeys instinct and reason implicitly, it will develop character necessary to perfect being as inevitably as the growth of its body and mind.

The rule of natural law would create perfect environment for normal human development. It is the rule of unjust human laws enforced by every Government that is responsible for the universal development of abnormal human beings, and it is special privileges monopolized by the few and subversion of natural law, that precludes the possibility of normal development of any individual. No environment has ever existed since civilization began that was favorable to the development of goodness, and no individual worthy to be called good has ever lived. If the dinner provided for the puppy or baby, under the normal conditions of birth, was withheld, it would perish. Likewise, whenever credit ceases, no matter how wealthy or prosperous the body-politic may be, it will produce bankruptcy, poverty and starvation until money reappears in circulation, or confidence restores credit.

Wealth is necessary to maintain life, and the desire for wealth to sustain and enjoy life is innate in all normal adults. Natural law would permit the exchange of wealth secure from interruption by money manipulation, and the natural opportunities for the production and distribution of wealth would be open and free. It would release all laborers from the strain and menace of idleness and poverty to certain employment, and the unlimited demand for labor to produce wealth would be compelled to reward all laborers with a just share of the wealth they produce, which would stimulate industry and produce such an abundance of wealth that

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The President of the United States, William Howard Taft, now en tour.
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sustenance would be placed within reach of all men, as free and abundant as air, and poverty would be as preposterous and ridiculous as nakedness.

The entire aspect and conception of life would be changed, and the human struggle of existence transferred from the mere physical to the moral and intellectual plane of life. There is no doubt that popular ambition would seek the distinction of character, rather than the possession of wealth, when freedom and plenty have become as natural to human existence as respiration and consciousness.

A fixed and unchangeable money measure of value is the greatest desideratum for human development. Gold coin stamped with the fiat of the Government, in popular belief, is the fixed standard of value, because fluctuations in value are discerned by the price of all other things stated in dollars to express the value. The fallacy of this economic theory is proved by the quantity theory, and the principles of money cannot be comprehended until the quantity theory is understood.

The quantity theory of fluctuation in money value by changes in money supply and demand proves that all metallic money standards must necessarily fluctuate in value. The reason for the changes in value of gold coin will be explained when the significance of the following facts are clearly understood. The total world's stock of gold, the increase from the world's gold mines, the demand for gold in the arts, the disappearance of gold from circulation through hoarding, the activity of exchange, the perfection of business organization and use of substitutes for money, and the demand for money—all enter into and produce the quantity theory, making it an impossibility to keep money supply and demand at equilibrium when so many factors are constantly operating to make the money standard fluctuate in value.

If the sole function of money could be limited to a measure of value and medium of exchange, with no effect on prices, there would have to be no surplus or deficit in money supply, a condition prerequisite to a fixed unit of value; or the quantity of money in circulation must equal the demand for money (and vice versa), to maintain the money unit at a fixed value. Any fluctuation in either the money supply or demand must be equalized by a remedy that will positively operate to change money supply correspondingly, or the dollar must necessarily fluctuate in value. And this remedy is as simple and comprehensive as gravitation; i. e., the adoption of scientific money or a normal measure of value and medium of exchange.

It is apparent to all that any excess of yard-sticks above the need for measuring purposes would have no value. If only one yard-stick was needed, a dozen yard-sticks in stock would be superfluous. The fact is well established that excess money is as valueless as superfluous yard-sticks. When this law of money is perceived, the fact will be apparent that all money in circulation in excess of the demand for money *has no value*. And the effect produced by either an increase or decrease in the quantity of money in circulation, the demand being unchanged, will manifest itself by either lowering or raising the value or purchasing power of money.

Value is created by human necessities and desires and fluctuates with the intensity of—and the difficulty in satisfying—necessities and desires. There is no such thing as intrinsic value, popularly believed to be innate in metallic money in contradistinction to paper money. A person perishing on a desert, though he owned a mountain of gold, would give it all for a jug of water or a loaf of bread. The fact is so self-evident that it needs no argument to prove that intrinsic value applied to metallic money, or to anything, is a misnomer.

Air has no value, because there is an abundance for all without price. Land has no value, until population has created a demand. Gold has qualities that make its use greatly desired above other metals, but it is not so essential to man as air, water or food. But the scarcity of gold (endowed with omnipotence by the fiat of the Government), compared with the abundance of the others, makes the value of gold greater than the common necessities of life.

Gold is the measure of value created by law. But the value of the money measure fluctuates with the rise and fall in the quantity of money in circulation compared

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with the demand for money. If equilibrium were maintained it would make no difference what the legal dollar was, whether gold or paper, save only that it had the power to pay debt. Money may have qualities that make it valuable for other purposes. And if such qualities make certain moneys more valuable for such uses than its money value, it is evident that it would not be used for money. But no other quality on earth can equal in value that of money, when it is in the possession of financiers who understand the manipulation of values, provided they control money supply.

Financiers control money supply, dominating finance with absolute authority, that can make money stringent by precipitating a panic, or restore confidence immediately by skillful manipulation and make money redundant. The money king can raise or lower the value of all wealth at will, and whether he desires to buy or sell, he can change the value of all things (at a given price), by changing the value of the money measure. This power of the money king can be understood more clearly by supposing that a law was passed giving persons concealed from the view of law or public, unlimited power to change the size of the bushel or pound at will. How could any one know how much he would receive, or deliver on the contracts he might make? A financier in control of money supply can fluctuate the value of money as easily as an engineer can change the pressure of steam, and the secret of the money king is so closely guarded that it is an impossibility for the public to find out who is responsible. Any one of a thousand things would have caused it, for confidence makes money redundant, as substitutes for money supply every demand without question when doubt is removed.

Stringency or redundancy in money supply changes all values, and every one on the wrong side of exchange suffers loss by every fluctuation, and it is like taking candy from the baby for financiers to take the wealth from the people whenever they want it, by making money vanish from circulation, or make it so abundant that no one wants to take it, when they have more than they need.

The Citizens' Bank of the United States proposes to take this power out of the hands of financiers as far as it is possible without the adoption of a normal measure of value and medium of exchange, which is the only way to destroy money power. A universal banking system based on citizenship, that would pool the wealth of all the citizens, would place a large portion of the money supply where it could not be manipulated by any one. All registered citizens would be qualified to open an account in the Citizens' Bank of the United States. Each bank would be a separate corporation owned and operated on a mutual basis by its depositors. Every depositor would be a stockholder entitled to one vote at stockholders' meetings. A central bank will have supervision over all branch banks under rules and regulations fixed by the representatives from all the branch banks.

The plan proposed contemplates the incorporation of "The Citizens' Bank of the United States, Central," for $50,000,000,000. The maximum stock subscription or deposit (whichever may be the designation of membership) will be $10,000,000, and the minimum $10,000. Stockholders in Central Bank will be restricted to members of Branch Banks and limited to one member from each branch bank. Central Bank will do business exclusively with Branch Banks. Stock in Central Bank must be fully paid up at its face value, stock will not be transferrable, and will be subject to cancellation, for any illegal acts of Branch Banks. A Branch Bank may open an account with Central Bank and draw on demand for 90 per cent of the face value of its stock in Central Bank.

Branch Banks may incorporate anywhere in the United States, after the constitution and by-laws have been submitted and approved by Central Bank. Citizens' Bank of the United States No. ——, will be the uniform name of each Branch Bank, and the numbers will be given in consecutive order of incorporation. The constitution and by-laws will stipulate the amount of Central Bank stock subscribed, require a ledger and index card filled out and sent to Central Bank for each new account, a daily transcript to be made of all receipts and disbursements, by account numbers, which will be posted by Central

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Bank to reproduce all the accounts of the Branch Banks. Experts from Central Bank. will examine Branch Banks, and will have authority to take possession of the assets of any Branch Bank in default of its obligations, preliminary to its rejuvenation or liquidation.

The Central Bank will guarantee deposits in Branch Banks. It will keep the exact condition of every Branch Bank under constant scrutiny to preclude any possibility of default. The profit or loss of Central Bank will be shared by its stockholders (which are the Branch Banks), so that each depositor will be insured against loss by every other depositor, and will have an equal voice in the management. No one should have a vote but a citizen, and no citizen who was a depositor should be denied a vote. Equality of opportunity would subserve the best interests of all, and votes based on citizenship, rather than dollars, would be better calculated to promote the confidence and prosperity of all the people.

All banks are supported by the interest earned from loaning deposits, though it is inviting disaster to loan money due to depositors, and every bank is in peril whenever money supply disappears. Banks use the same money over and over again for loans, withdrawals and deposits, until deposits grow out of all proportion to the supply of legal money. Bank liabilities to depositors in the United States, payable in gold coin on demand or within the limit of a few days, amount to tens upon tens of billion dollars, while the total supply of gold coin in circulation in the United States (which is the unit of value and only full legal tender for the payment of debt) is only about one and one-half billion dollars. The excess of liabilities is all fictitious money, and borrowers pay interest on it, notwithstanding that the money does not exist.

Fictitious money is called bank-credit, and is generally believed to be created and sustained by their great wealth and that they justly collect the vast sum paid in interest for its use. The theory is fallacious, for the moment depositors lose confidence in the ability of any bank, or all the banks to pay, credit is destroyed immediately wherever the panic occurs, and no bank can pay its liabilities. The people create credit. And interest charged on fictitious money is not only extortion, but the financial system based on loaning deposits, under a limited money supply, without any possible resource to liquidate bank liabilites to depositors in a panic, is a perpetual menace to all credit and prosperity.

No bank in the world can pay its liabilities in a panic without assistance. All banks lean on one another, and instinctively like herds of animals attacked by enemies, they join forces in a panic for protection. The money king has the power at any time to create demands for money deposited in the banks to exceed money supply, and his power is so subtle that it cannot be located or blamed. Yet he is invincible. All other powers combined are impotent, while gold is the measure of value. Governments are as helpless as the banks in a contest where gold alone is potent.

A panic compels all banks to hold the money they have and get all they can for self-preservation. No power on earth can stop a panic and restore confidence until the money-king utters his edict, "draw on me for any amount of coin." That decree is the only infallible panacea that will restore confidence immediately and make money redundant. All financial institutions will then be compelled to use every effort to get rid of their superfluous hoards of money as quickly as possible in exchange for interest bearing securities, which would make money cheap and prices high, precipitating the travail which always precedes birth of prosperity.

Citizens' Banks would serve the people's interests by supplying the best banking facilities under any money system, superior to any system of private banking, for there would be less danger of the recurrence of panics, the profits from loaning deposits would be returned to the depositors in dividends on their bank deposits, and all the risks of reckless banking would be eliminated. There would be no legislation required for the organization of such a banking system, and it would only be necessary to guard against unfriendly legislation that would be inspired by the money power.

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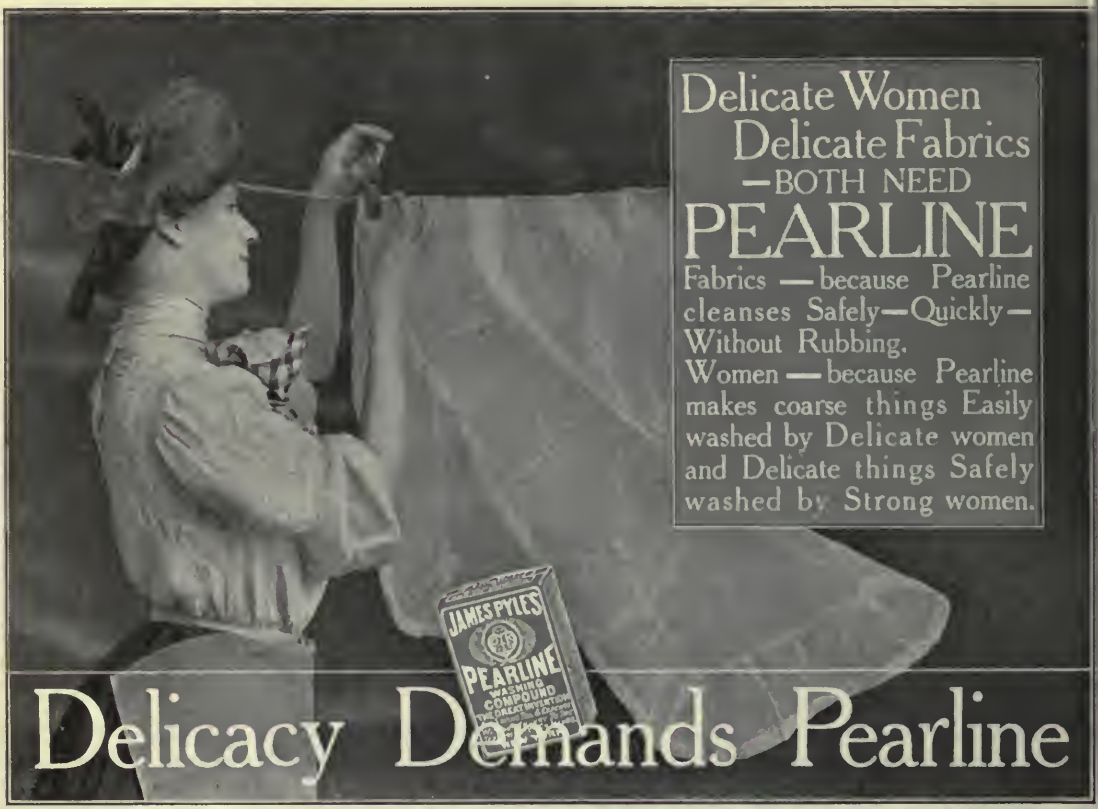
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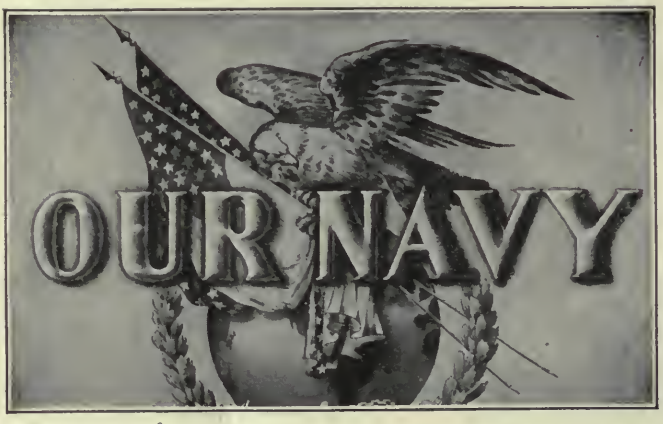
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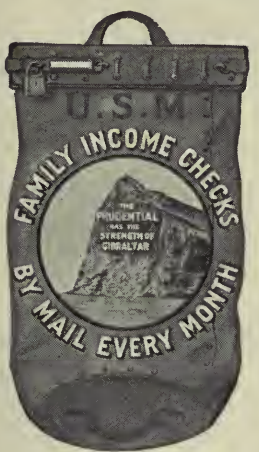
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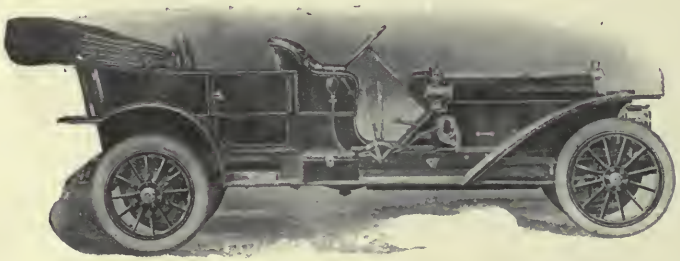
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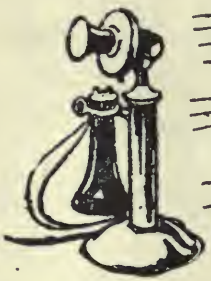
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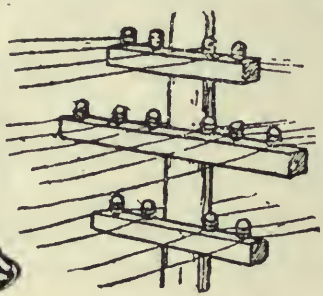
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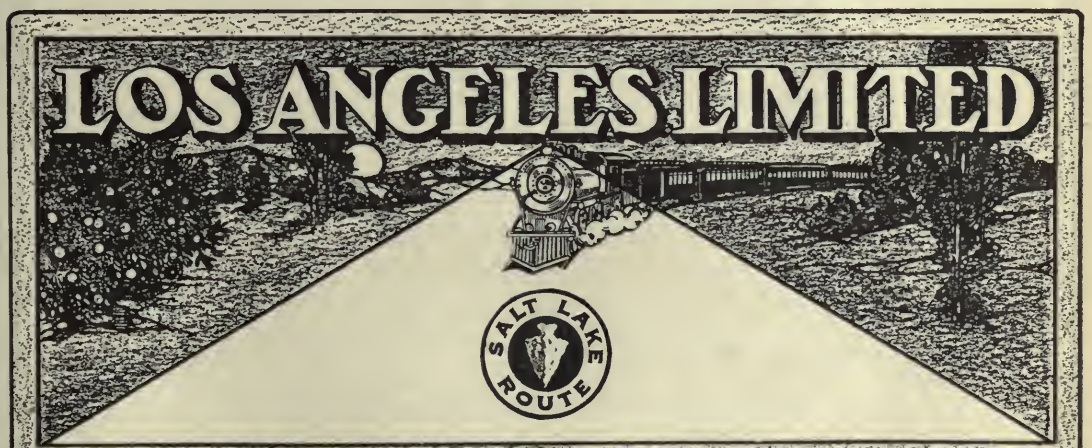
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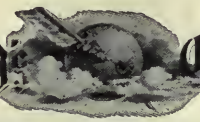
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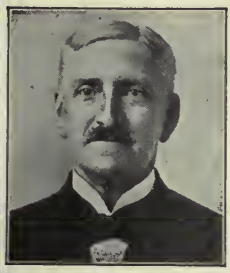
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Vol. LIV No. 5

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An Illustrated Magazine of the West

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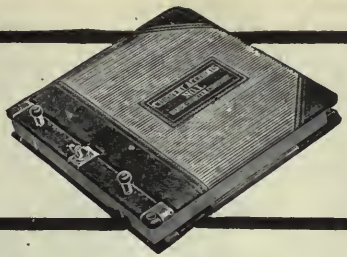
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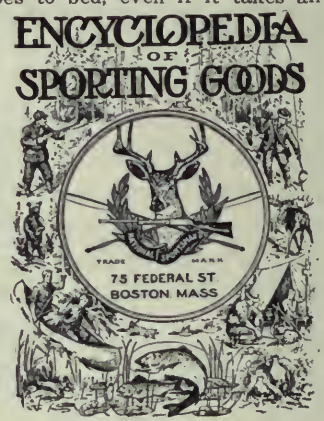
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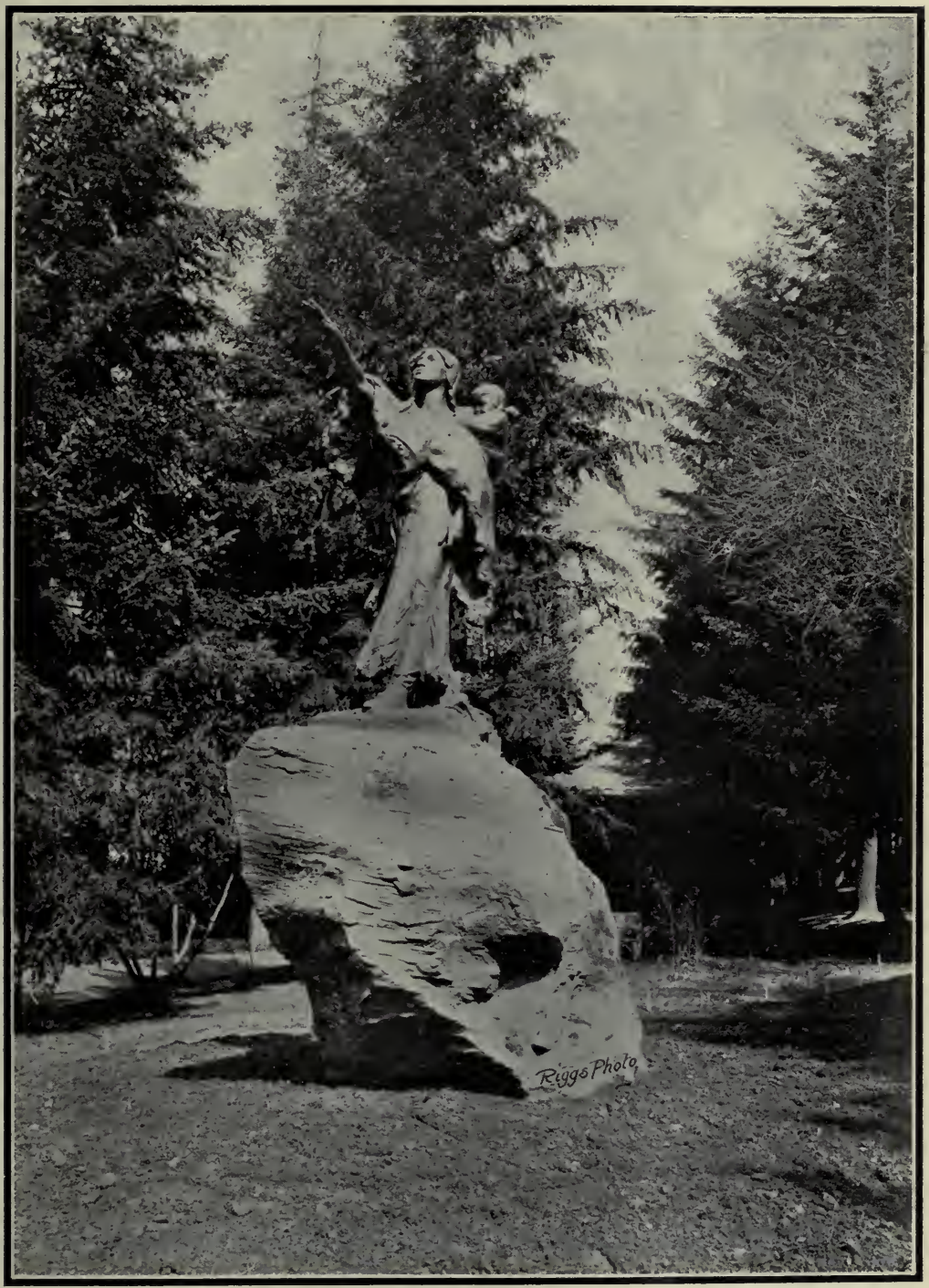
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Riggs, Photo. Alice Cooper, Sculptor.

"Sacajawea," the Bird Woman, Portland, Oregon.



Herman A. McNeil, Sculptor.

The coming of the white man.

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NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 5 OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LIV

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WHAT THE INDIAN SCULPTURES SAY

BY O. H. SAMPLE

THE RECENT proposal to erect a colossal national monument to the Indian overlooking the Hudson, has been received with much acclaim by those of imagination and sentiment, who hold that the ruthless march of civilization is dispossessing the noble Red Man of his birthright, and that civilization can do no less than erect a monument to him before he has disappeared entirely and is lost to sculptural record. Whether or not this ambitious project is ever realized, there need be no fear that the records, physical and historical, of the Indian, will be lost to future generations, for the Red Man has been done into plaster and bronze with a frequency and zeal that has been granted to no other American type. As an ideal sculptural type, the native American has been an inspiring theme for a number of our sculptors of national repute, any one of whom has given to the subject sufficient study to adequately render him into a great national monument. Whatever may be the difference of opinion on the nobility of the Indian, which led to the frontier aphorism that the only good Indian is the dead Indian, there can be no doubt that the very best one is the sculptured Indian, for the sculptors have long delighted to render him in plastic form. He has been an artistic necessity to American ideal sculpture, in the artist's effort to get closer to nature and romance than the modern costume will allow. Our statesmen, stiffly tailored into bronze, are the despair of the sculptors from an artistic point of view, and our equestrian soldiers have also much of a sameness about them. So the modern American sculptor has turned with relief to the natural, primitive emotions, picturesque habits and superb physique of the Indian, as admirably adapted to sculptural representation. Indeed, much of our sentimental attitude concerning the Red Man is born of the idealization of him as an artistic type. His crude religious rites, his fantastic trappings of war, his backwardness in civilization, his hunting and his savagery, have all been wrought into art to make the ideal, the martyred Indian. In these vivid sculptured stories may be read the history of the disappearing race.

So if it is to be glorified into a national monument, there will be no lack of sculptors to do the work in a great national way. First among our sculptors of Indians is Mr. Cyrus E. Dallin, of Boston, who has created four Indian groups that are among the most picturesque and virile conceptions in American art. Mr. Dallin's Indians are not of the academic kind, studied from books, nor yet of the tamed variety of the Wild West show, for he was reared in Utah, in the days when a too close acquaintance with the Indian was avoided by a high adobe wall around the frontier home. His "Signal of Peace," in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and "The Medicine Man," in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, are the most striking and picturesque racial portraits of the Indian we

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have, and with two later groups, "The Protest" and "The Appeal to the Great Spirit," from a connected series that suggests in a broadly sculptural and dramatic development the complete, tragic racial history of the Red Man.

The first of the series, The Signal of Peace, when shown at the Paris Salon of 1890, achieved at once international recognition, and won an honorable mention. It was also given a medal at the World's Exposition at Chicago, and so much prized there that it was bought and placed permanently in bronze in Lincoln Park. It is an impressive portrayal of a Sioux chief, clad only in feathered war bonnet, breech clout and moccasins. He rests one hand on his pony's neck, and raises his feathered spear, point upward, in the familiar signal of frontier lore. This is the first stage of the white man's conflict with the Indian.

Next comes the Medicine Man, warning the race of its destiny with his weird incantations. In its simple, direct treatment of the theme, and the wild earnestness of the face, it is a masterly expression of the necromancy and mysterious rites of the Medicine Man. The horse stands perfectly quiet. The Indian's left hand rests on the animal's thigh with a firmness that gives balance to the whole composition. The right hand is raised in a gesture of commanding sweep, warning all to silence. This group is as intense and real, and at the same time as broadly typical of a dramatic episode as anything in American art. It was bought by the Fairmount Park Art Association in 1900, and is one of the most striking attractions of Philadelphia's great pleasure ground.

The third sculptural epoch is the protest, symbolized in a group of that name shown for the first time at the St. Louis Exposition. The fierceness and rage of the entire race has been concentrated in this protesting figure of one of the earlier Indians, mounted on a fine specimen of the horse that roamed the prairies before the advent of the Indian pony and the white man's weapons. Unarmed, but eager for the fray, he gestures his defiance in one last despairing protest, reining in his horse with a rawhide thong till the animal is almost seated on his haunches. This epitome of action, a beautifully modeled and balanced group, was easily the chief of the World's Fair Indians.

The protest having proven unavailing, comes the last stage of the Indian's stand against the march of civilization, which Mr. Dallin has portrayed in "The Appeal to the Great Spirit," a group shown at the National Sculpture Society's exhibit last year, and at the Paris Salon this year, where it has just been given the high honor of a gold medal. Overtures of Peace, the incantations of the Wise Man, and the protest of the warrior alike futile, the brave appeals to the Great Spirit to save the heritage of his vanishing race. He is the same fine natural type of Indian, on the same wiry pony, standing motionless as his rider raises head and arms in supplication. These four intensely vital groups epitomize the story of the Indian with a graphic directness of expression and a universal human appeal that cannot fail to reach the appreciation of even the most elementary observer of Indian life.

While this series is the only connected sculptural expression of the Indian's story, there are a number of picturesque portrayals of different chapters in his struggle with civilization, in single groups, by other artists. Solon H. Borglum, another sculptor whose first lessons were drawn from his early life on the plains, has modeled several rugged, picturesque, impressionistic groups that picture the life of the Indian in broad, compelling strokes, full of vigor and sincerity of feeling. In his "Buffalo Dance," the savage mysticism of this wild religious rite finds expression. Two red men, clad, one in buffalo skin and the other in war feathers, are going through this barbaric dance, while another, stooping in the rear, is fashioning some primitive implement with a still more primitive tool. "A Step Toward Civilization," by the same sculptor, shows a more advanced stage in the life of the aborigines. An old warrior stands with arm outstretched, urging his son to seek the knowledge of civilization, and another, bowed to the ground, typifies the deterring forces of savagery. The buffalo, facing to the rear, is self-explanatory. Mr. Borglum's early life, spent in the scattered settlements and Indian villages of Utah

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Destiny of the Red Man, by A. A. Weinman, Sculptor.

and Nebraska, was as rugged as his sculpture, with its broad effect of rough masses and subordination of detail to the expression of the one idea behind the work. His

In "The Destiny of the Red Man," A. A. Weinman, the New York sculptor, a former pupil of Saint-Gaudens, has conceived a group filled with life and motion,



Isabel Moore Kimball, Sculptor.

"Weenonah!" Winona, Minnesota.

is a rough hewn art, well suited to the delineation of frontier subjects, which have been his chief work.

that tells graphically of the passing of the Indian. A blanketed, mysterious figure in the center, hurries the warrior, in com-



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A. B. Bogart, Photographer.

A Step in Civilization, by Solon H. Borglum of New York.

pany with the buffalo, farther back into the wilderness to make way for advancing civilization. The vulture perched above



Paducah Indian fountain, Paducah, Ky.
Modeled by Lorado Taft, of Chicago.
Frederick O. Beunn, Photographer.

lends his cheerless presence to complete the picture of the dying race.

The march of the white man into the West has furnished inspiring theme for several interesting Indian groups, two of the finest of which are in the City Park at Portland, Ore. "The Coming of the White Man," modeled by Herman A. MacNeil of New York, stands on the highest



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Aztec Sun Worshippers. Louis A. Gudebrod, Sculptor.

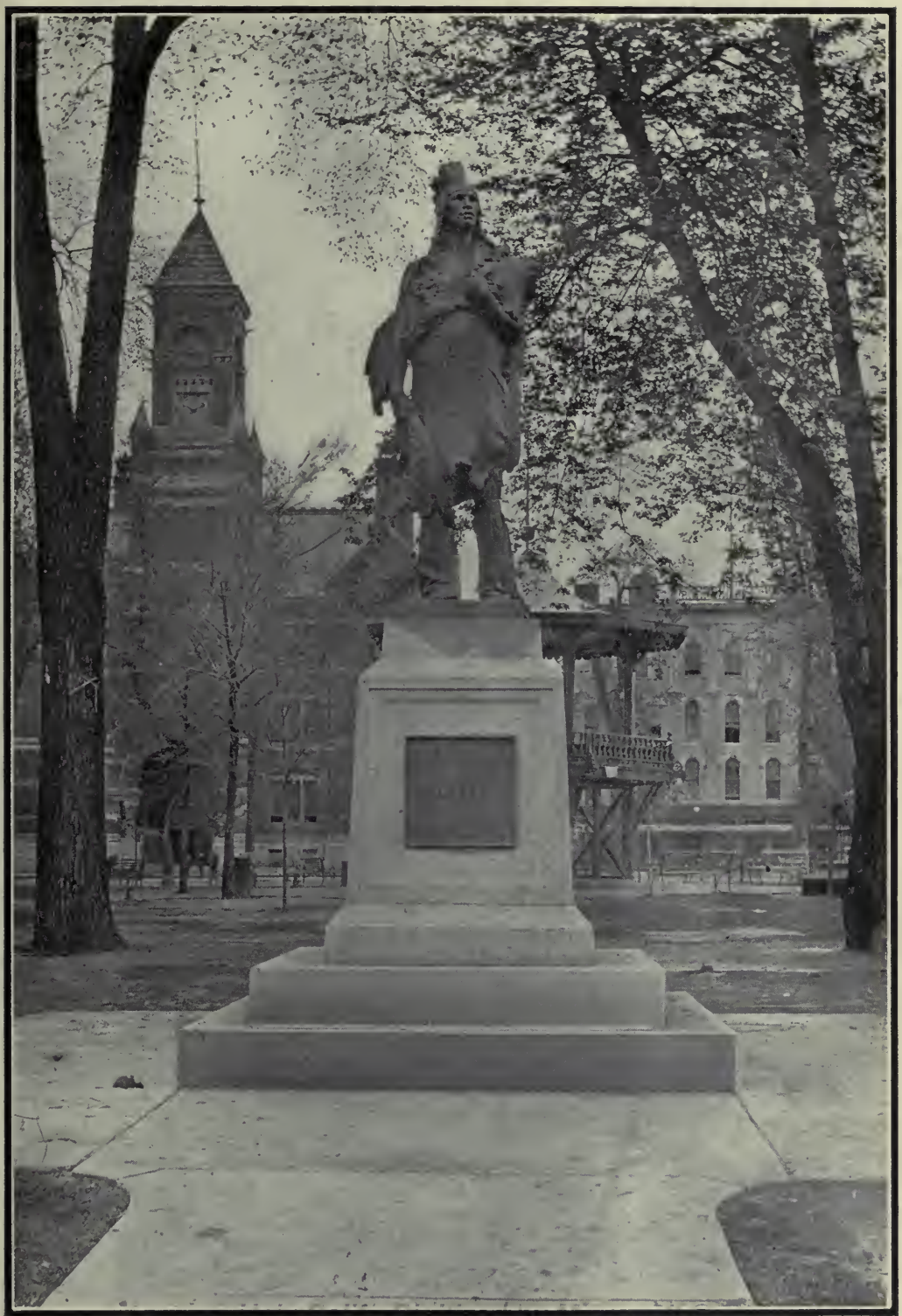
point in the park, from where the Indian chief, Multnomah, and a young brave, are scanning the surrounding country for the approaching whites. Multnomah, who ruled his own tribe by his oratory and the knoll, his young companion following. The sculptor has chosen the moment when they catch the first sight of the explorers, Lewis & Clark. The chief, his face furrowed with the lines of character, stands



Modeled by Cyrus E. Dallin.

Appeal to the Great Spirit.

neighboring tribes by the strength of his arm, has been warned that white men are coming through the Columbia River Gap. He runs with the lightness of youth up a on his toes to see better, but does not give way to curiosity and excitement as does his companion. He stands erect and haughty, a savage sovereign, while the



Chief Mahaska, Oskaloosa, Iowa. Sherry E. Fry, Sculptor.

young brave waves a branch in token of good will. The group is rarely modeled, with poetry of form, depth of thought, and romantic charm in every line, and the stern, unbending figure of the old warrior contrasts sharply with the eager alertness of the youth at his side.

A fitting companion piece to this group is the bronze personification of Sacajawea, the "Bird Woman," by Miss Alice Cooper of Denver, which stands in the same park. Sacajawea was the Indian maiden who rendered valuable service as a guide to the Lewis and Clark exploring expedition. She marches erect and vigorous, her pappoose strapped to her back, pointing the way to the explorers. She is attired in buckskin frontier costume, and her lithe figure and animated countenance have been wrought into a faithful embodiment of sentiment and action. The two groups, standing on rough boulders, backed by lofty forest trees, are fittingly enthroned in the Indian's majestic forests.

Indian names are interwoven with the history of many Western cities and towns. Winona, Paducah, Oskaloosa, Mahaska, Oshkosh and others, bear witness to the impress of the redskin on the early life of these settlements. The Sioux Indian girl, Weenonah, has been honored with a sculptured portrait in the public square of her namesake city, Winona, Minn., where she stands as the central figure of an elaborate public fountain. This is the work of Miss Elizabeth Moore Kimball, one of the younger women sculptors of New York, who has drawn the portrait with remarkable fidelity to the Sioux type, and enough of idealization to give it character as a work of art. The chief model for this figure was a full-blooded Abeniki Indian girl, and the face was studied from a number of Indians. There is a local legend to the effect that Weenonah sought death by throwing herself from a cliff rather than be parted from her lover, a white hunter. The sculptor has represented her as stand-



Modeled by Solon H. Borglum of New York.
Buffalo Dance.

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Cyrus E. Dallin, Sculptor.

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Signal of peace. Lincoln Park, Chicago, Ill.



Cyrus E. Dallin, Sculptor.

The Medicine Man.

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Modeled by Cyrus E. Dallin.

The Protest.

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ing on the edge of the cliff, gazing intently down the Mississippi, watching for his canoe. The scene for such a romance might well be imagined on any of the towering rocks overlooking the Great River in many places near Winona.

Chief Paduke, who roamed the dark and bloody ground, but was a friend of his white neighbors, left his name to Paducah, Ky., and the women of that city have erected a memorial fountain in his memory that is modeled in the refined and discriminating art of Lorado Taft, the Chicago sculptor who recently won the international competition for the great Columbus memorial at Washington. Paduke sits enthroned on a rock, resting his arms on a conventionalized arrow-head, of the type frequently found as relics of the first Americans on Kentucky soil. The chief's massive head and shoulders rise above his support in a strong, well-studied mass that grows naturally from the graceful and tastefully decorated pedestal. The entire fountain is a composition as pleasing in detail as it is successful in those larger effects necessary to a public monument. The work is thirteen feet high and is executed in Georgia marble.

Chief Mahaska, for whom Mahaska County, Ia., is named, was leader of the Iowa tribe of Indians that owned the territory now in the State of Iowa before the treaty with the general Government. Mahaska was a wise and powerful chief, and never would permit a war against white men. It was his boast that he had never shed white blood. He was murdered in 1834 by a resentful warrior in what is now Cass County, Iowa. Oskaloosa, the chief town in Mahaska County, has just erected a handsome bronze statue to the chief, which is a typical portrait of the later type of Indian who had begun to wear the white man's costume. His buckskin leggins and deer-skin robe have been used to good sculptural effect by the sculptor, Sherry E. Fry, of Creston, Ia. The moccasined toes are turned in, suggesting the true shuffling gait of the redskin. This statue was shown at the salon of last year, and won honors for the young sculptor who has been admitted to the National Sculpture Society on the strength of this work. The memorial stands on a granite pedestal in the public garden at Oskaloosa, where it was dedicated with ceremony by pioneer and leading citizens.

The weird mysticism of the Aztecs has been symbolized in a striking sculptured group by Louis A. Gudebrod, of Meriden, Conn., who has taken as his motif the refusal of the great Inca chief, Atahualpa to renounce his religion on the demand of the conquering Pizarro. He raises his arms toward the sun, sinking behind the mountains, and says: "My God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children." The kneeling worshipper, with head bowed, is offering incense to the Sun God. The lines of both figures are strongly drawn and incisively modeled, with the drapery effectively used as a background.

There are many other lesser monuments to the Indian, with local or historic interest, but these are the chief important sculptured renderings of his history and character.



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THE CHASE OF THE LITTLE GRAY WOLF

BY EARL UNDERWOOD

THERE'S A DALE av likeness bechune an Injun an' a woman. Wid both av thim, silence is dangerous," remarked Corporal O'Dowd, of the 7th, to an audience of troopers lounging by the barrack wall.

"'Twas th' sa-ame way before th' Wounded Knee rumpus. F'r wakes things was that still ye cud hear yersilf think, an'——"

The brazen notes of a bugle sounding the "assembly" interrupted him.

On the instant all was activity. The call verified the vague report that came floating in from the desert.

A returned rider brought word that Little Gray Wolf, understudy in crime to Geronimo, had gone on the scout, heading a band of bucks. He was well upon his way toward the Mexican border, leaving a trail of smoking shacks and pillaged ranches.

Since the first report, the nerves of "E" troop had been drawn like fiddle-strings. The men chafed under restraint like leashed trail-hounds. The troop horses sensed their masters' mood.

That morning during inspection "White Eye," Corporal O'Dowd's pinto went amuck, and, followed by half the troops, scurried across the parade ground, regardless of twists of regulation bit or the cursing of the corporal.

The captain berated them for a set of fumble-fisted rookies, and recommended that they beat their weapons into ploughshares.

Now that taut nerves were unscrewed, the men went about their business in silence. Breech-blocks clicked refrain to the jangle of accoutrements. Troop horses reached impatiently for the bit.

The white bell-mare, long the commander of the pack-train, disdaining halter or hobble, kicked up her heels and whinnied to her subordinates who grunted heaving protest against belly-sawing cinches and heavy packs.

The bugle brayed the "advance," and "E" troop, with the Piute scouts at its head, wound across the level parade ground, the white bell-mare leading the pack-train.

Right well she knew that the trail would lead where wheels could not go, and, upon her and her command, rested the safe conduct of ammunition, rations, forage, the rapid-speaking gatling and far-reaching howitzer.

The veterans in the lead sat deep in saddle and jogged along in silence. The recruits at the rear crowded forward as though expecting immediate action.

"Whist, lads!" warned the corporal; "'tis hikin' yez wanted an' 'tis hikin' yez will get. 'Twill be some time before we're up wid 'em wid th' sta-art they had, an' yez will get a plinty. Ta-ake ut cool an' don't be warritin' y'ar horses."

Four days they rode through winding canyons, up rock walls steep as roofs, then down again, and out into the broad mesa with its stifling dust clouds which parched the lips, and burned like acid into the eyes of men. The horses snorted their agony at breathing the stinging particles through nostrils which were blistered.

As they took the rise into the foothills beyond, the captain queried Running Lizard, the chief scout.

"Gettin' close now," answered Running Lizard. "Yes, ketch um soon—maybe tree—two days—soon, sabe? See um buzzards?" pointing to black specks against the shining sapphire of the sky. "We get closer—all time closer. Gray Wolf ponies weak—wore out—get down—so be. Buzzards follow Gray Wolf, we follow buzzards, ketch um soon—maybe to-morrow—soon." After which protracted speech he fell silent and rode on.

On the fifth day the captain sent Cor-

poral O'Dowd and a squad ahead to reconnoitre, thinking the band might be resting at Jarboes' Hole, the little valley with the spring at its head, and the fat meadow lands beyond, with the dank and luscious grasses where cattle feed.

Here Heck Jarboe, sometime scout, prospector and ranchman, had buried himself to escape the encroachment of an advancing civilization.

The ashen ruins of his shack, and the mutilated bodies of two herders, told the tale.

"Poor ould Heck!" mused the Corporal aloud. "Ut's afra-aid I am they've got ye at lahst? Too bad th' contact av people widin' yer horizon smothered ye loike' an' ye cudn't be happy wid neighbors nearer nor a hundred miles. That co-omes av growing up wid th' mountains f'r sto-op an' the masa f'r do-or ya'ard.

"Manny's th' night I've laid in me 'dobe and hear-rd th' sighin' av the night-wind fr'm th' masa *callin', callin';* an' manny's th' da-ay I've felt th' niver endin' pull av th' hills drawin' me to thim. Th' hill-fever 'tis—whin ut gits into a man's system ther'll be no cure at all but solitude.

"I'll bet me next mont's pay, though," he added, brightening, "that ould Heck gave 'em a wa-arm welcome, f'r th' la-ad certainly was handy wid a Winchester."

"How ould is th' trail, Lizard?" he called to the scout, who was walking in circles scrutinizing the ground.

"'Bout a day," answered he. "They go Mexican Gilas to live—think um safe—take all the cattle—go slow—we ketch um."

"G'wan wid yer," answered the Corporal doubtingly. "Since whin did 'Paches begin changin' livin' pla-aces widout takin' the wimmin an' childer? D'ye mane to be tellin' me they cud have kept such a lade over us wid thim along? 'Tis a co-old trail y'r on, Lizard."

"Not cold, *hot!*" flashed back the Lizard. "So-be squaws, pappooses go ahead, wait beyond pass. Bucks stay behind, days—week—give um start. Make war-party—go off reservation—kill all whites can—steal all cattle can—go Mexico live. Sabe?"

"Dom av our copper-colored comrade ain't right, that's *just* what th' divils are doin', an' not a officer nor man of 'E' troop had the gray matter to figger av ut out," said the Corporal, explosively. "Widout y'er hawkseye, coyotes scent, an' th' logical daductions av y'er untrained haythin' mind y'r Uncle Sam's tro-ops cudn't catch so much as a cold in this annex to hades. Here, you, Benny Bowlegs, ride back loike th' divil an' bring up th' tro-op. 'Tis thinkin' I an' the Old Man'll be kepin' av us afther thim whin he sees this."

Soon the troop came up, and the Corporal rode back to report to the captain:

"'Tis the sa-ame ould sthory, sorr," he said. "Th' divils have been here, stayed about th' length av a fashionable ca'al, left their ca-ards, gathered up th' cattle and rode off in our very fa-aces. I'm thinkin', sorr, ye'll be sayin' 'E' troop has wan more score to settle wid thim whin you see their wur-rk."

After a plunge in the cold stream, refreshing alike to men and horses, they saddled and were off.

Through the lush grass of the meadow, into the foothills beyond, up and up, over rocky trails to the summit of the first rise, there to be confronted with a higher rise beyond, more barren, more rugged and more desolate, they went.

At the crest, the captain halted and held converse with Running Lizard: "Do you mean to tell me, Lizard, that cattle can be driven over such a trail? Why, it's all the sure-footed pack-mules can do. The troop horses are skinned to their knees, and will not do to plough with if we ever get them back off this hike."

"Cattle go, all same," answered Running Lizard. "Mountain cattle—climb like goats—come on—show trail."

At the end of a slippery slide almost perpendicular, a hundred yards or so below, Running Lizard pointed to the unmistakable marks of the passage of many hoofs.

The captain turned and beckoned the troop to follow.

The troopers dismounted, led and dragged their horses down the slope; the pack-train following in snorting protest the white bell-mare, who picked her way nimbly as a sheep over debris left from the making of a world.

On a level they waited, while Lieutenant Gray, Corporal O'Dowd and the scouts plunged ahead.

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After an hour, the blinking heliograph flashed back: "Advance! Trail growing hot."

Down for an hour the sweating troop slid, cursed and sprawled; then up again and up.

Half-way up, night overtook them, and they made camp upon a shelf of rock. Before dawn they were again in saddle, plunging blindly ahead, amid muttered curses of the men and groans of the horses.

One more summit and they looked down upon the bad-lands; a level and a desolate waste. Still there was no sight of their prey.

That day they toiled on, and again night overtook them. And still there was another night of lying upon a bed of rock with cold rations, and a cheerless sky for covering.

"E" troop was in a dangerous mood.

When the morning glimmered faint, and the East stars paled and went out, the Corporal and scouts stole out of camp and away under command of Lieutenant Gray.

With the sunrise, a scout returned and told them that their prey was near.

"E" troop brightened perceptibly.

Below lay serrated levels, barren, glowing faintly red in the early light, like sun-baked terra-cotta.

The web-like lines they knew to be coulees and canyons; some, mere surface scratches, others, gaping wounds which reached the earth's deep heart.

"E" troop clambered willingly into saddle.

Two hours of scrambling brought them to a rugged trail leading off amid the foothills to the lower levels they sought.

Here a scout met them with word that Lieutenant Gray and his men had gone ahead to a blind canyon giving off the one they were in. There Running Lizard expected the band to rest and to graze the herd.

Cautiously the troop crawled along at the bottom of the canyon until they met Corporal O'Dowd coming back to hurry them.

He said that the entire band was encamped in a bowl-like canyon, a half mile or so across; that, in this snug harbor they felt so secure that they had posted but one picket; and, thanks to Running Lizard, he was now upon his way to the Happy Hunting Ground.

"'Twas the natest bit av a job iver I see," whispered the Corporal. "We crept 'round an abrupt turn an' before us was a little amphitheatre a hundred ya-ards or so acrohst, which opens out into th' hole they're in like the neck av a bottle. Where neck and bottle jine there sthood Mister Picket, his back to us, a lanin' against th' wa'all aw-watchin' av his little red brothers instid av attindin' to bizness, as a picket shud. Th' Lizard motioned to cover him while he shlipped upon him. Whilst I did that sa-ame, th' Lizard s-h-l-i-p-p-e-d up behind him sohft as a cougar, an' before he hea-ard a thing, 'Whish!' wint th' Lizard's rope. Before he cud let out a yelp, down on his back owes he wid his neck broke like a reed be th' gar-rote twihst th' Lizard give him. In tin sickonds th' Lizard had him an' his fate agin, propped up agin his rock natural as life, an' a bla-ame sight safer. He's out av the way; can't we go right in, Captain?" asked he.

"Softly, son, softly!" warned the captain. "The canyon may have another opening. We want no flukes after a jaunt like this."

A word aside with the second lieutenant, and the captain beckoned the troop about him.

"Men," said he, "you are about to get what you have been sighing for—a brush with Little Gray Wolf. Lieutenant Orr will take a detachment up and out of the main canyon around to the head of the ones they are in, and drive them down to us. We will post the Gatling at this end and deploy around it in a half circle. When Lieutenant Orr charges, they will run down to us like rabbits. Keep sheltered until he has them running."

"He will bear off to the left. Not a man of you is to fire until we get a flag from him saying his men are under shelter at the left wall.

"If the cattle go amuck and start this way we will have the devils own time holding them; but we've *got* to hold them. Never will we get another chance like this.

"If a few hatsful of lead thrown into their faces by the Gatling don't stop them.

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it will cease firing. Await the order to charge and go in. Cross-fire to the right. Lieutenant Orr's men may be exposed. When we *do* break, break clean, and forget that you ever heard of tactics or maneuvers. Depend on horse sense. Imagine you are loose in a nest of hornets and under orders to lick them. Pick your man and *get* him.

"They outnumber us three to one, but they are half women and children. Remember that—half women and children. Don't disgrace the uniform.

"When you mix with them, watch the squaws. They fight like wild-cats and are twice as treacherous. That's all. Into line!"

The troopers awaited the volley-signal announcing the completion of the second lieutenant's detour.

The minutes dragged like hours.

"Here, Corporal!" said the captain, "take my glass, go forward, see what they are doing. Then come back and report. Tell Lieutenant Gray to stay where he is in order to report if they become alarmed. Tell him, too, to have his squad ready to fall in as we charge!"

Corporal O'Dowd rode to where the scouts were hidden by a curve in the rocks. He delivered the message, dismounted, and crept until he was near the limp picket, who stood gazing out across the canyon with glassy eyes.

Cautiously he dropped to his belly and wormed forward.

"Don't ta-ake all th' pa-ath, ye grizzly divil, ye," he remarked familiarly to the dead sentry, as he slid past the limp legs.

The cattle were scattered over the canyon's bottom, pulling hungrily at the scant herbiage.

Near the farther end, the entire band was huddled about a fire.

"Now, what th' divil?" muttered the corporal. "Can't be cookin' this late, an' they sure don't nade hate. *A man, a white man,* sure as Sa-aint Patrick druv th' sna-akes out av Ireland. *As I live, uts Heck Jarboe.* So ho! bein' prissed f'r time, they had to bring ye clear here to have their fun, hey? Shudn't be surphrised av we didn't break into their innocent divarsions," he added, with a chuckle.

Like a land-crab he backed, hidden, until he reached his horse, where he mounted and rode back to the troop and reported:

"They've Heck Jarboe in there, sorr, tied hand and foot waitin' f'r th' fire to get down to coals that they may grill him slow an' proper. He's about th' center near th' further end. Av ye will ohder th' byes to ramimber ut in firin' an' sind a man wid a knife to cut him loose whin we go in we'll save him.

"Ould Heck's settin' there calm as a mummy. Th' thongs are cuttin' av him to th' bone an' him not makin' a holler. Wan av th' squaws has pulled off the boots av him so th' coals can ate into his soles th' asier. Ut's muhrder be slow inches they're plannin', sorr."

The news struck fury into the troop. Tensely they waited until their ears were assailed by a smashing Springfield volley, which the canyon walls caught up and hurled back, magnified to regimental proportions.

The whoops of the charging detachment and the bellowing of cattle drove the troop mad with excitement.

"Hist!" cautioned the captain; "not a move until the gatling speaks. Then cut loose and show you are not raw ones!"

Within the canyon fear reigned. The Apaches, stupefied by the suddenness of the attack, recovered and scurried for the ponies.

The wild mountain cattle scattered like a covey of quail, then instinctively drew together and stampeded toward the opening.

Behind, mounted and afoot, came fleeing Indians, shrieking Spanish-Apache curses, each intent upon his safety.

As the roar of the hoofs drew nearer, the captain arose in his stirrups and shouted: *"Now, men! Remember the circle formation! Get them milling with the herd, and we'll bag them all! C-h-a-r-g-e!"*

"E" troop sank feet deep into stirrups, bent low upon the necks of its horses, kicked spurs into quivering flanks that little needed them, and dashed past the rigid picket.

When the gatling spat lead in their faces the cattle paused, wheeled, then charged upon their pursuers. For safety, the Apaches whirled and scudded before the herd, unmindful in their panic of the Lieutenant's waiting detachment.

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"Hi! Corporal O'Dowd!" shouted the captain, "cut off ten men, save your fire, ride back and hold the opening! Bear to the left, men. Avoid the cross-fire. *Come on!*"

With a clatter of hoofs the captain let them into the thick of it. Casting discipline to the winds, Corporal O'Dowd rode after him, whining: "Oh, captain dear, plaze let me take me buckos in? 'Tis th' fi-irst bit av a shindy f'r a year, an' don't ye mind what they did to me an' me squad upon Salt Fork lahst summer? Come on, now, 'tis a dear y'are?"

The captain roared: "Back, I say, and hold the opening, or by heaven, I'll have you broke upon the field. Go! you will get your chance."

The Corporal reigned in with a jaw-breaking jerk, headed off a handful of troopers, swung them after him, and, with tears running down his cheeks, galloped back, wailing: "Oh, th' ingra-ate, th' poltro-on, an' me wid him all these years. 'Tis a rigular Donnybrook fa-air they're havin' an' me ohdered back to do polis dooty. 'Tis ohderly in a soldiers' home th' Old Man'll be makin' av me next. Oshone! oshone! Dennis O'Dowd, little did ye think 'twould iver come to this wid ye."

The herd tore across the canyon, sweeping the Apaches like chaff before it.

There is was met by a fusillade from Lieutenant Orr's detachment, which turned it back again pell-mell. The fear-maddened cattle started milling.

Firing at random, the Indians were swept into the vortex and compelled to ride for their lives.

"Be th' Gods, they have thim now. Ut's millin' they are, an' 'tis pot-huntin' 'twill be f'r th' byes, an' us sittin' here like dummies a-missin' all th' good av ut," wailed the O'Dowd. "Oh, 'tis a long day I'll be ramimberin' this, Cappy dear, an' me always sayin' ye was th' behst cappy in th' hull dom ahrmy.

"There goes Lieutenant Orr an' his men a-ridin' in an' pickin' av thim off like poachers. Wud yez look at th' raw Wist Pint la-ad a-ladin' av his min like a vitrin! He's down! be th' sha-ade av Sa-aint Pater he's down!—th' leftenant—an' uts to pieces he'll be cut be th' hooves. O! the Lord love the boy wid the fair hair. No, he's oop, hivin be praised! an' after thim. There's th' son av his da-ad, that la-ad. O, 'tis beaucheous!"

Above the Babel rose a shrill *"O-he-yah!"* the rallying cry of Little Gray Wolf.

His followers heard it as they rode within the flying circle. Foot by foot, his warriors fought their way until some fifteen had gathered about him. Thunderously the swirling mass swung aline with the opening.

Gray Wolf uttered a cry. The warriors lashed their ponies to a mighty plunge. Like a wedge they parted the herd.

Grey Wolf took the lead fearlessly, dark, ominous and silent. The band fell into a "V" and followed as wild ducks fly. Cunningly he led them between the troop and the squad that the troop dare not fire.

Behind lay destruction. Four-hundred yards ahead, safety. Once through, they would scatter to numberless hiding places in the rocks, where white men could not find them.

The ponies needed no urging. Bellies aline with the ground, they skimmed along. The slim, sinewy bodies of the riders, bare save for loin cloth and cartridge belt, were a part of them.

Low on the ponies' necks they crouched, gripping with vice-like knees the straining withers; by perfect horsemanship lifting the ponies from the ground, pushing them on.

Now and then the painted body of a redskin would rise from the shelter of a pony's neck, remain poised for an instant like a resplendent serpent, fire, and drop back.

As they drew near, ponies and riders nerved themselves for the shock.

"Th' sa-aints be praised!" howled the O'Dowd ecstatically; "they're comin right into our embra-ace. 'Tis Providence, min, turnin' th' Wolf over to us that we may wipe out th' stain av lahst summer. Howld till yez git th' wur-rud, volley, thin go as ye plaze an' divil take th' laggards!"

As the Indians rose to meet the shock, the squad volleyed. Four fell from their ponies and lay limp. A number of the ponies, hard-hit, reared, screaming, then staggered and dropped.

"Come on, byes! get next to thim!" shrieked the corporal.

Discarding rifle and bringing revolver

into play, they sprang forward. The corporal led, spurring his horse until blood spurted red from its flanks, singing as he rode:

"Oh, Brian Boru, look down, look down
Upon y'er boys this day.
Fr'm Donegal to Dublin town
They're always in th' fray."

Straight at each other flew the corporal and Little Gray Wolf.

At five yards they fired. The corporal felt a blow as from a hammer. The weapon flew from his hand. He recovered and braced himself, hoping to ride down and unhorse the Wolf.

They met with a crash which sent the light pony back upon his haunches. The nimble-footed beast was up in an instant, his master urging him on.

Gray Wolf raised his weapon to fire point-blank in the corporal's face. A smash upon the arm, from a trooper's revolver-butt, sent the bullet wild, and the weapon dropped.

Again their horses flew at each other, the corporal striking out with his fist, the Wolf tugging at a knife in his belt. The O'Dowd saw the motion, flung himself upon the Wolf and pinioned him.

Back and forth, round and round, they struggled, guiding their horses with their knees.

Bullets sang. Dust billowed like clouds. Horses kicked and fought. Their screams mingled with the curses of troopers and the gutturals of the Indians.

The conflict about them changed to hand-to-hand combat, and the circle widened. Their horses, free of rein, pulled apart. The two struggling bodies slid between them.

They writhed upon the ground. The supple body of Gray Wolf, naked, sinuous, wriggled out of the best barrack-room holds the Corporal knew.

Over and over they rolled. Gray Wolf's muscles rose in ridges beneath skin like tawny satin.

The corporal struggled to pin him to earth by tricks of the wrestler's art. The cords upon his neck stood out like ropes of steel. His arms closed like hairy tentacles until it seemed that Gray Wolf's bones must crack beneath the pressure which was slowly, slowly gaining mastery.

Gray Wolf's breath rasped dryly. The corporal knew more of weaponless warfare. He breathed with lips close shut, conserving strength.

An unexpected twist of the Indian half broke the corporal's hold.

Instantly Gray Wolf freed an arm, rolled on top, snatched his knife and made ready to strike.

Lightning-swift the corporal relaxed his hold and seized the uplifted wrist. Red mist floated between them. Afar, as in a dream, the corporal heard the conflict. The weight upon his chest smothered him. He still held, however, his bull-dog grip upon the swaying wrist. Then like a wave reason and the love of life came surging back.

He gathered himself for the supreme test. Slowly, wickedly, he twisted; one hand toward the other from him.

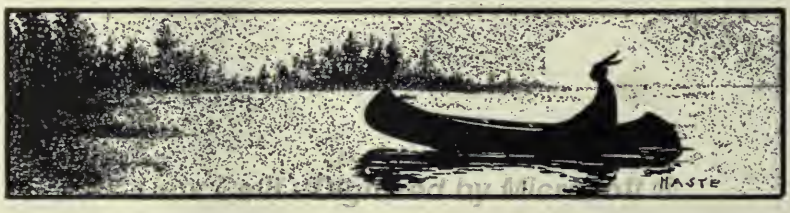
In agonized surprise, Gray Wolf's face looked down upon him. Beads were upon it. Sweat trickled like a rivulet. The nauseating Indian body-smell struck him.

A deep breath and the corporal put his strength into a terrific twist. The bones crunched like tinder. The knife fell. The corporal seized it.

Bending his body bow-like upon neck and heels, he flung off his foe, and, like a panther, fell upon him.

The blue blade, choosing its deadly aim, shone in the sun, and then sped hissing through the Indian's heart. A grasp, a quiver, and the sinewy form collapsed.

The chase of Little Gray Wolf was over.



THE LAST BUFFALO

(A Captive in Golden Gate Park)

BY D. S. RICHARDSON

Lone survivor of thy race,
Thou hast reached the stopping place;
This is where the sun goes down.
Better so; for when a king
Passes to his final rest,
From the headlands he should sing,
Fronting bravely to the West.

Grim and silent, standing there
In the sunlight, one may see
Pathos in thy dignity:
In thy sullen eyes may read
Menace yet and threat to find
Vengeance for thy slaughtered kind.
Regal still, though all undone,
I salute thee, Shaggy One.

Yet, grim warrior, e'er thy day
Fades away in endless night,
I would venture, if I may,
That the slaughter lust was right.
True, the prairies stretch away,
Cold and silent with thy dead;
True, alas, the verdant slopes
Feel no more their myriad tread;
All are gone; but have you thought,
Grave avenger, in your plight,
How much joy the slaughter brought—
What a paean of delight
Rose to heaven with every groan—
Kindled quick by stab and sting—
How the music of their moan
Made the wilderness to sing?

Man lives not by bread alone;
He must see things bleed and die.
Were it not a worthy fate
Such a need to satisfy?
Think it out, O surly king,
E'er you pass into the night;
Death means naught to man or beast
If he keeps his logic right.

Get you to the hay rick there;
Make the most of life's brief span;
Paw the ground and kick the air,
Or kill your keeper, if you can.
Only this, before you go:
Soon or late or slow or fast,
Let the world's last buffalo
Be a monarch to the last.

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A NAVAJO'S FAIRY TALE

BY HENRIETTE ROTHSCHILD KROEBER

FAIRY TALES! Who of us have not at some time of our lives been entranced by them? Have we not all heard the fairies whisper, or seen them hurry along on their merry way? Have we not perchance even seen the hobgoblin, and were convinced that the witches were riding through the air? Man comes and man goes, and the world grows older, yet the fairies are part of each generation and will continue as long as there are elders to gather children about them and tell them stories. This custom is not only one of the civilized world, but all nations and all stages of culture have their legends, folk-tales, and stories.

Our original American has an endless fund of these tales, and whether he be a Mojave or Siwash, Yuki or Algonkin, he has stories of mystery, deception, transformation, punishment and reward.

It is not always an easy task to obtain a myth from a redskin, yet once his tongue is loosed, he becomes more and more interested and intent in his own tale. Like the white man drawing about him those of his family who wish to hear, so the Indian, squatting in front of his wickiup, tepee, hut or hogan, has around him members of his family, and be it firelight, star or moonlight, will tell the tales that have been handed down by word of mouth for generations until some white man has come along to put them to paper.

Animals personified are great favorites as heroes. Coyote in particular takes on many forms. It was while seated about the crackling fire that Peshlikai, a full-blood Navajo, told the following story of how even Coyote the wise was once tricked by the Deer.

The Trickster Tricked.

Long ago, when the animals were people, Coyote left her pups in her lair and started out after adventure. As she went along, she met Deer, with her two little fawns trotting behind her. They were prettily spotted and at once attracted Coyote. She put herself out to be particularly friendly, and according to the fashion of the animals of that time, shook the Deer's hand in warm greeting.

"Where do you come from, and where are you going, cousin?" said Coyote. She was not Deer's cousin at all, but it suited her purpose to feign relationship.

"We are looking for a good place to eat, where the grass is fresh and water clear," answered Deer.

"Cousin," said Coyote, unable to restrain her inquisitiveness and envy any longer, "cousin, what pretty children you have!" And she pawed the fawns over. "How did you give them their beautiful spots, my cousin?"

"I have done nothing to them," Deer replied. "They were always like that. They were born like that."

"Cousin, do not conceal anything from me. You must have done something to them. I know you have because you are not spotted. How could your two children have such pretty spots if you had not done it for them? Tell me, please. My children are plain and I want to make them as pretty as yours."

"There is nothing. It is just their nature."

"No, you are hiding it from me. You must tell me. You are not my true friend."

Deer began to be puzzled and alarmed. Coyote was smart, she had always heard from the other animals, and ever ready to trick others. She feared to deny longer, lest Coyote might wreak vengeance on her for the fancied wrong. "I must get away from her," she thought. "I will tell her anything to escape."

"Well, cousin," she said, "let it be so; I



Navajo.

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will tell you everything. It is my secret, but since you must know, I will share it with you. Well, you may wonder, but I burn the spots on my children. I put them into a hole in the ground, so that there is only a small opening at one end. In front of that I build a fire of cedar wood. You know how that sparkles and snaps. Then the wood pops and sparks fly on my children in the hole and make the spots. When the fire dies down, I take them out and they are pretty. Now you can do it with your children, too. Only you must watch closely and let them stay in long enough to become spotted all over. Don't let them out too soon. When you look in and see their teeth, then you will know they are laughing, and that they are properly spotted. That is the time to take them out. You will see how pretty they are."

Coyote was delighted at having at last learned the cherished secret. "Thanks, cousin, many thanks," she said. "I see you are really my friend and will not deny me the truth. Thanks again. Now I must go home at once."

She started, much to the relief of Deer, who no longer had to fear her mischief. All the way home Coyote ran at full speed, never stopping, so eager was she to make her children also beautiful.

Panting, her tongue drooping, she reached the lair. "Children, children!" she cried to the brood of pups that came running out and frisked around her, "now you are going to be pretty! Wait till you see how beautiful I shall make you with fine spots all over!"

"Tell us about it, mother," they cried.

"You should see Deer and her little ones! I just met them. Nice white spots all over their sides. Now I am going to make you just as pretty."

"Ah! Ah!" shouted the pups, and jumped about.

Coyote, followed by her young, looked among the rocks until she found a suitable hole with a small opening.

"Come, children, go in! This is just the place. Now you will surely be beautiful."

The pups crawled in and she gathered a pile of cedar and split it fine. She piled the wood up at the opening and lit it. Inside the pups were laughing and

happy. "Now we will be made beautiful," they said.

Soon the fire blazed up roaring. Every time it snapped and crackled, Coyote's heart was glad. Every time a spark popped she said to herself: "Another pretty spot on them!"

The pups began to yelp.

"Stop that crying!" Coyote ordered. "Think how pretty you are being made."

Still they yelped and howled, until Coyote grew weary of commanding them to cease. The fire burned bigger and bigger, and after a time it grew quiet in the hole. Coyote let the fire go down. When she looked in, she saw the gleaming white teeth of the pup that was nearest the entrance.

"He is laughing," she thought. "I am sure they are all laughing because they are happy that I have made them spotted all over."

She raked the embers and ashes aside, and one after the other took out the pups.

"Well, now you are pretty," she said. "How do you like it?"

But they did not answer. They only grinned at her with teeth from which the lips had shriveled away. They were cooked dead.

Coyote, the trickster, had herself been tricked.

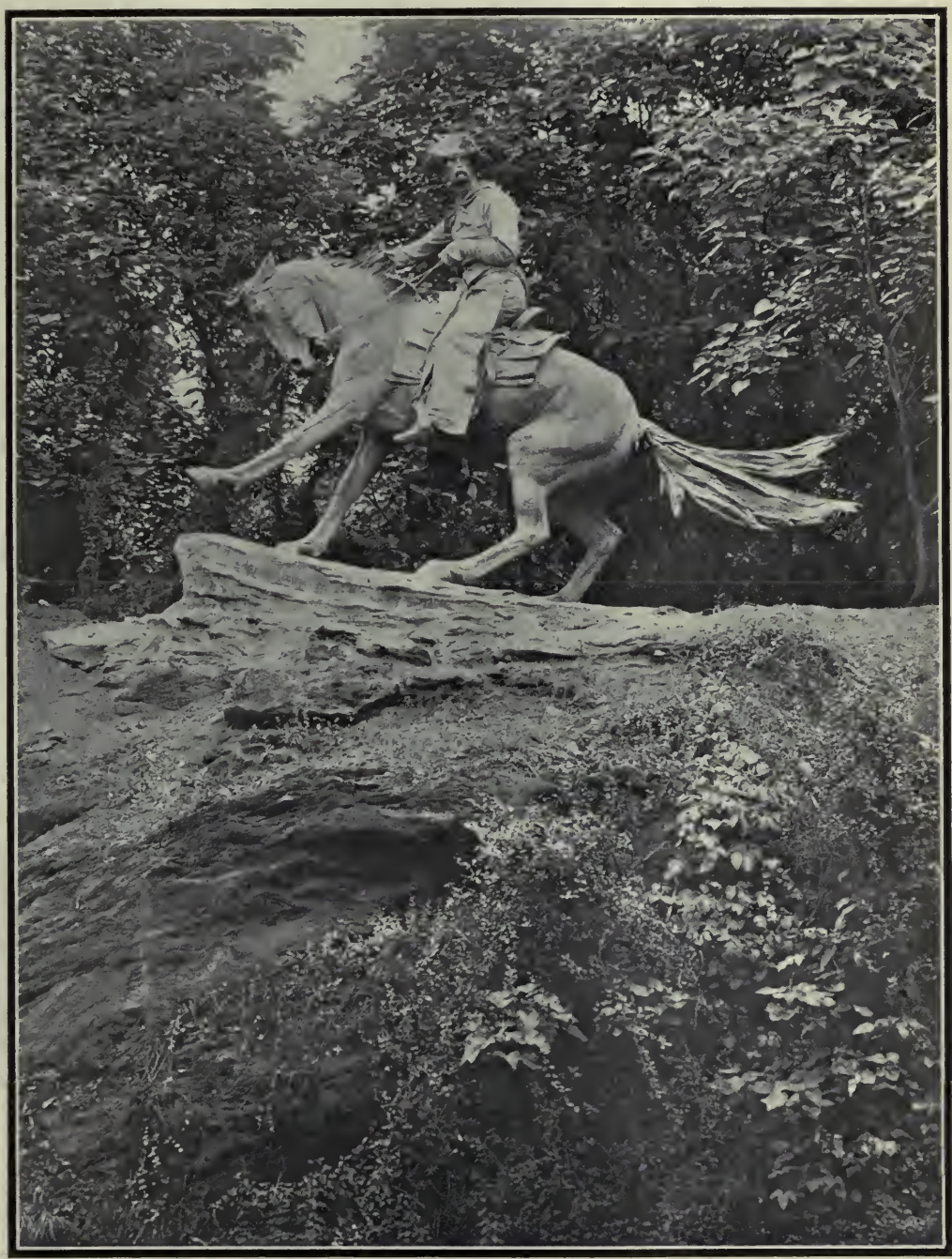
FREDERICK REMINGTON'S COWBOY MONUMENT

BY O. H. SAMPLE

WHEN FREDERICK Remington, whose color pictures of frontier life are Western history, took to sculpture, it was to be expected that he would produce something picturesque, and it is interesting to observe how he has transferred the vivid life and action of his paintings to the field of sculpture. His remarkable group of cowboys shooting up the town at the St. Louis World's Fair will be remembered as a *"tour de force"* in sculpture, and his mounted cowboy, lately unveiled with real cowboy ceremonies by real cowboys in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is another of the same school. It would be difficult to imagine a more picturesque figure or a more appropriate setting than has been given this wonderfully realistic group. It stands on a pedestal of rough stone, cut into an excellent imitation of a natural cliff, and placed on the edge of an embankment overlooking the East drive. The horse has reached the brink of the precipice before his rider sees it, and jerks sharply up on the very edge. It is the most forceful portrayal of mad action brought suddenly to a dead rest that has been attempted in American sculpture. A strong touch of realism is added by the ideal spot in which the work stands, and which was selected by Mr. Remington.

The stature is sixteen feet high, and eighteen feet long. It is a gift to the city from the Fairmount Park Art Association, and the unveiling exercises, which drew a large throng, included a parade of mounted Indians and cowboys from a Wild West Show, that was in Philadelphia at the time.

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The mounted cowboy, by Frederick J. Remington

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Charcoal by Julia Heyneman.

Gittardo Piazzoni.

A WESTERN PAINTER

The Art of Gittardo Piazzoni

BY JOSEPHINE MILDRED BLANCH

ALTHOUGH Gittardo Piazzoni is not a Californian by birth (he was born in Intragna, Switzerland, about thirty-five years ago), he has lived in California since early childhood, and began the study of his art in San Francisco in the old Pine street studio where so many of the Western painters began their art studies. Since those old days, San Francisco has been his home, although he has been twice to Europe for study. During his last two

years abroad he accomplished much, both studying and exhibiting in Paris and Rome, and meeting with great appreciation in both places. In the Paris Salon of 1907, the Societe Nationale des Beaux Arts, once called Champs de Mars, was exhibited his picture, "Song of the Marshland" (No. 962), and his two etchings, "St. Peter from Ville Borghese, Rome,"



The End of Day. From a painting by Piazzoni.

and "Avenue des Champs Elysees, Paris," (Nos. 2276 and 2277.) Piazzoni also exhibited in Rome that same year in the leading salon. A few short extracts taken from an article written during this exhibition by Pio Vanza and published in the "Sancho Panza," a leading newspaper of Rome, is convincing proof of the admiration which that critic has for Piazzoni's art:

"Any of Piazzoni's pictures is the faithful expression of what he has observed not only with the eye of a draughtsman or a colorist, but also the feeling that has penetrated his soul."

"His pictures are chants. You feel conquered by something like the sound of heavenly music which the artist was able to arrest in his lofty flight through space."

"Poetry is the essential quality of his work, and it is a poetry without ornament, free from all artificiality, simple, sincere and totally spontaneous."

Piazzoni may be truly called a poet

painter, a poet with a deep spiritual insight into Nature, relying not upon sensuous coloring, alluring lines or beauty of atmospheric change for his inspiration, but using these subordinately but truthfully to express the thought which at the time controls him, and this thought is always a blending of the poetical, the intellectual and the spiritual. Piazzoni has indeed struck a very high note. It is not the outward garb that Nature wears that attracts him, but the underlying spirit or elemental force of Nature that his pictures reveal, its vastness, its silent voice, and above all its perfect peace. One stands silent and prayerful before them.

In his salon picture, "Song of the Marshland," you are made to feel the illimitableness of Nature. A low wet marshland stretching back miles and miles to the grey distance, where it meets the sky still more grey and sullen; from a low-hung, wind-tossed cloud, you hear the "Song of the Marshland," a weird, minor chant it is—the voice of wind and rain as they sweep over this desolate waste of earth.

"The End of Day" is a beautiful pastoral poem. It is evening; a lonely shepherd is driving his flock homeward o'er the uplands. The weariness expressed in the bent figure of the shepherd, the slow



The End of Life. Painting by Piazzoni.

gait and drooping heads of the sheep as they go up the hillside, the deepening shadows of the eventide overspreading Nature—all express the end of day, a weary world waiting for the rest that night will bring. So full of poetry is the picture that one can only think of that first stanza of Grey's Elegy as its true interpretation:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

The canvas of Piazzoni's most distinctly Californian is "Winter." In this illimitableness of Nature again seems to be the artist's controlling thought. The composition of the picture is most simple, its meaning direct. It is made up only of the sky and a vast stretch of rolling hills. The dull grey of the sky and the greyness of the hills, with a suggestion of green just peeping through (the green that one sees in Southern California even in midwinter), tones the entire canvas to a low minor key suggestive of the grey days that are characteristic of the Californian winter.



Winter (California.) Painting by Gittardo Piazzoni.

His picture, "The End of Life," depicts a dark, mysterious valley, lying be-



Charcoal by Piazzoni.

Pastoral.

tween mountains themselves as dark and mysterious as the valley itself. The low tone of the sky tells of the hour "between the dark and the daylight." A single glorious cloud of light lies beyond the mountains and the valley. The picture is symbolic of the soul journeying through the Valley of the Shadow of Death:

"At twilight of my life, I looked upon the world—
The shapes grew dim—a light far out at sea,
While in the lowering night waits Mystery."

Piazzoni's recent exhibition numbered over sixty paintings and a number of beautiful etchings and drawings, the latter all subjects taken from Rome and Paris. His paintings comprised subjects from France, Italy and Switzerland. It is interesting to know that Piazzoni has received the inspiration for most of his larger and more serious pictures from California. However, locality means but little to Piazzoni.



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Sunset. Painting by Gittardo Piazzoni.

SOME CLEVER SWINDLES OPERATED IN ORIENTAL COUNTRIES

BY JOHN ROBERTS

IT ALL CAME BACK to me as I sat at my table in the St. Francis dining room. The rush of memories was occasioned by the sight of a whilom traveling companion, one Monsieur Francois de Bertville, a gentleman who, like myself, had been involved in one of the cleverest swindles ever perpetrated in the "somewhere east of Suez," where if there "ain't no ten commandments," there is as substitute a very wily and efficient secret service.

Our initial introduction had taken place on a steamer heading for Bombay on a very stormy evening. We had been literally thrown together by the brewing storm as we were making our way to the card-room. When we were invited to take a hand at poker, we did so as old friends. The invitation was extended by one of those nondescript voyagers so vague in personality as to leave a blank in memory. Not so the other player. Of Anglo-Saxon blood, the magnificent physique bespoke the highest type of the beef-eating nation not only in perfect muscular development but in the atavistic traces of head and brow; in the stamp of breeding, indefinable, yet compelling, which ear-marks the scion of aristocracy no matter in what part of the globe one happens to brush against him. Pale, but not with the pallor of mal de mer; rather with the turgid lids and livid cheek which come of a too strenuous dip into the deeps of living, this splendid youngster (we afterwards learned he was not yet twenty-one) managed to keep afloat in the shallows of existence with the most winsome nonchalance and the easy grace which made him an idol with women and an object with men to excite a toleration never dreamed of even in the quarters where the code of morals fits itself with elastic willingness to the standards of the not over-scrupulous.

We Lose Heavily.

At first, de Bertville and I won steadily; then suddenly, the Goddess of Luck turned with prodigal smile upon the boy, and soon three flat wallets attested to the fact. The Frenchman gave the winner a keen scrutiny, then, with the Gaul's characteristic shrug, took out his cigarette and began to smoke. He politely refused to take another hand, and watched me pass my I. O. U. to the stranger. It must have been three in the morning when the door opened to admit a tall clerical gentleman, who advanced rapidly to the table and laid authoritative hands upon the shoulders of the youthful player.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said in a nervous staccato, "but I must insist upon his Lordship's retiring."

Gently he pushed his protege from his seat. For an instant the charge turned sullen, then, with one of those illuminating radiances, a sunny smile and unexpected good-nature, the boy arose and bade us good-night. The clergyman lingered with his hand on the door-knob, and, turning, addressed us with a mingling of sincerity and embarrassment.

"I hope you will pardon me, but I am about to make an unusual request." He hesitated, then added: "But it is my duty. Please, I would beg of you, not to play again with his Lordship. His father, Lord Berisford, has absolutely refused to stand for any new debts contracted."

I looked down at my check-book with a whimsical grin. It did not escape the eagle eye of the guardian.

"Luck changes," he said, with the sigh which accompanies the fullness of much

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A compelling hand grasped his arm.

experience, "and I feel it is but right to warn you gentlemen since we are to be companions for many days to come." Real anxiety overspread his sad, elongated features, and we all agreed promptly as though sympathizing with him in his unenviable position.

"Hold on to your wads, boys," cautioned the American drummer, as we parted in the high winds which blew over the rough seas in the pallid chill of dawn.

How His Lordship Won Out.

The charm, the wonderful magnetism of the boy, accounted for many a surreptitious game played at the back of the cleric, when, to evade his vigilance, one took refuge behind smoke-stacks or in the privacy of one's cabin. It was like humoring a child, and the virility of this great, handsome boy-man but made the hide-in-seek more piquant. I remember a severe English woman with her two daughters traveling to meet her husband stationed at some interior post. She mistrusted his Lordship in spite of his title and expectations (every one knew of the vast landed estates of the great Berisford family), and rightly, for one sultry evening I came upon the girls playing some apparently harmless game, and the stake was a costly bracelet which eventually found its way into the titled pocket. I broke up the party, almost snatching the cards from Berisford: this was too much even for my leniency. I sternly commanded the boy to return the trinket, which he smilingly did in spite of the girl's violent protests, for, she gamely declared, it was but fair. However, I was obdurate.

The day we reached Bombay, the Rev. Mr. Chambers asked me if his Lordship was in my debt, saying with tightly compressed lips: "It is a matter of honor, and for the sake of his family——" I would not hear of any settlement (although I was out $500), saying that we had been cautioned, and no one was responsible for any loss sustained. We separated from the boy with frank good will, and any suspicion entertained evaporated in a gen-

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uine regret at parting from one of such undeniable charm.

Now, Bombay and Calcutta are the most cosmopolitan places in India: funnels through which pass mixtures from all parts of the world. Asia, Africa, Europe, America, all countries seem to flow hither: their drops collecting either for duty or pleasure, then quickly dissipating for the same reason.

Monsieur and I were leisurely tourists. We put up at the same hotel and agreed to do some hunting after I had paid a flying trip to Cashmere to meet some friends. Perhaps it was the third day after our arrival when I received a card from an unknown caller. I had the strange gentleman ushered into my sitting room. Without preliminary, he began to question me. Had I come over on the Adriane? I said I had. Had I met a certain Lord Berisford, accompanied by a Rev. Mr. Chambers? I answered in the affirmative. Had I any reason to think there was a question of his honesty? I refused to reply to that question until I knew the motive of this gentleman in making such pertinent inquiry. He took no notice of my rebuke and left abruptly.

Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed when the young nobleman came to my rooms, unannounced and uninvited. He told me frankly of his plans and seemed in a depressed and repentant mood. He spoke feelingly of his mother, and of the trouble his many escapades had caused his people. I could have sworn that there were tears in his eyes. He hinted at a girl in England whom his family wished him to marry when his majority was reached. Remorse, intended reformation, were blended with a naive candor which might have melted the heart of a stone. The long and short of it was—I was out £50, for sympathy and heart had been touched. That night at dinner de Bertville confided to me a similar interview. We laughed over the hardiness of the sinner, and mused kindly on the hotness of young blood and the oat-sowing period.

Some Victims.

At ten o'clock next morning, we were both amazed to receive an imperative note from my caller of the day before, requesting us to meet him at the Bank of India. Eleven o'clock was the hour appointed. There seemed to be no thought of our ignoring the summons. De Bertville came to me.

"What shall we do?" said I.

He gave the inevitable delicate shrug. "Cela!" responded he.

"Suppose we go?" I asked tentatively.

"Allons—bien," answered the Frenchman.

What was our surprise to discover the hotel clerk wending his way in the same direction, bound for the same appointment. A native servant led us into the director's inner office. Our number was augmented by three strange personages, who came promptly at the hour specified in the note. One was a minister of the gospel; another was a sleek, silk merchant, and the third an apologetic Hebrew money-lender. The director, a shrewd financier, a sound, practical man with an extensive knowledge of native loan and insurance work came to the point at once, without introduction or preamble.

"I have called this meeting in order that we may compare transactions of a certain Lord Berisford and a certain Rev. Mr. Chambers. We have all met the gentlemen, I presume."

There was a general assent. From the Hebrew came a something between a grunt and a snarl. The divine sighed heavily and folded his hands as though in resignation at human perfidy. The silk merchant was amiable with his professional smile, which included good and bad alike. At this juncture, the detective (such he proved to be) entered and he was no other than my erstwhile caller. He was perspiring freely, and under his arm he carried a number of note books. There was absolute silence within; without, the sound of shutters being put in place was audible, and the heat waves beating fiercely against the green blinds but increased the fever of excitement mounting in our veins. It was like the meeting of a secret jury.

The detective handed the director a yellow slip. It was a cable in cipher from Scotland Yard. It notified the bureau that a passenger under the name of Lord Henry Berisford had booked on the Adriane, en route for various ports of India. The real Lord was in London. Fur-

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It was a costly bracelet.

thermore, he was accompanied by a gentleman in clerical garb, and that the two had carried on various operations in many parts of Europe and on the Continent.

At this revelation, the money-lender exploded in wrath. The director bit his lip. Buncoed, nothing short of the most exquisitely subtle game of bunco had been played on these Shylocks of the Far East. The desperate appeal made by the very reverend gentleman not to endorse, not to lend, had worked like fatal poison for each lender's own destruction. That the real Lord contemplated taking a trip in this direction was evidently known to the worthies by the mysterious telepathy peculiar to the land where the occult deals in witcheries.

How much the bank lost will never be known; the Hebrew showed us some round figures that ran up into the hundreds sterling. His business acumen had plotted against the clergyman in an over prodigality to the erring. It was his profit to supply all class from the reckless subaltern with his mortgaged pay to the traveling spendthrift whose jewels were exchanged for cash way below par of the value discarded. He reckoned without his host and religion was the cloak used to hide innumerable shortcomings in this particular instance.

Why We Were Detained.

The upshot of the matter was that Monsieur de Bertville and I were in durance vile, albeit liberty was not denied us, for three weeks. The consequence of this

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unexpected halt was the unpleasant feature of missing my friends; they went up to Simla, and my companion in innocence and I were forced to remain in the terrible heat of Bombay during the month of August, when even the native seeks respite along the reaches of the upper river or under the sheltering palms of some secluded lake.

Frequent polite messages did not soothe our sense of injury, for we were obsessed by the conviction that the real culprit was enjoying life unhampered by the fetters of the law in which we had become immeshed. I finally went to consult an English lawyer to see if an end could not be put to the annoyance imposed upon us. That very afternoon, the Director, accompanied by the detectives, paid us a visit. He was bland, smiling, and the reason for such good humor manifested itself when we were informed that the Reverend Mr. Chambers had been apprehended. That the bogus Lord would soon be in the toils of justice was a foregone conclusion. Another day of delay and we were faced with the minister, meek, sad and impressive as ever. We took oath as to some intimacies of the pocket-book and testified that the gentleman of the cloth had been protector of one Lord Henry Berisford, alias Sir Oscar Brunswick, alias—there was a list addended that read like a record of conquests. In vision we beheld Sir Galahad, smiling, debonair, broad-chested, a magnificent young Viking in brawn, but, I fear, a natural born criminal under that fell of blonde hair and in spite of the candor of those genial blue eyes.

De Bertville Has Another Experience.

Monsieur and I parted company during the course of the week. I returned to America, he was to continue his ramblings wherever fancy listed. That was in the August of 1907, and we had almost passed from each other's mind until this casual meeting in San Francisco.

We met in the evening, and, over a post-prandial smoke, our reminiscent mood took us back to the events of that past voyage. Monsieur de Bertville had returned by way of Bombay, and, upon inquiry, learned that Mr. Chambers had changed clerical dignities for penal habiliments, but that the arch-criminal, proving undeniably the survival of the fittest, had never been seen or heard of since his disappearance after the Bombay swindle.

"I had another very charming episode of travel in Hong Kong," said Monsieur de Bertville. "A Mr. Percy Johnson and your humble servant became amiable friends to the extent of sharing the same bank-book. He had a genius for exact imitation, and he—not I—overdrew accounts where I banked. Most awkward."

This was confided with the movement of the shoulders I so well remembered. "Enfin," continued the speaker, "we saw much together: Canton, Pekin, interior China, and were on our way to Manchuria when," de Bertville laughed softly and sent a waft of tobacco heavenward, "when your English law interposed and took from me very delightful society. * * * It was most unpleasant, but I was compelled to return to Hong Kong ciceroned by a third, an uninvited. When reaching that goal, I was met and treated with much consideration, but *mon ami* was persuaded to remain indefinately, or until he could explain rather unique little affairs such as: a check on a particular bank which failed to liquidate that indebtedness; a letter of credit filched from a Mr. Hardy Johnson, and to answer for a collection of bijou, trinkets worn by women of wealth, such as a splendid diamond necklace, brooches, many valuable rings and a gold jeweled match-box once owned by me. Mr. Percy Johnson had assisted me in my search for this object several days before departure, finally remarking upon the futility of further effort, adding that Oriental servants were never known to reveal what they had concealed, and that the chances were my property had not been lost or strayed—just stolen.

De Bertville blew smoke clouds in silence, then finished reflectively:

"The denouement was remarkable. I went to Japan and knew nothing concerning the ultimate fate of Mr. Johnson. I drifted on to Africa, and then to civilized parts once more, and, except for the inconvenience of never receiving return change and the tragedy of having one's overcoat, umbrella or cane lifted, saw little of the predatory instincts of human nature. * * * When on my way out here

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I visited, in New York, the prison of Sing-Sing. * * * A man tall, well-formed, with the carriage of one used to the curry-comb of good grooming, in spite of his be-zebraed garments, confronted me in one of the corridors; he was evidently a trusted prisoner. He stood aside to allow me right of way. As he did so, our eyes met. In a flash, memory slipped a plate into my brain, and I saw in clear, instantaneous photographs, a smart, perfectly dressed man, clever, interesting, amusing, full of the incidents of travel in world-wide places, leaning toward me, his brown hair slightly ruffled by the swaying of the punka; one well-formed hand holding the menu, the other toying with his light mustache. Suddenly he looked up, the light turning steel in his eyes; arrested in the act of ordering our dinner for a grasp, compelling, was on his arm, and, with the swift intuition of the fugitive who knows when the quarry is run down to the death, he saw his hour come; he realized the inevitable and made no resistance. * * * It was all a mystery: how he got away from Hong Kong, how he came to be lodging in unfashionable, exclusive Sing-Sing.

"Why are morals, especially in money matters, so loose in the Orient, do you think?" I asked.

"I account for it in climate," said de Bertville, "in remoteness from European standards; in the free give-and-take and in the transient nature of friendships which, for a space, owing to radical change in modes of life, seem to assume the solidity of permanence. In no other part of the globe have I remarked such a disregard for commonly accepted ethics. 'Where there ain't no ten commandments and a man can raise a thirst,'" he quoted, "it is difficult to hold fast to the honesty best policy platitudes."

I thought of the dear, ingenious creature on ship-board, a resident of China, who, wishing to buy some trifles in Kobe, 'just asked for the loan of a cool hundred. Of the artfully artless enthusiasm when showing dear hubby the same purchases. Of her remarkable facility in forgetting —but she was only a woman and that's another story.

THE DANCE

Suggestive of the Portola Festival. (After Seeing Miss Coleman n a Series of Spanish Dances at the Century Club, San Francisco)

BY FLORENCE SLACK CRAWFORD

Oh, rapture entrancing, the motion of dancing!
My soul is uplifted in song.
Like a full-throated bird, of rhapsodies unheard,
I warble, and dance the way long.
Now measured in motion, like waves of the ocean
I advance, then quickly recede.
I embrace, oh, I love the world here and above,
Its joy in my bosom receive.
Quietly, slow, like a streamlet I flow,
I kneel now the flowers among.
In ecstasy rare, I mount high in the air,
And in laughter my dancing is done!
Oh, the motion of dancing—rapture entrancing!

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FICTITIOUS HISTORY OF THE WORLD

BY LIONEL JOSAPHARE

CHAPTER IX.

ON HIS WAY home, Lysander Mulverhill purchased all the afternoon papers, to get in thorough mind of the governmental situation from newspaper standpoints. He had been asked to join a district political club, and it was to the friendship of the members thereof that he would first yield his activities.

In the newspaper accounts he read many references to the word "party." Party was mightier than country; the country was part of the party, or, it might be said that the country, for the time being, belonged to the party. Renegade, apostate, deserter, traitor and viler were the terms bestowed upon him who found the principles of another party more pleasant than his own. The basest of motives, the most treacherous of characters, the blackest species of scoundrelism, was imputed to him who changed his party. The party's principles might change; but its name ever stood on the banners of loyalty. As Lysander was quite satisfied with the tenets of his, he saw nothing more than a high degree of spirit in this.

Associating with the minor politicians, the kind that cluster about the primaries with little more significance than that they illustrate the power of numbers, he did not observe any marked demonstration over the name of Faraday. Faraday's highest Federal achievement had been in the House of Representatives, and, though well-known as the author of an important tariff measure, he lacked the personality, in public life at least, that might have gone to make a cordial demand for him through the country.

"Interesting though they might be, I do not think we shall read President Faraday's messages to Congress," Lysander confided to Malachy Mulverhill.

Bruges was with the larger faction of the party. One day he stated to Lysander that this faction would be with Faraday sooner or later.

"Perhaps too later," said Lysander.

It was a mere bit of nonsense, this reply, but the political novice soon learned that candidates are never to be mentioned without due solemnity. His remark was related to the pretty ears of Honora Faraday, and Lysander was constrained to render a lengthy explanation. It consumed a bonny half hour. In the end, Honora was satisfied.

"Of course, you wish my father to win?" she interrogated, in order to complete said satisfaction.

"Of course I do."

"And he will win, will he not?"

"Miss Mulverhill, is it a question of winning, as one might win a game?"

"Not at all."

"Your father, I am well able to say, is entirely fit to be president of this country. I know his utterances would dignify the executive business, and his presence ennoble the city of Washington. Yet we must admit that he has not done that which would excite a call for him from the country at large. He might win, as you put it, if his adherents should prove cleverer than those of his opponent; which is merely saying that he would become a marker on the political score-board, and, upon election, be retransformed into a man. Up to that time, the nominee is but a peg. Such is the case when he is not already so famous that the mention of his name at the outset evokes the demanding roar of his countrymen. I take it that the President elect should not go to his office upon the promises of his campaign, and the plaudits of his spokesmen, but upon the triumphal float of his previous deeds."

She listened attentively, word after

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word. Now and then her eyes moved as if she were reading his utterances on a page.

"I have already seen enough of the concrete phase of politics," he continued, "to have misgivings. There are always big things to be done, and those who do them forcibly or stand for them majestically, should take the exalted seat. If such a man does not appear, let the midgets debate among themselves. When there is no lion, let the wolves contend who should lion be."

"My father does not wish to prosper by impure methods."

"Not necessarily to be said impure. Yet his name must be shouted and advertised. Plainly he is not the extemporaneous choice of the citizens for nomination, and he can never be that choice until the conventions have eliminated all save two men, holding them before the country for votes. Should your father attain that divided distinction, he may then be found the more popular of the two candidates. This selection of the party is brought about with no more conscience than is found in the management of a gambling den."

She trembled at this.

And well might Lysander have shuddered at the danger to his love. For, though a man may, at some hazard, tell truth to a woman, he should never argue it. Logic is a vile-smelling stuff that love cannot abide. Love is a delusion that cannot endure anything real. Love cannot understand anything beyond or aback of love. Therefore a lover who stands to reason is either a bungler or is determined to woo only that woman who will endure the test.

"Upon what does your father depend?" Lysander asked.

"Anthony says, 'Depend upon me,' and we are doing so.

Anthony, as a foundation for political trust, was not so magnificent as to cause wonder. Miss Faraday's hopefulness as a daughter duly magnetized under the circumstances, was almost painful. The whole family might have been under a misapprehension as to Bruges' public workmanship. A little popularity creates such a glamour that one is not apt to behold another man's glamour. There was naught to indicate that the name of Faraday would be received with abundant joy by the nominating convention.

The countenance of the listener underwent a spell, or a shadowing, as when flowers are bent by the breeze away from the sunlight. Her mien was now overcast with that almost prehistoric calm, that sheer beauty of the animal which, despite modern gorgeous heaping of paraphernalia, evinced its original force. There was, in this, that which always, on such occasions, correspond with a vague demand of his soul; and, as yet, he loved the woman for its sake in the main.

For a moment she was like a dazzled barbarian agaze through the wrappings of art; then the eyes brightened again, and she became, out of rude nativeness, merely sincere.

"You will not consider me sordid," she said. "You do not think my father's ambition my sole thought, my biting vanity of these days. You do not think I would gladden to see him put before the country at any event."

"Far from that, Miss Faraday."

"Because, is it not apt that a woman should be interested in her father's advance? Fondly I would see him the chief executive of this country, which I love. My country is to me not a mere aggregation of fashions and splendors. I would no more defraud or counterfeit its honors that deceive in ordinary life. Don't you understand?"

"I do, deeply. Permit me to say, thou companion in this sentiment, I am as profoundly engaged and sympathetic as you in this burst of a political day. And I shall assist you with all zeal."

"No; do not," she said.

"Perhaps you do not value my assistance, nor such friendship?"

"I value your friendship that I do not wish your assistance."

"It cannot amount to much, then, if it is to be sacrificed for a sentimental whim."

"Let us revert to something else." She gathered her full civilization about her with a sigh.

It was on the following day that Lysander met Nicholas Boksky in the basement where met the district club of candidate makers.

Boksky does not amount to very much in this story; but he is a type that is

everywhere gaining influence in our real life. We courteously repress a smile at the wharf, noticing him immigrate with his dinner and extra clothing tied up in a handkerchief. In a few years he makes our laws; or his sons perform that office for ours. Explicitly he comes from nowhere, borne in on the crest of an immigrant wave. He arrives in fright and he remains to fright us with the tyranny of his ignorance. Be the upper class what it may and the lower what may be, when the very high and the very low unite for mutual benefit, the result is iniquity to everybody else. It is from such ignorant and more or less vicious class that craft resources itself whenever in need of numbers. So a few lines to Boksky will not be amiss.

He was a Pole with a curious history. He was known by name to more people in the metropolis than were most of those outside of official life. Boksky's family, for some generations, had belonged to lowness of class in varying degrees; also to wealthier category in a few degrees. His great-grandfather, Abraham Boksky, had died in his native land, leaving a large family and fortune. One of his sons, Maximus, subsequently bespattered the paths of evil with his wealth. Thus forspent, Maximus emigrated to America. Here he became a peddler, peddling having been the handy means of the family's rise to fortune whenever that family required a rise. In a few years, Maximus Boksky became rich, married richer, and entertained some of the most pretentious merchants to whom his bad English was no disqualification. In the course of time, he lost his wealth through speculation, and with his very good wife established a boarding house, that set a very fine table, it was said.

Maximus Boksky had a son, Henry, proud and quite in style, and on whose education had been spent large sums from the revenue of the boarding-house, before it became third-class. He graduated from a college of the law and endeavored to practice; but a well-furnished suite of offices did him no avail, and he went to foster litigation in the West. Here he neglected his law for interests in gold mines, and in a few years was back in New York, where he opened a haberdashery, selling underwear to the fashionable with considerable success.

Henry Boksky died in affluence; but when the executors came to the division of his estate there was nothing to divide, as the legatees, including Nicholas Boksky, had draughted heavily on their shares. Nicholas Boksky was suddenly reduced to the distress of making his own livelihood. With good-will he turned to the hereditary profession of peddling. Parlor matches was his specialty, and no one dealt in the same with greater flourish. He had a song with which to announce his wares along the street, and would continue it in the faces of those who answered his ring at their doorbells. Children followed him along the thoroughfares and men got their nickels ready when they heard him coming. Newspapers had caricatured him in court, on the street and among ward politicians.

In gayest manner, his burden doffed for the night, he approached Lysander Mulverhill.

"Mr. Mulverhill," he began, "isn't it a shame?"

"It sometimes is," replied Mulverhill; "why especially this evening?"

"Why, Bruges, you know. Gave us all the rinkydink. You know, I'm a Faraday man, for all time, unless I should get orders to the contrary; which may happen in the life of any man. And we all thought Bruges was the same until he discontinued handing out the coin."

"That's cheerful."

"You mean it used to be, don't you?"

"Ah, yes; I must have meant so."

"Bruges has a new candidate—a dark horse. Now, what politician of any respectability would handle a dark horse? Who wants to have anything to do with a Great Unknown? I've—never in all my experience in politics was I acquainted with a generous Great Unknown. I never knew a Dark Horse that had any money or would part with it. To hell with dark horses."

"Are there any rumors to the name of this lugubrious equine?"

"Oh, yes; I understand. There are many rumors, all with different names. That's the ordinary trait of rumors—to be conflicting, is it not?"

"Yes; most of the rumors I have

known conflicted. Are you sure about this treachery?"

"Treachery? You meant skunkery, didn't you?"

"Well, I don't know. Here he comes."

"Ask him," whispered Boksky, and flitted.

"How are affairs going for Faraday?" Mulverhill inquired, as the elegant-mannered Bruges approached, dallying with a cigar and appearing quite the man of the hour.

"Chances were never better," replied the other, with a knowing nod. "Faraday on the third ballot is my prediction."

This was more than the word of a match peddler.

Lysander found himself amid an excited assemblage where nothing seemed clear to the meeting as a whole, though each talker behooved himself to have the situation in a nutshell—the shell-game being quite an innocent diversion with the Fate that presides over the destinies of politicians.

He strove to ascertain one fact or another that would give him an insight.

"General averages are the thing," said one fellow.

"It's the enthusiasm; that is the only thing that grows," vouchsafed another.

"After all, the people know just what they want, and the wise ones know what the people want," explained a third.

"Say! It's the party and nothing else. We want a party man, and there's only one party man that I know of, and you know him, too, and after he's nominated, there'll be nothing more than the turn of adding up the votes. You understand; the party is in power, and it is going to stay there."

"Well, now, seeing that it is you that asks, between you and me, we're biding our time. We ain't saying anything. We're just waiting till the right time; then we will be found to have everything ready."

From Nicholas Boksky came the most iconoclastic opinion of all, as follows: Preamble: "I've been in this business since I was fifteen years old, and I'm ashamed to tell you how long ago that was." Therefore, "I can tell you that this district business doesn't mean anything at all. This is only the hollering and hand-shaking and exchanging of cigars (got one with you? Thanks!). No; I tell you, the big faction in this party is controlled by the Cherokee Association. Whatever the Cherokee Association decides on—goes! This State controls the Union; this city has the State by the wind-pipe, and don't let any one tell you it hasn't. The real ones know. And the Cherokee has its name and license on the collar of the city. They're not dreamers, you know; just practical. Politics is their business, just like anything else. I can't blame them; can you? And they are experts besides. Join the Cherokee if you want to raise your voice in this."

Thus Mulverhill found a new billow for his boat. There was no merit in keeping out of Cherokee if the guiding spirits of the party should be found in it.

Shortly after this instigation he became a member. The next lesson was easily learned, with the living illustrations bustling about, all handling the situation in their own respective ways. The debates were of a more serious nature than at the district club; at any rate, less noisy. Here Mulverhill met some of the bigger men of the party, and some of the bigger spenders, the bigger bellies, the bigger mouths, and the bigger eaters and drinkers. The Cherokee Association had members everywhere. They occupied chairs in every department of the city Government. Their debaters were on every platform where the party's colors were draped. Their inferior friends were scattered through the police department. They led every district meeting.

Verily, it was good to belong to Cherokee. It was marvelous what a simpleton one could endeavor to be, refraining to become a member hitherto.

Here also was Anthony Bruges. Among the Cherokees, Bruges was wiser than in the district. He was like the other Cherokees. And they spoke less here than at the district; there was less need of speaking at all. Motives were understood. Alliances were absolute between allied interests. The heat of mob-cojoling was avoided; the jaws were at rest. This was a society of the jaws at home. The mob required certain sentiments flung to them, like meats to their beastly applause. In the inferior clubs, the leaders talked loud and sweatily for their favorites; in Chero-

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kee the names were whispered in side-rooms. The Grand Figure would hardly abandon a cause during a campaign; but he could have his friend, the orator, speak to the district meeting, and, upon a change of policy, another friend could take up the Grand Figure's other view of the matter. So that in the different side rooms of Cherokee, an invisible spirit might have heard the one Grand Figure whisper different names. Nothing was overt save the conclusions of the body.

There were factions in Cherokee, too. These were factions less of principle than of executiveness; and there were factions that were mere factions. Men against men; ambition against ambition. It was and it is futile to mention corruption among these men; not only futile but juvenile. Their standard of life was the standard that had been handed down from the time when hands first existed. The acquisition of power. Power had been wielded with a club, with a sword, with cannon, with votes, with gold. The instrument was usually what was found best adapted to the people whose dominion was open for conquest. When the people had to be slaughtered into submission, there were willing hands to perform the feat. When they objected to slaughter, on moral grounds, very well, the powers were able to establish themselves on moral grounds. There were men whose special duty it was to furnish these moral grounds for the delectation of the multitude.

There are men who demand riches; and men who are willing to supply. This is one of the most fortunate cases of supply and demand. Wealth is a congestion of natural resources. Of the silks fluttering to the wind, the facades of marble, the interiors of carved wood and tapestries, the music, the tables that have the acme of a hundred acres and the fugitive meat of miles, the vaults of gold and credit—the supply is always equal to the demand; those who have most having also the right to demand most.

The people never have more than a transitory advantage. The cause is plain; they are too many. It would be impossible for the many to be right at the expense of the few. It would be impossible for power to be in the many. It is impossible for the many to organize and maintain such organization. It must be repeated—the many are too many. They cannot act save through the hands and mouths and pens of a few. The constituting of this few always generates power, which is always quick to comprehend itself and dominate its makers. Out of the organization of the many always emerges this same old few adorning themselves with the same old jewels under different names condensing and consolidating the good things that have been entrusted to them.

No; the many cannot govern themselves —for if they could, they would not need Government at all.

The primary trait of Government is, that the Governor be ungovernable. He must be the similitude of a god.

Even in this, the populace will not admire a good man, except so long as he is a novelty, or, perhaps, a memory.

The despot is picturesque, dramatic and mysterious. There are no other words more fascinating than these. Tell a woman that she is picturesque, dramatic and mysterious, and there is no fear of a rival outflattering. Let the people view a picturesque monarch, also dramatic and mysterious, and they are captivated. What matter that they have painted his picturesqueness with gold and bedecked it with tributes of their myriad poverties; what matter that his dramatics are occasional scenes of blood; or that his mystery is a mere desire for more? He stalks, amid his riches, the emblem of their longings.

And man must have some emblem, some idol before which to pray; otherwise he becomes irreligious and plain. He lapses into barbarism; which is a matter of idols and pomp anyway, and the whole curriculum of civilization must be gone over again.

The distress of this world is that there have been too many thinkers. These are ever inquiring, "Why?" The moment a man asks "why," the universe totters. A statue rests upon a pedestal; the pedestal upon a granite steps; these upon solid ground; the ground is the world. But where rests the world? The same with an idea. You can examine it unto a certain depth. Below that, it is flying through space.

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Now, kings are a matter of cause and

effect. The bloodiest ages have the most at which to point with pride. Imagination, poetry, art, architecture, are things of inspiration; as one might say, a quickened pulse. When a genius returns to earth with loot from the realms of mystery, he is panting and hot. There is no such thing as cold-blooded inspiration. The blood must be stirred. And nothing stirs the blood of a people so much as being spilled.

This is exemplified even in religion. Why is this department of humanity falling into decay and fine embroideries? Why is its gold lace beginning to rot before the apathy of the flock? Why was piety once a matter of divine rage? The church falls at the word "why." Religion was once a matter of wars and blood. It does not now infuriate itself suchwise. It has become listless and diplomatic. Everybody is invited, with the salutation that nothing will be preached to offend. Sect mingles with sect on a basis of civilization and suavity. But man is not yet accustomed to act save through partisanship. When sect slaughtered sect, then men went body and soul into religion, even at the risk of being cast out of it in the same manner.

Where the earth is well fertilized with blood, there great statues will arise, churches uplift themselves, and wonders be for the future ages.

There can be no plea for bloodshed. Still there is a solace for those who keep asking, "why this complacency, this self-satisfied way of living?"

Verily, man has little to do besides making himself comfortable and dream of happiness. Yet he will not do even the former unless pricked and aggravated thereto. Were it not for the rich ensnaring unto themselves all the blessings of man, antagonizing and at the same time setting an example, the others would perish in their underclothes.

This is as much as to say that certain matters have existed and will exist until they burn themselves out; at which time, a new fuel will be found. Monarchy cannot be plucked out of Government before the sun is pulled from the sky. It may burn out sooner. The change of a title does not change the man. The limitation of his office, as to time, does not lessen what a very foolish and very inebriated young college man once denominated at a grand rally, (referring to an opponent), the "Rapidity of his rapacity." Six consuls are in the ultimate no milder than one emperor. The rulership may be for a prescribed, constitutional term, without dynasty. Yet the succession is assured from King Power to Prince Ambition. Betwixt the two terms of constitutional office, one may hear, if he listen privilegedly, "Power is dead; long live Power."

In some ages, the most aristocratic figures have not been on the throne. They are not always there now. The throne would be a mere august circumstance to them. Now and then there is no autocrat on the throne. Here and there is no throne for the autocrat. He may use a roller-top desk. The ancient general slew his captives; the less ancient enslaved them. At the present day, without sword, or ability to wield one, he lets them work. And every few years, he or his advocates furnish moral grounds therefor. This is as it must be. Did these folks not work for their gentle oppressors they would bleed for fiercer ones. And they may anon.

Power, like many other things, is to be found in many places where experts declared it could not be. Gold is said to be obtainable from the waters of ocean. The proportion is small, but the sea is large. Power has existed in the arm, and then in the tongue. It was incarnated above the flowing blood of war. It hovered before great audiences. It gleamed in the face of devout congregations. It reared from throne, forum and pulpit. During inactive times, the descendants of the great appeared with greater show. Lineage was as proud as achievement.

As soon as power was found in the overpowered came rebellions. Mob has been king; but in a few hours had to go home and cook dinner. And the next day it had to go to work. So this multitudinous sovereign took up a system of voting. Leastwise, the power was there in theory, while the intellectuals, artists, poets, philosophers and the like, assumed an aristocracy of their own.

Subsequently, power was found in the most curious place of all. The golden emblem of power was beheld gleaming unexpectedly upon gold. Without heroism,

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without eloquence, without spiritual grace, without lineage, without leadership, art, science or a shapely hand, any one who could amass extraordinary quantities of aristocracy's medium of values became powerful in the community.

And new discoveries in power may be made any day.

Returning to the concrete, specifically, Anthony Bruges, that quite agreeable knight of modern times, he is not observed treated by his fellowmen with the same antipathy as by Lysander. Bruges was a good-enough companion, friend, entertainer, feaster, theatre-goer, wit, mannerist, bill-payer, wearer of clothes, poker-player, story-teller, club member, athlete, dancer, reader of newspapers, and a faithful wooer.

But he wooed fortune. When making suit to Honora Faraday, he held her before him as an idol. One worships an idol not for the piece of gaudy clay itself, but for what prayers it may answer. Thus he idolized Honora. Later, he found a richer image, one that seemed all gold.

Dingley Creed was a Flour Senator. He was friendly with Copper Senators and Steel Senators, Sugar Senators, Ship Senators, Gold and Silver Senators. These were the epithets of some irresponsible wag who apprized their business interests as having some connection with their federal duties. Bruges' intimacy with the Faradays had brought him into contact with the Creeds of Iowa and New York; also with the Hamples of New Jersey. Erskine Hample was a ketchup manufacturer. He had also a political ketchup with whch he was endeavoring to flavor the factional diet of his party. He was the only Ketchup Senator among them. To be sure, there was a Catsup Senator; but he was tainted with democracy and a trace of socialism. Howbeit, the Democratic latter's catsup was said to be impure, while the ketchup manufactured by aristocratic Senator Hample was of the finest quality. The Lawyer Senators liked him and his ketchup.

There were, daughters of the first two, Emil Creed and Olive Hample. Emily Creed, in spite of her flowery wealth, was short and dark, with full face and tiny nose. Olive Hample, despite the ketchup of her father, was tall and pale, with amber-glistering hair. They made a contrast entirely pleasing to one as well as the other, each claiming that she would have preferred, if consulted by Nature, to have had the form and complexion of the other.

Dingley Creed was a Presidential possibility. His friend Hample declared this possibility to be awful and inevitable. Maybe it was. The words of statesmen are usually less awful than inevitable. In the main, they are circuitous. Labyrinths are always alluring.

To forsake Faraday was not difficult. To obviate Honora required exquisite tact. Bruges viewed this as nothing more than an exhibition of his skill. Creed desired him at the convention. Emily Creed was more than courteous. The Faradays were somewhat dull and moral. Jonathan Faraday had made a public statement, to wit: "Victory is enough for me; let others divide the spoils as they will." This was provoking. It was joggling out an individual thought. Any one who knows anything at all about politics knows that individualistic thought is a phenomenon for which the strongest political organization is unprepared. The party should produce the man. He is sapped, branched and foliaged with party environment. His principles find root in the nicely carpentered party platform. If, for instance, his party should be doing business under the name of the Maple Party, the candidate should be a maple tree; and when the axe of any inquiry is directed upon him, he should exude the maple syrup of his party. When a man arises and says: "Victory is enough without the spoils," it is undeniable that he has become tainted with some outlandish breeze and is wasting away. Parties would spoil without the spoils. This man has quaintness, a quality which should be reserved until after the election.

All this was common gossip in the district club. No one in the Cherokee had aught to say of it. They babbled too often at the district. That goes without saying. Among the Cherokees, everything went without saying—went and prospered and was seen to bear the Cherokee stamp and draw the Cherokee salary.

Lysander heard what was to be heard. It meant that Bruges was no longer a rival in love. This was pleasing and grievous at once. Which meant that Lysander was

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honest. The dishonest man is never embarrassed with dual sentiments. He is dual in the world, each part at a time. Inwardly he either rejoices or droops; as one might say in the drama, gloats or is foiled.

Bruges was not ignoble. He was one of the partisans of success. It is not an attribute of the successful to go down to defeat for having made a mistake. They divide the world among them. Their favorites, their lackeys, their loves, are temporary. They spend service and affection as currency.

With Lysander it was otherwise. He loved a strange thing called truth. He could frown on Bruges' duplicity that had accrued to his own advantage. He might have demanded of Bruges wherefore he had trafficked in a woman's devotion, gripping, as he asked, the throat that should answer. There was that unconcerned savagery in him to such purpose. He transcended the idea. Yet a mood, a word, a gesture, might bring it out.

Honora Faraday knew naught of this. She still received Bruges' addresses. Yet who can say when it is that a lover observes the decline of love, overclouded as it may be. However, Bruges was not yet ready to declare himself for Dingley Creed and at the same time his daughter. The Flour Senator himself was not yet in a position to state definitely his own attitude toward the presidency. By "attitude" in such cases, a statesman means his chances. Creed had been in public life for about twenty years, and latterly was becoming much spoken of and printed of. His advisers cautioned him not to be too hasty, but to "come in with the sunrise." Perhaps the Flour Senator was the Dark Horse suspected by Nicholas Boksky. There was little solution in guessing perhaps this and perhaps that. Politics is an enchanted beast perhapsing on a long road.

Lysander narrated nothing of this to the young woman whom Fate had enforced to allure him. He would not be the first to tell her of Bruges' withdrawal. He could not bear to do so. The manner of his own winning was as much as the to-be-won. He contrived to visit Honora more frequently. With her his colloquy sometimes came to the brink of a pause, an outlook of seriousness, a horizon of dreams. But he quickly led to blither meadows.

One afternoon he was on the shady side of Fourth avenue, looking into a shop of antiques, when he observed in the reflection of the window-pane, a familiar face. She alighted from her carriage.

"Are you collecting curios?" asked Honora Faraday as he turned.

"To some extent. I was allowing myself to feel sad in the presence of these mementoes of the past. Relics are given that way. And you? Are you in search of Louis XIV's hand-mirror or a toasting fork from Herculaneum?"

"I am in the mood for a bit of old brass," she replied.

"May I accompany you?"

"Yes; if you promise not to make sarcastic remarks about a woman's method of shopping."

They went inside. They poked among old England and rummaged through antique France, fumbled Egypt, and lifted up Greece and Rome.

"It is ghastly," Lysander remarked.

"It does look as if we had no right to be here."

The dealer assured them that there was nothing unconscientious in their bartering.

"One must be quite sure," said Lysander, "that he does not pick up an evil omen, a relic stained with blood, a jewel with the curse of a dying miser, or something of the sort."

"Now, this brass urn might have contained the ashes of some woman's dead lover," mused Honora.

"Or the ashes of her live lover's cigarettes," Lysander suggested.

"Very likely the jewels of a French Countess escaping from the Reign of Terror; it is of that period," bespoke the dealer.

Honora put it aside with some red roses, and the dealer smiled aprobation.

"You do not ask the price," said Lysander. "There is a premium on the Reign of Terror.

"I shall merely faint artistically when the gentleman tells me its worth," said she.

"Twelve dollars," he murmured in a reverie.

"Now, if it were the cup in which Dan-

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ton toasted the guillotine," exclaimed Lysander. "It would be more characteristic of the Terror. One who saves her jewels cannot be terrified."

They looked upon some trifles from Greece and Rome.

"We have Greek blood in us. I ought to buy some of these things," said Lysander.

"And me," she added. "Have you anything very old?"

They were shown some vases, buckles, ear-rings, armlets, swords.

"What is this?" Lysander inquired, picking up a long blade of flint, fitted with a wooden handle.

"Isn't it odd?" muttered Honora. "How more than ancient it looks!"

"I warrant there is no 'period' to it," said Lysander.

"It was dug up near Athens from the house of a king," said the dealer. "The lady is correct about its age, and I would say that this was not the first time it has been dug up from somewhere. It has no period. I believe it to be a genuine 'prehistoric.'"

"What is its price?"

"If it were authentic it should be priceless. It was sold to me by an Italian prince, since dead, I believe. And yet it seems to me to bear its own authenticity. Any scientist who knows about flints and wood, could guarantee you its antiquity. I should say one hundred dollars."

"I must compliment you on the ease with which you say it," returned Honora.

Lysander examined the blade. "Why, look," he said, "can you not imagine two figures there, a man and a woman?"

She held it aslant the light.

"Yes; to be sure."

He looked down over her shoulder. "And I might almost say the woman strongly resembles you in her shadowy features. There is a gloomy expression and a contour that I have noted many times upon you. The shadow about the eyes is a perfect resemblance."

She smiled, then gazed at him searchingly. "And I, in return, can fancy you in the flinty features of the man. Your resemblance is stronger still." She handed him the weapon.

Lysander examined it intently. He grasped the handle with a sudden firmness that made the young woman shudder comically. A trifle he posed, with the sword trembling in fierce strength at his hip. He scowled at an imaginary enemy.

"Perhaps there is a wicked charm attached to it," she suggested.

"How ancient it makes one feel," observed Lysander. "I almost saw a mammoth then, and hordes of naked men dancing in the prehistoric moonlight. I must own this. I suppose the price is still no higher than you quoted a moment ago." He turned to the dealer.

"Yes—one hundred dollars."

Lysander opened a wallet, paying for the knife and the brass.

"I don't know that I shall let you pay for the brass," said Honora.

"Pardon me," he replied. "I was feeling quite arbitrary when I handled that ancient flint, and the feeling had not yet gone out of me when I assumed the privilege of paying for your Reign of Terror. You may also have the flint if you wish it."

"The gift of a knife cuts——"

"So it does; I shall keep it, so that it does not cut—though it does not look sharp enough to cut even so frail a thing as our friendship has been. However, now that I think of it, I begrudge it to you. There is that about this knife that seems singularly appropriate to myself. You see—no; what is the use of seeing that?"

They parted on the curb, she with her "Reign of Terror," and he with the sword of forgotten tradition.

(*To be continued.*)



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THE MAN AT THE WHEEL

BY JAMES ARNOTT, JR.

It has always seemed to me that the Man with the Hoe has an ironical touch—that something which is untrue. It has seemed always, to me, a cheap bid to the lachrymose man or woman. I remembered that the man with the hoe must be less able to feel, and that, with the ability to feel keenly comes the dropping of the hoe. The man in the painting was certainly such an one. The Man at the Wheel has always seemed more important, for their weal or woe, than the atoms who place him there. Anyway, Mr. James Arnott has given us an idea in verse, and we find the man at the wheel quite the right thing in sentiment, at a time while President Taft is visiting the City by the Golden Gate.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

Rejoicing in strength, a Thetis fair,
Obeying the trumpet's cry,
With her fiery breath and soul aflame
And her bosom swelling high;
With throb and pulse of her iron heart
She speeds o'er the waters curled,
And see in the storm an ocean queen
On Typhon's breakers hurled.
Her decks are swept by the maddened flood
While Terror assumes his reign
And a thousand hopes of a thousand hearts
Are tossed on the stormy main.
And ever anon, as the angry waves
Lift high the proud ship's keel,
The prayer from the hearts of all below
Ascends for The Man at the Wheel.

In Passion conceived, by Honor designed,
With a purpose holy and high,
A shallop was framed in the haven, Love,
'Neath the beams of a star-lit sky.
That craft sailed out on the shimmering sea
When the sun from Heaven beguiled,
And fulfilling the joys of devotion's home
Rings the laugh of a darling child.
And when on adversity's perilous surge
Is tossed that frail bark's keel,
To God on high, affection's prayer
Ascends for The Man at the Wheel.

A staunch ship, cradled in Liberty's hand,
Was launched on the flashing brine;
A voice cried: "Freedom"—and Valor flung,
To the storm her flag divine.
It has floated for more than a hundred years
Over seamen strong and brave,
And the mightiest victories ever achieved
Have been won on the peaceful wave.
But when, on the whirlwind-billows of war,
Hard reels the Great Ship's keel,
A Lincoln calls—and a Nation's prayer
Ascends for the Man at the Wheel.

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THE SHERIFF OF GREENWATER

A Story of the Death Valley Slope

BY ELLIOTT J. CLAWSON

In Two Parts

CHAPTER I.—THE CROWS.

BY DAY, the craggy slope between the Funeral Mountains and Death Valley is ravaged by scorching winds, dry and death-dealing; by night is swept by the dismal nursery of chill and spectral mists. In the unnatural extremes of this forsaken waste no man may live; yet, men are there.

The atmosphere is parching, the ground is poisonous, grassless and sterile. Over rocks, venomous reptiles lazily creep and loll in the glare of the sun. The rattlesnake will doze in peace upon the crust of alkali or on superheated walls of stone. The Gila monster bathes in the heat waves as they kindle upwards from the rocks, and in the chill of the evening, the mountain rats venture safely from their homes in the crags and sport over a world that is entirely their own. Far above the things that crawl and gnaw; above the endless piles of sand; above the treacherous box-canyons; above these piles of mountains sheering off into hell; above the mirage and the saline pools of stagnant water, the crows, overhead and coming from nowhere in particular, keep faithful vigil. They watch men die, then caw and bring from the uncharted void scores of associates with lusty claws to hold high carnival around the carcass.

The atmosphere is clear; so clear that the wise measure distances—but not with the eye. Sometimes, not one black speck can be seen overhead, but always the sagest of undertakers are there in fit array for their ghastly profession.

Not half way up the Death Valley Slope, three travelers, followed by twice as many laden burros, were headed for Greenwater. The certainty with which they pursued their pathless course proclaimed a knowledge of the illimitable of the solitudes. The caravan toiled up a steep incline, sheering off into a perpendicular box-canyon below and rounded into a cruel coppery sky not far above. Although their course led at times over dangerous sheets of sliding shale, or wound through huge boulders barely balanced upon the steep mountain side, the file, in its snake-like silence, seemed all unconscious of the dangers of the country.

Those in the prospecting party were dressed alike, khaki trousers, high steel-shod boots, and soft felt hats. He in the van wore a bright red shirt, being younger was as yet, in complexion, not burned quite as black as his companions. The latter were of no particular complexion; the desert had claimed them as its own. They were of the paleness of the alkali dust, of the rugged red of the rocks and of the unyielding tint of the crags—a desert bleach!

"Here's the ledge leadin' to the old Yonk prospect, an' if Madison uses his old cache, here's where we take water." And the leader turned to his companions.

The party came to a standstill, and the two in the rear looked in silence at the ledge in question. The speaker stepped from the open into an alcove between two boulders, and explored the sandy surface of the ground with his boot, presently discovering what was apparently the corner of a five gallon kerosene can. In two minutes it was unearthed, and the three seated themselves, hats over their eyes, in silence, around the uncovered treasure.

"Well," began the second of the party, in a voice so husky as to be scarcely more than a whisper. Not that he had dropped

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his voice, for a foggy whisper was its richest tone. Whiskey and the desert sands had robbed him of any other. "Do we need it bad enough?"

"We need it worse 'n Madison does, right now, an' if he finds it's gone—well, we've got to look after ourselves, any way you look at it."

"What's the difference," spoke up he of the red shirt in a pleasant voice. "We will just leave a note saying that we needed it. Or—I have it—why not buy the whole five gallons and leave the money in its place?"

The leader's small gray eyes wandered up the red shirt in an amused pucker, until finally they found those of its possessor, and then the equanimity of the dreary landscape was actually disturbed to the extent of a chuckle.

"Probably, most probably," said he, becoming abruptly serious, "you never robbed a cache before, sonny. You ken shoot as many of yer kind as ye please and still be a great gentleman. But there's just one thing in Death Valley as is more dangerous than the side-winder's sting; and that's this here thing what we're doing—robbin' a cache. So I reckon the fewer love letters we leave behind the better. And what's more, if we could buy water, we wouldn't be stealin' it. Is it take it or leave it? Sonny, sence we picked you up at the Furnace Creek Ranch, yesterday, you have guzzled more of this here water than I could drink in a week. That's why we're shy. I hain't said nothing, and' I don't care about gettin' your imagination riled up; I might say that if you wus to go without water for three hours, you bein' green, might cause considerable trouble."

The man in the red shirt was gazing into Death Valley—a new sensation, something unfelt before. The heat waves rose from that place to the extent of obscuring the Panamint Mountains far away to the south, on the other side. His gaze turned to the browns, yellows and bright reds of the Funeral Mountains; smears of blood to him. The entire distant range was spectral in its apparent nearness; no green, nothing but bright color and waste; and he winced.

The words of advice produced the desired effect, and a quart of the water was left in the cache for Madison, did he ever turn up at that place again.

As the sun neared the horizon, still glaring death at the travelers, the little procession was crossing the roughest portion of the Death Valley Slope. Box-canyons open up on the right with hundreds of feet of solid rock towering straight up. The mouth of each canyon is reached only to discover a perpendicular drop-off into the head of another.

The young man in the rear had, a dozen times, observed landmarks ahead and had discovered each time, with failing heart, an utterly strange landscape in his rear. A crow was following the last burro, and, when the train stopped, it stopped and perched upon a rock and throated out a dismal "caw." Presently, the one crow had grown into two. And again they croaked their call.

During the afternoon the old prospectors in the lead had moistened their lips but twice. The red-shirted man had sated his insane thirst. His companions had warned him with voice and significant glance, but his thirst had steadily increased, and one-half an hour ago the last drop in the canteen had moistened his swelling tongue and fired his brain. He grew angry at the crows—three now.

The leader stopped to tighten a cinch. The red shirted man sat on a rock until it burned into him, and then came to his feet with a jump, and turned upon the three crows—now there were six—six black demons had crystallized out of the clear and were looking at him.

"You damned carrion devils, take that." He hurled a rock at them. They fluttered around in small circles, cawed and croaked, and settled down again twenty feet from him, and looked upon him with patiently wise beady black eyes.

"I wouldn't get excited," observed the leader, exchanging a meaning look with his partner; "they're some playful, but they don't mean nothing."

"Do you know where we are?" asked the excited man in a low voice, at the same time pulling his hat over his eyes.

"I reckon we're nowhere in particular, but in general about seven miles west of Greenwater in a straight line, or twenty-five miles the way men go; we're also about thirty-five miles from Johnny's Sid-

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ing, and this here repartee ain't a-goin' to bring us any nearer where we're goin'."

For five minutes nothing was heard except the crunch of gravel and the occasional caw of a crow. For some minutes past the man trailing after the rear burro was uncertain in his gait; occasionally he stumbled, then his face flushed and paled by turns. His tongue was swollen. His head rolled loosely on his neck and his knees seemed not quite able to carry his weight. He stopped, reeled and slid on a flat rock to a sitting posture and gazed wildly about.

"My God! I'm finished! I'm done!"

He buried his head between his knees and abrupt dry sobs, one after another racked his frame.

The leader turned, eyed the figure philosophically and lit his pipe for the twentieth time within the last ten minutes. He was in no wise astonished at this sudden break-down. He had been expecting something of the kind long ere this.

"It's all right, sonny," as he picked up the sobbing man's hat and squashed it roughly down on his head, "you'll live to laugh at this damned hole. Just kind of let your mind wander over 'pertier' spots than this and we'll mosey along."

His partner prospector was leaning against a rock, chewing his mustache and was seemingly unconscious of the little scene in the rear. He tacitly consented to leave the case entirely in the hands of the leader; he yawned, swore and kicked at the lead burro which evidently now thought it time to lie down.

"This galoot," said the leader, addressing his partner, "has got a bad case of 'dyspepsy,' and says he's goin' to stick right here." Then turning to the young man: "It's all right, sonny; we ain't goin' to leave ye." His words were as near to a coo as a sourdough could assume. "Buck up there, and we'll perambulate up this here gulch an' see if we can find a water tank, an' see how you'll feel by this time."

News of water in the near vicinity revived the thirsting man sufficiently to nerve him to another attempt, and the company turned into a box-canyon. The sides were of a grayish limestone and perpendicular; towering hundreds of feet overhead. The canyon bottom was between twenty and twenty-five feet wide and smooth as a floor; polished and barren of sand or rocks of any size. In these canyons, in the rainy season the torrents created by the sudden storms sweep all before them. Deep down in this sepulchre there was but one outlet. The rays of the sun reach the lower levels, but a few moments each day, and the crevices act as natural water tanks. The water, however, after a few days standing, as in all desert pools, becomes stagnant, turns greenish-red, and from the pools come the smells of putrifaction and exhalations of deadly miasmas.

It was before such a puddle that the thirst-stricken man fell on all fours and prepared to gorge. The first taste, however, turned him sick, but at the same time quenched his fear. The shade was a relief from the burning sun. He rolled over by the side of the pool and closed his eyes.

His companions were sitting upon a slight shelf of rock smoking and talking. In the meantime the burros had all but emptied the pool, and as best they could with their heavy packs, had lain down. The air was cooling. The aroma of tobacco smoke and the sight of the poor animals at rest made it almost comfortable. The sun was below the horizon and dusk was gathering about. A mist, peculiar to the desert valley, floated up the canyon.

The tenderfoot propped himself upon his elbows and addressed his fellows:

"Why can't we camp here for the night? I somehow feel safer between two walls, and besides I'm all in, and if you go you must leave me behind."

"We could camp here," answered the leader, "but five minutes after the rain begins, if it should storm to-night, six foot of water will be tearing down this place 'hell bent for election.'"

"The sky is quite clear, not a cloud in sight, and this is not the rainy season. And then, we could make the quarter mile to the mouth of the canyon before the stream could become swift enough to lap us up—if there were any danger of rain, and I do not think there is."

"All right, sonny, you're the boss, but my advice is agin it—strong." Then he brought a burro to its feet with a sharp kick and proceeded to unpack.

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Later the moon rose as large as a barn, far overhead, over the crest of the cliff. It cast its mellow light ever farther and farther down into the deep hole; and the black shadow against the side of the canyon decreased and decreased. And the silence was deep. Was this Death Valley, this cool, soft world of mysterious light and shadow?

And as the moon traveled, it uncovered three figures wrapped in sleep, in their canvas bags, in the bottom of the deep black hole.

A shoe was filled with the soft light, and a robber desert mouse, a soft gray thing, with a long pink tale, was gnawing at one of the straggly laces. The moon rose to its zenith, and the little mouse continued its busy gnawing at the shoe lace. That and the heavy breathing of men and beasts was all that broke the stillness.

Suddenly, far above in the empyrean, a crow croaked its "caw," and the cry echoed up the canyon. The call was repeated, and it became fainter and fainter, and finally it died away altogether, and then the stillness was more oppressive than before, and the mouse worked on and on.

* * * *

The mist from the valley thickened. Like a phantom bat with outstretched wings an ominous black cloud had cut the moon in twain and far across the valley the Panamint Mountains were illumined by sharp flashes of lightning; save for this, the blackness was complete.

Deep, deep down on the floor of the abyss a mouse was knawing at a sleeper's shoe. And its little pink eyes shone as it sported with the lace.

* * * *

The Death Valley storm comes suddenly and rages fiercely; a drop of rain, then a deluge. Then the glaring, inexorable, bright sunshine, a procession of days, unchanging days.

A wild flash of lightning—around—everywhere, then a terrific crash of thunder, bounding and rebounding from wall to wall, from chasm to chasm. Another flash and yet another, followed by the roar and tumult of a thousand echoes. As if all the artillery from time immemorial were wildly charging down—down into the nowhere. A slight sprinkling and then sheets of rain.

At the first clap of thunder the three sleepers in the deep hole awoke and lived years in the instant before they could jump to their feet. There was a succession of blinding flashes and a mad rush for the mouth of the canyon; men, burros, water, everything, rushing for the mouth of the canyon, spurred on by the tremendous thunder claps and awe-inspiring flashes of liquidly blue and white lightning.

Then a little stream picked up a shoe, and, as it floated it, bobbed it up and down.

The red-shirted man forgot his thirst in the wild melee, and the fatherly leader his dignity. Now and then, the lightning guided their footsteps, and when that failed, the towering walls did in rude reminder. The stream gathered volume and speed.

The young man lost his footing and was dashed into a crevice. He made a weak, desperate effort to climb upward. The ends of his fingers were cut and bleeding. He slipped back into the clutch of the flood, then, in mere desperation, clutched at the blackness. His hand came in contact with a ledge. The current pulled him downward, but he held on, in frantic strength, and drew himself up on a narrow shelf, only wide enough for a portion of his body to hang there, and there he clung.

The water rose and dashed along its crooked course, carrying with it rocks and sand, churning up the waters and denuding and polishing the floor of the box-canyon.

* * * *

The moon shone upon the Panamint Mountains across the valley and cast a long shadow into this deep quiet hole.

Outside the mouth of the canyon the recent flood had lodged a steel-shod shoe, upright, upon a rock—it was just balancing—and a cool breeze caressed the mouse-bitten lace. A black crow sat by, wisely watching the shoe, and cawed.

CHAPTER II.

What Happened at the Greenwater Club.

From the Amargosa Siding to Greenwater the distance is fifty-four miles,

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more or less, desert miles, long, tedious miles, and the journey can be made in four hours by a motor car, which makes one round trip every third day; carries the United States mail and passengers, those who are rich enough. The course lays over an undulating country, barren of green and vegetation, save for sage brush and the vagabond clusters of mesquite. The brave Damascus mesquite.

The bulky machine, with its occupants, three in number, Scotty, the driver, and a male passenger on the front seat, and a young lady on the rear seat, was puffing up a hill, the last before its destination would be reached, when, with a malignant and triumphant crack, the iron monster came to a dead stop. Scotty closed the clutch with a deft kick, slowly drew off his greasy gloves, and lumbered out.

No one seemed inclined to begin the conversation, which had, five minutes after starting, languished into weather observations, and finally waned into mining gossip between Scotty and his seat mate.

Lucinda Kingsley was raised in Portland, Maine. There her parents had made their home, and her grandparents their home, and for aught I know, their forbears. This was her maiden trip. The country was very strange. The people were very strange; they were not New Englanders.

In stature she was somewhat below medium height. She was not plump nor was she thin, and she was quite graceful. Her hair, which she wore close to the head and plated, was of a peculiar sand shade. A ruddy glow of health shone in her skin, and her blue-gray eyes told of a good-conditioned spirit.

At the age of eighteen, this very summer, she had completed a course in pedagogy at the State University. Whether or not she must teach depended upon the outcome of the present venture.

Lucinda was on her way to Greenwater, where, with her brother, she intended looking after their joint interests; a legacy from her recently deceased father. There were in all six borax claims on the Death Valley Slope; patented ground, of which even her late father, the owner, had known very little. The brother, Edmond, had left her at the Furnace Creek ranch, that he might come into Greenwater through Death Valley, and thereby gain at least a novel experience, look over an outlying property, and, in the course of a week, rejoin his sister at Greenwater.

The young lady on this occasion was fortified behind a gray veil, and, despite the embarrassment of her brawny companions, was evidently master of the situation. Her eyes were very soft and clear, and when she turned them casually upon Scotty, that desert rat would hide his timidity behind an absorbing interest in newly discovered features in the landscape, or, ignoring a simple question, divert actual contact, by preoccupation with the wheel—expectorating upon it. He was a good shot, and during such feats was divinely unconscious of the disgusted looks leveled at him by his seat-mate.

Scotty was a recognized master with the cards. His renown had traveled even so far as Willow Creek, eight miles distant from Greenwater, but his experience with women was limited to a peculiar class of females, the kind that follow up new strikes. Consequently, when his refined charge asked him how long a time might be taken for repairs, and expression akin to mortification spread over his face, as he mumbled a gruff reply about "until the cussed thing could be fixed," which caused a flush of annoyance and silence.

The third individual in the party had evidently pondered and come to the conclusion that it was time he interfered, for he turned and addressed the rebuffed:

"Beg pardon, Miss, there's no occasion for worry. If we can't patch up the machine in half an hour or so, an hour's walk will bring us in."

The bright eyes, still reflecting a suggestion of the seeming rebuke, after a little harmless duel, found the blue ones of the speaker, and he also began to wish that he had had more practice in that particular line. He felt that he must appear at his ease. He shook the dust from the blue bandana around his neck, buttoned his coat, which at this moment he became conscious was checkered with grease spots.

In the mean time he developed an interest in Scotty—who was somewhere under the machine.

"What's up? The hell you say—broke——" Then he caught himself and turned to the girl with a sinking heart:

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"I was—that is—er—the fact is, the band's broken and can't be mended for hours,"—then growing a little weaker as the blue eyes questioned him, "but I'll see that you get to Greenwater, all right." —which generous appeal produced a tragic effect. She replied in a frozen little voice:

"But I can't go upon this terrible desert with you—alone." Then, after a pause, and in a more friendly tone:

"We might get lost. Oh, and the snakes!"

This man was a very simple one. It had never occurred to him that people existed in the world who would not take him on trust in a matter of this kind. The inference withered his crest, somewhat. True, he had penetrated her attempt at softening it over, albeit he was very much injured. He removed his hat, and would have bowed, had he known just how it was done.

"As you please, Miss,"—then, as if excusing his proffered guardianship—"but being the sheriff of this dump—that is—this place, I thought it was my duty." He climbed back into the machine with burning face; became conscious of the red, and grew redder, as he felt the girl's eyes felling into his back.

What did she think? Who knows? Howbeit, whatever her thought did not relieve the big man in the front seat, who was attempting to assume a disinterested attitude. Scotty was still under the machine.

A half hour passed. The man on the front seat seemed interested in twisting out of shape the stem of his pipe when he heard a very small voice in the rear seat:

"I'm so awfully hungry. Is the hotel very far?"

The man melted—then vaporized. By degrees the word hotel sung in and he became horrified. Was it possible?

"Oh, about an hour's walk," he answered and still twisted his pipe.

Presently:

"If it would not be too much trouble, I would be much obliged to you if you would show me the way. It is almost sundown."

"Why, it's no trouble, and I was going anyway; but if you don't think it's safe" —in a comfortable voice, lighting his pipe and settling down in the cushion with an air of complete unconcern.

"Yes, but I wish to go now," emphatically.

As he climbed out of the machine and opened the side door.

"Your things will follow soon. Scotty, we're going to hoof it."

The two started up the road. He looked straight ahead and taking giant strides quite out of the capacity of his companion who trailed, on a dog trot, a few feet behind.

"But, please, I can't walk so fast," she exclaimed, laughingly.

"Pardon me, I am an Indian." Which remark, strange to say, put him at his ease.

* * * *

Greenwater lay in a slight dip on the west slope of the Funeral Range. A nest of tents, as if the Almighty had touched the desert with a gob of something human. As it was far removed from the world without, nestling among naked heaps of sand, it incarnated such civilization as the desert boasts. For it was, in itself, a commonwealth. It was self-centered; the metropolis of an uninhabited wilderness. The month was August, but the mountains were bleak November; they are always so.

Lucinda Kingsley, who had reached the crest of the hill, with a panorama of the Funeral Range as a background and the tent city immediately below, did not contemplate the vista philosophically. The scene aroused within herself numerous vague speculations and lugubrious fears as to just what might happen to her in that homeless outland.

"But I thought there was a hotel there!" This remark was accompanied by a glance of apprehension.

"Yes, there is, but you can't see it. It's behind Lange's Saloon."

Shamefacedly he made the remark, as if he were to blame for its location.

She stopped in the middle of the road and bluntly questioned:

"Are there no women there?"

Her guide, so permeated with general information, was for the moment confused at this natural inquiry. His feelings prompted him where his knowledge of what she might know of a mining camp became dubious.

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As he replied, he thoroughly wished that there had been more and a different sort of woman there:

"No; oh, no—that is, yes, but you shan't see them. The fact is, they don't like to be seen. Of course, they don't care—if the people of the camp sees them—but you won't be likely to run across them."

"And, are there no families there?" In open-eyed wonder, as she took in the camp incredulously.

"No families; just the reprobate patriarchs. But don't be alarmed," he continued, as he observed that frightened rabbit look creep into her eyes, "being sheriff I'm half-expected to look after strangers, and I'll see that you get 'tended to."

She asked him everything about Greenwater. What the men did and what the sheriff did, and what she would do.

"You see, Uncle Sam hasn't got his hands on us yet. It was more like this: the Vigilantes, made up of tent merchants, saloon keepers and gamblers, they being the only permanent residents, concluded, after a general smash-up one night six months ago, that they really ought to have a sheriff, just for the looks of the thing. A meeting was called. Up jumps Slim, and proposes me, for, says he, he couldn't hit a barn door at three steps, and being gentle-like, therefore safe, and got no bonanza in sight, and would sort of look professional-like loitering around, him being one as we can back, let's back him, and the meeting adjourned to Tex's Place to further bind the compact. Which friendly pledging wound up with Slim whacking a Mexican over the head with a whisky bottle, and a hurried exodus of all peace-loving creatures for the clear."

"Did you place him in prison?"

"Who?"

"Slim."

"No, not exactly; he was a nuisance to the camp, so I told him to get out—the Mexican, of course—gave him a floater, and he floated."

The pair by this time had reached the first straggling tents. The evening was falling, and they walked in silence. This was the suburban district, one-half mile from the town, and was in complete silence, save for the occasional bark of a dog or the bray of a burro.

Although there were some four-hundred rough men in Greenwater at this time, it could boast of but one street. Camps of this sort require but one street, and that is for whisky traffic. This particular thoroughfare was known as the "Rag Dump."

This evening, life had just begun to bestir itself. Gasoline lamps began to flare along the road, in front of saloons and gambling establishments, or, as is the rule, both combined. Phonographs and music boxes of neighboring resorts vied with one another in the greatest confusion. Gaming tables, in front of the resorts, gradually filled with men who were not young. They were ugly, bewhiskered and browned, save the bartenders and professional gamblers, who were in their own world and at their ease; clean shaven, untouched by the desert and the sun.

The Greenwater Club, the most popular saloon of the alkali metropolis, was the property of Death Valley Slim (Hector Meesham, was the name his father gave him), a half-breed Cherokee Indian, known locally as the man who spent four thousand dollars in one night for drinks in Rhyolite. He was a long mustachioed, black-haired Indian, and was at this moment stretching his neck far over the bar, as if convincing the pale-faced bartender of his imbecility.

Slim was coatless, hatless, and had always worn a dirty green shirt, corduroys and high steel-shod boots. This evening he was unshaven. His thin, snake-like mustache, drooped almost straight down over his chin. Beneath the shaggy eyebrows, wild eyes of jet wandered restlessly around, and at intervals the brown, bony fingers ran nervously through the disheveled mop of long black hair.

Slim knew all of Death Valley, but no man knew Slim. Scotty, of the motor, was his acolyte, and that same worthy, every autumn, set out with five burros for —no one knows where, on Slim's business.

In front of the Greenwater Club, on a camp stool, and before a bottle of rye, Gypsy Ryan smoked. This was the man who had walked from Amargosa to Silver Peak on one canteen of water. And that's real fame.

In a far corner of the tent, Bill Reyes, a half-breed Mexican, dozed. He wore

high-heeled boots of red leather, and he wore his guns in sight.

Across the road from this tent saloon, five cayuses were tethered to a post. Near the top of this post the following notice was posted:

MAN LOST!

Name unknown. Left Furnace Creek Ranch with about two quarts of water, two sandwiches in pocket, for Death Valley. Dressed in khaki suit, red shirt and soft felt hat. Height about five feet ten inches, dark complexion; weight one hundred and sixty-five or seventy. On person had one hundred and seventy-five dollars in gold and greenbacks. Finder can keep money if he will bury him and report. Signed, Madison, Sheriff.

Such notices were posted frequently, but rarely read. They were commonplace.

The sheriff and his charge came up the dusty road. Silence followed after them. Beelzebub was before them. Lange's Saloon was taken completely by surprise. The cards, good hands, became mixed with the dross. The phonograph was hushed. Drinks were left untouched upon the bar. Every one peered into the road at "the neat little lady." Then everybody looked at everybody else. Something was decidedly wrong in Greenwater. Somebody whispered:

"Good hell—it's Madison."

The tension was broken, and all rushed for the bar. Such a surprise is hard upon the system. Greenwater was evidently becoming respectable.

The pair in the road caused the same convulsion at Tex's place, and at the half dozen other establishments along the road. The camp had sustained a severe shock. It could be felt in the atmosphere.

The Greenwater Club was Madison's native saloon. It was the stronghold of his clan. It supported and defended him; he was its darling. They were cheaters, drunkards and dead-shots. He was none of these. He was a freak and was beloved.

Madison was afraid of this journey up town; he was particularly afraid that something might happen at the Greenwater Club.

Such a thing had never befallen Greenwater. Anything terrible might take place.

Madison lied in a colossal fashion. A young lady's fears must be allayed.

"Oh, no; these places were not so bad as they looked; they were playing peaknuckle. Yes, very harmless sort of men, these."

The two in the road approached the Greenwater Club. It was the last obstruction in the rapids. Still, smooth water was beyond, could they reach it.

Madison fixed his eyes to the front that his friends might feel the least possible encouragement.

Slim was leaning against the door frame spitting bulky gobs of tobacco juice into the road and exchanging monosyllables with Gypsy Ryan, who, between his musings, was carving the table with his jackknife.

Slim's attention was drawn to the road.

"Mother of God, what's coming?" he ejaculated as he straightened up and tugged at his skinny mustache. He was staggered. He reached for his gun; then, as the girl's frightened eyes took him in, pretended to tighten his belt—hedged, shuffled a bit, then settled down with open mouth into complete stupefaction. Death Valley Slim, who could hit a sparrow in the retina of the eye at four miles—Slim, who at dead of night, and dead drunk, had wildly run from Willow Creek to Greenwater, facing death at every step—was stupefied—down and out. His untamed spirit, his pride, was low.

Gypsy Ryan fared no better. He opened his mouth for a yell, but no sound came forth. Gypsy, who held untold records to his credit, was speechless—dumbfounded.

The smooth water was very near when the Mexican blood asserted itself. Ryan yelled:

"Hello, come in and drink to the health of your prisoner—ha! ha!"

"You infernal, damned idiot," whispered Slim.

"Bill Reyes, you shut up," retorted Madison as he turned to the saloon and flushed. "Perhaps you don't know any better. I am not alone."

Their fears confirmed—a lady. This strained atmosphere, however, did not last long. It broke—all to pieces.

As Madison turned to face his friends.

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the girl drew to the other side of the road, and in assuming indifference, her eyes wandered to the tie-post.

"Man Lost!" She ran to the notice, unconscious of the fretting horses. "Red Shirt!"—then with a low moan, sank down in the dust, in the road, by the Greenwater Club.

For one tense moment, the roughs stood transfixed, paralyzed, then they made a mad stampede for the white figure in the dust.

The melee surged around, close, for the first sight; then retreated to a safe distance and formed a circle.

Nobody spoke. Slim's jet eyes bulged. He stared upon the girl, then stared at Madison. Madison stared at the limp bundle of skirts, then looked at Slim. Slim was the first to recover speech:

"Sunstroke! Who is she? Hell, she can't lay here. Here—you—Madison, find yourself—get a hold."

(*End of First Part.*)

OUT OF THE WEST

BY MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW

Carol me, carol me out of the West
Songs of the promise and songs of the quest,
Songs of the journey and songs of the fight,
Carol me, carol me, songs of delight!

Sing me the pride of the prairie and hill,
Mighty spring freshets and salt waters still,
Primeval canyons, and deserts unclaimed,
Snow-powdered pinnacles, rivers unnamed.

Sing me the bodies of women and men
Forged for their labor as fitly as when
Primitive heroes, on vast primal plains,
Triumphed in battle and boasted their gains.

Sing me the songs of the mind of the race
Eager and buoyant and proud to keep pace
With the hurrying age and the swift-flying need,
Sciences new and new wonders to breed.

Sing me the comrades, the equal and free,
Yoke fellows noble and destined to be
Mighty forefathers and mothers of peace
Ruling together. God speed their increase!

Waves of the ocean of wonders, rejoice!
Breeze of the prairie, with magical voice,
Carol me, carol me out of the West,
Songs of the promise, and songs of the quest!

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THE LURE AND THE LOSS

BY FRED A. HUNT

THE INTENSE ambition of the present age is the acquisition of wealth, in larger or smaller amounts, according to the cupidity or fiduciary propensity of the aspirant. One such effort is narrated in the epilogue of the succeeding story, a story that takes its niche in the columbarium of other futile and abortive quests for hidden or lost wealth; ranging from the attempted discovery of millions secluded by the antique buccaneers to the participation in an Anneke Jans estate.

In 1883, two Americans, P. R. Williams and John Kerr, under the firm name of Williams & Kerr, were engaged in the private banking business on Rio de Santa Maria, Santiago de Cuba. As is customary among the Latin nations, many Cubans deposited valuables and money without the customary banking transaction, and for such depositors Williams & Kerr became custodians to a large amount. Whether the seething unrest preceding the Cuban revolution caused the firm to apprehend the looting of the bank (whose business had grown to large dimensions and become very prosperous), or whether they deemed the time felicitous to loot it themselves, is unknown; but the latter course was decided on, and they concealed a quantity of valuables and money and decamped with the remainder. Possibly their avarice was irresistibly provoked, and they deemed that its gratification would be lost sight of, or forgotten, or condoned, in the turbulent maelstrom of blood and cruelty characterizing the Revolution. In the flight, Williams was captured and shot to death; Kerr and his wife, after many exciting and dangerous adventures, escaping to Buenos Ayres, all interest in them lapsing in Cuba, as they were presumed to have been drowned. The fugitives were unaware of this, however, and for a couple of years led a nomadic and fearful life; tremulous of recognition, apprehension and extradition, and during which Mrs. Kerr, through nervous fear and the restless journeying, became seriously ill. That she might rest and recuperate, Kerr gave her $50,000, and she went to California, ultimately, in 1886, settling in Oakland, where, for some time, she received letters regularly from her husband in Buenos Ayres. This communication suddenly ceased, and again Mrs. Kerr became seriously ill, remaining in that state for some time; when, to the astonishment of her physicians and friends, she rallied, recuperated and announced that she was going to Santiago de Cuba. She made all the needful preparations for her journey, but on the eve of departure was again taken sick, and for many weeks was attended by Mrs. A. M. Smith, a trained nurse, who became both a careful and effective ministrant and a devoted and affectionate companion. After a long period of sickness, Mrs. Kerr realized that the wings of the Angel of Death were wafting her breath from her, and the need for settling her affairs in order imminent. She called Mrs. Smith to her bedside, thanked her for her care and solicitude, and said: "You have been a true and precious friend to me during these last days, and I want to try and show my gratitude to you, for I never can adequately recompense you for your kindness to me. In attending to my toilette, you may have noticed that I always carry about me a little leather bag; that bag contains a valuable secret, and that bag and its contents I now give to you, with a trust attached to the gift. You take the bag and open it, and I will explain the meaning of the paper you will find therein."

Mrs. Smith did as directed, and, on undoing the string, found a piece of discolored paper, which she placed in Mrs. Kerr's nervous and wasted hands. Un-

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folding it gingerly, the latter said: "This is a chart indicating where a million dollars in Spanish gold and a million in Spanish currency are concealed under the floor of a room in a certain house in Santiago; and which was hidden there by my husband that it might not be seized by predatory revolutionists. The people there said that he was a thief; they killed his partner, and they would have also killed him, but by the aid of friends and the liberal use of money we escaped to Buenos Ayres. There I became very sick, and my dear husband sent me to California with $50,000, and confided to me this secret of the hiding place of the money, as he realized that he could never return there and unearth it. It was our intention that he should rejoin me here, after which I should go to Santiago and recover the fortune. But, after a time I ceased to hear from him, and now I shall never be able to fulfil his and my desire to get the money. Therefore, I want you to do so, and, if you get the funds, use a large part of them to build and maintain an Old Ladies' Home in Oakland, as a testimony of my earnest appreciation of the great kindness I have received from so many of the good people here."

Mrs. Smith promised to faithfully execute the terms of Mrs. Kerr's bequest, and then the latter explained the cryptogram, which designated a building on Santa Maria street, opposite the old Catholic cathedral, as the mausoleum of the fortune. This building, the Senor de la Rue, an old friend of the Kerr's, had written them fifteen years previously, was called the Hotel Alba. In that building the firm of Williams & Kerr had had its office, and of the suite one was Kerr's private office. This room was one of the largest in the house, was on the ground floor, and could readily be identified because in one corner there was a large block of stone forming a part of the adobe floor. This stone would be found to have chiselled on its nether side a rough similitude of a cross, and at the extremity of one of the arms would be found a small projection of wax, inside of which would be found a valuable ruby ring that before that had been for one hundred and fifty years as an heirloom in Mr. Kerr's antecedents. Directly under the cross and Aladdin's ring, buried beneath some seven feet of debris, in an excavation made from the solid rock, would be discovered two large iron chests, and one wooden one, which contained the money and many very valuable documents. "Those papers must be burned to the very last shred," shouted the now frenzied woman, and the dazed and fascinated nurse also promised strict compliance with this injunction.

Thus the secret came into the cognizance of Mrs. Smith, and under the proviso that she must be its sole custodian, until such time as it seemed feasible that the measures should be taken to exhume the treasure from its sarcophagus. Shortly after the peculiar and important interview, Mrs. Kerr realized the validity of the quatrain of Omar Khayyam:

"'Tis but a tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultan to the realm of death addresst;
The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrash
Strikes and prepares it for another guest."

The Ferrash struck Mrs. Kerr in 1904.

But Mrs. Smith was financially unable to prosecute the quest for the treasure-trove, and therefore possessed her soul and her secret in patience until a favorable



The rock marked by a cross.

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opportunity would present itself for liquidating the expense necessary for the making of the journey and investigation. No such juncture arrived until 1908, when she disclosed the secret to her stepson, A. J. Inger, that he might impart its general tenor to Mr. John H. Young, who was connected with the Southern Pacific Railway. Mr. Young was impressed with the story and the probabilities of the enterprise, and asked Mrs. Smith if he could bring Adolph Ottinger—a man of means, energy and enterprise, and formerly a well-known ticket-broker of San Francisco—to her that he might hear the story and judge whether he would finance the enterprise. She finally consented and related to Mr. Ottinger the details of the matter, after which he agreed to provide the means for the journey and any other finances requisite for the disclosure of the treasure, but made it a staunch condition before doing so that he should examine the chart, as well as any other papers that might be in the envelope given by Mrs. Kerr to Mrs. Smith. To this condition Mrs. Smith demurred, but consented to such examination after the expedition had reached Santiago. This and other conditions were agreed upon verbally. Other negotiations were entered upon with the following contractual result:

THIS UNDERSTANDING AND AGREEMENT is entered into by the four following parties: Mrs. A. M. Smith, No. 1; A. J. Inger, No. 2; J. H. Young, No. 3, and A. Ottinger, No. 4. These four parties agree to go together to a certain city in Cuba for the purpose of procuring a sum of money, gold bars or other valuables, hidden or buried under a certain building in said city. The exact amount of, or the value of, this treasure is not known by any of the parties. The drawings, plans or other information as to the exact location of said valuables are now in possession of Mrs. Smith, who agrees that upon the arrival of the four parties at this city in Cuba, she will at once acquaint the other three parties mentioned above with all the details as to the location of the building and the exact location of the treasure in the building.

Upon arriving at this city, it is agreed that the four parties shall all work together in good faith, each knowing all the facts and details. All shall enter the building together, and all shall be present when any investigation is made. It is further agreed that all papers as to renting, buying or leasing this building shall be made out in favor of J. H. Young, who agrees that he will not enter the said premises, or attempt to start any investigation whatsoever unless all of the four parties are present.

J. H. Young further agrees that after a thorough investigation has been made, not to exceed twenty days after possession has been taken of said building, that he will turn over the title to said property to Mr. Ottinger, who advanced the money to buy same. Upon getting possession of the entire amount of money, gold or other valuables, it is understood that the entire amount shall be brought to the United States before any division is made, unless agreed upon otherwise by a majority of the four.

Mr. Ottinger, for his trouble and for advancing certain sums of money as described below, shall receive for his share the sum of $250,000—this amount to be the very first sum taken from the whole amount at the time of the division. If it should develop that the entire amount and value of the treasury is less than $250,000 it is clearly understood that Mr. Ottinger shall have the full amount of the entire treasure, and neither of the other three parties are to have any claim whatsoever, unless the value is more than $250,000.

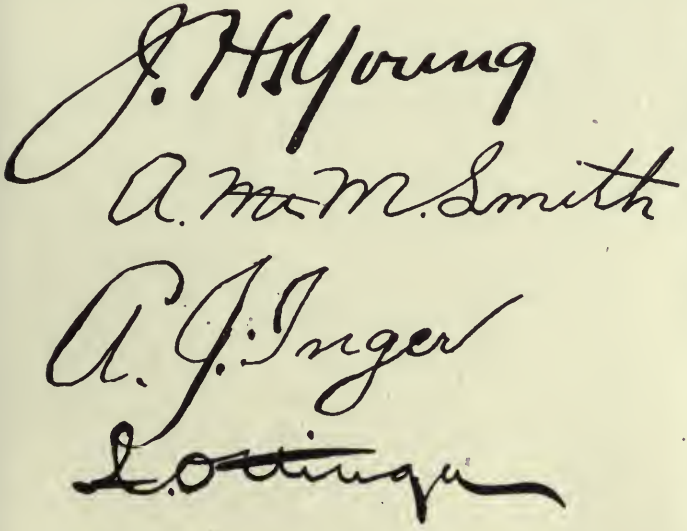
Mr. A. Ottinger agrees that he will pay the following expenses, provided the agreement is fulfilled by the parties mentioned, not to exceed $478, which includes all railroad fare, steamship transportation and living expenses; for example, thirty-day trip, $2 per day a person; three persons, $180; two round-trip tickets, San Francisco to New Orleans, $135; sleepers, San Francisco to New Orleans and return, $23; two round-trip steamship tickets New Orleans to Cuba, $90; money advanced Mrs. Smith, $50.

The above estimate does not include the amount that will be required to get possession of the building, as this amount is unknown at the present time, but A. Ottinger does agree to advance a reasonable amount and use every effort with the

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other three parties in getting possession of the building.

It is further agreed by the parties mentioned in this agreement that Mr. Ottinger will be reimbursed for all outlay of expenses in connection with this proposition in event of success of this particular matter, but in no case will A. Ottinger be held liable in event that the property herein mentioned cannot be secured, or any other conditions which may arise in connection with the circumstances mentioned herein, and A. Ottinger will be held responsible only for the expenses mentioned in this contract, and not beyond, unless he voluntarily renders such services or assistance as he may deem it advisable to do.



The party left San Francisco on Saturday, June 20, 1908, at 4 p. m., on the Sunset Limited for New Orleans, and thence to Havana, Mr. Ottinger carrying with him a pertinent letter of introduction to Mr. Heinrich Runken, of the banking firm of Upham & Co., of Havana, from the prominent financier, Mr. William H. Crocker, of the Crocker-Woolworth National Bank. Mr. Nate Franklin, an intimate friend of Mr. Ottinger, accompanied them for the pleasure and excitement of the trip. On arrival at Havana, Mr. Ottinger procured from Mr. Runken a letter to Mr. Rudolph Shuman, the Consul-General at Santiago, whither the party arrived on Monday, June 29th. There Mrs. Smith exhibited to Mr. Ottinger the chart, showing the place where the treasure was hidden.

So, consider the exultation and impatience of the hunters, their quarry so close to their eager hands and unreasonable wealth only waiting to be dug up, that would insure them amplitude of comfort and luxury for the remainder of their lives. How they realized the triumphant jubilation of Monte Cristo on his escape from the Chateau d'If and his anticipated acquisition of dominaton over all adversity and trivial obstacles when he held in his grasp the key to pronounced success. But it was particularly needful to proceed circumspectly. Mrs. Smith and Messrs. Young and Inger put up at the Palace Hotel, while Messrs. Ottinger and Franklin sought the hospitality of the Venice Hotel. Each of the men was then allotted a specific part of the work to be done: Mr. Ottinger ascertaining all the data about the firm of Williams & Kerr, and its tragic dissolution fifteen years previously; that the firm had had offices, comprising one or two rooms on the ground floor in the office building rechristened the Hotel Alba, and that the Senor de la Rue, who had written to Mrs. Kerr in Oakland had died about a year before.

During this research, Mr. Young had visited the Alba and had casually inquired of Boniface Margo Silhoma whether he could obtain some rooms in his hotel for the purpose of storing goods. Senor Silhoma replied "manana," in the procrastinating Spanish way, and as a very unsatisfactory definition of the time when any such arrangement might be made. Mr. Young, however, gained permission to look around and see whether some of the rooms were suitable for his ostensible purpose. He found that a large corridor of the hotel opened into the street, and on one side thereof, also abutting on the street, was a saloon, immediately to the rear of which was a room, numbered 6, filled with old plunder. In

the rear of room 6 was another numbered 7, and the door being open, Young entered it and looked around. His heart almost ceased its function, and his breath came hard and fast as he saw in one corner a large block of stone set in the earthen floor. Assuming an imperturbability he was far from feeling, he entered the saloon, partook of a draught of villainous aguadiente, had a little conversation with the Ganymede, whereby he acquired a little valid data and walked out. He immediately saw his three associates and informed them that he had found the room designated as the repository in the diagram and identified the stone beneath which was the presumptive cache.

Not a great amount of sleep was indulged in by the entities of the quartette that night. The ensuing morning Ottinger instructed Young to lease the saloon and the two contiguous rooms 6 and 7, if the landlord "didn't want the earth" as his compensation. Young accordingly waited on Senor Silhoma and submitted his proposition, alleging that he desired to transform the leased premises into a first-class American saloon. Senor Silhoma said he would rent them for $37.50 a month, if the owner of the hotel would acquiesce in the arrangement. The proprietor, Senor Silverstina, however, positively declined to allow the sub-letting, and further disappointed Young by stating that the landlord would forfeit his lease if he entered into any such contract. The chagrined Young then waited on Ottinger and asserted that they would have to buy the hotel for $25,000, but this proposition Ottinger refused to accede to until he had seen what lay under the important block of stone. Ultimately, Inger and Young hired rooms in the hotel for themselves, and also obtained room seven as a storeroom for their goods, paying therefor $30 for thirty days' occupancy, and, to make a plausible showing, put several tobacco boxes and whisky barrels in the room; the thrifty Ottinger asserting that they could be advantageously utilized in packing away the concealed gold on its liberation. Thus far all had gone well and the time arrived for the initiatory digging toward their enrichment.

The prospective diggers obtained picks and spades, but forbore their use, as they found that there were a good many residents in the Hotel Alba, and they were nervously apprehensive of any interruption or detection. But, at last, on Friday, July 3d, at the hour of midnight, they entered room 7 with a supply of candles and a diamond drill that promoter Ottinger had purchased for $35. They pried up the ominous block of stone, and found on the under side a roughly chiseled cross, and on one of its arms a protuberance of what was apparently wax. Removing the cerement, Mr. Ottinger disclosed a magnificent ruby ring. By this time the candles carried by Young and Inger were wobbling about in their tremulous hands, and grease was indiscriminately scattered about theirs and Ottinger's clothing; the latter



Diagram showing the treasure hunters at work. The figure in the lower channel is that of the man who removed the treasure.

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conceding that he was in such a tensely nervous condition that he could not have held a candle at all. He started to work with the diamond drill, and soon found that it was not encountering rock, but was penetrating earth or debris, thus once more corroborating the allegations of the chart. He shortly thereafter pulled up the drill and found some splinters of wood adhering to its point, whereupon he joyously, but quietly, remarked: "Boys, we've got the fortune now; it's a cinch!"

Their delving had then to be discontinued as daylight was approaching, so they discreetly stole away to resume operations on the night of Independence Day, a time that they fervently hoped would set on their lack of financial independence.

July 4th was fearfully hot, and the searchers were ravenous for the resumption of their hunt, so to try and make the time less apparent in its tardy passing, they visited San Juan Hill and re-peopled it with the contending troops and the impetuous Colonel Roosevelt, although their thoughts continuously reverted from the hill to the hole in the corner of room 7. At last the superheated day and evening drooled away, and at midnight, Young, Inger and Ottinger were, by turns, steadily shoveling out the dirt from the hole, frequently picking up coins scattered through the fragmentary mass. They ultimately reached two iron chests and a wooden chest, or box, all empty and with their lids pried open, and their golden aspirations were lurched to the bitterest disappointment.

In the early gray of the morning, they discerned a ray of light enter the hole, and descried that it came from a tunnel leading to the outside, and that instantly solved the mystery of the empty chests and broken box, and of the waterhaul they had made in lieu of the magnificent plunder they had reasonably anticipated. The coins they had found proved to be gold, and worth $1,243, so that those, with the ruby ring, would more than compensate for the expenses of the trip—so buoyant before the chests were attained, so disappointing afterward.

The ruby ring was given to Mrs. Smith and the $243 divided between the three men, Ottinger receiving in addition the $1,000 as remuneration for the money spent.

The day after the evanescence of the two millions, Mr. Ottinger visited the lot contiguous to the hotel, and found a fence surrounding it, but with a hole in it, through which he entered. He then saw a small bungalow about eight feet from the side of the hotel, and adjacent to the wall of room 7. This bungalow he entered, and there saw the mouth of the tunnel leading from its floor to the former cache of the treasure; the tunnel having been hewn through the solid rock, obviously by the explorer who had distanced the quartette in the attainment of the wealth. So to satisfy his curiosity in the matter, Ottinger asked Consul Shuman to introduce him to one of the oldest residents of Santiago, and he thus made the acquaintance of Senor Laredo. Ottinger asked him who had built a high fence around the vacant lot adjacent to the hotel (into which the sole window of room 7 opened) and was informed that a Spanish priest had come from Buenos Ayres about 1899 or 1900, had bought the lot, fenced it in, and built the little bungalow near the corner on which room No. 7 abutted. Laredo also told him that the padre had bought the former home of the Kerr's (where their only son had died of smallpox but a few days before their flight) situated near the gas-works, which fine gas works Senor Laredo also said had been built by Kerr for the city. He likewise stated that the padre had been very reticent, and had lived a secluded existence; that he ultimately sold the properties for much less than he had paid for them, and disappeared from the Santiago purview, as did very shortly afterward the chagrined quartette.

The reasonable presumption is, that about the time Mrs. Kerr ceased hearing from her husband he was mortally sick, and called in the padre to receive the last consolatory offices of the Roman Catholic Church; that in his last confession, he imparted the secret of the cache to his confessor, who utilized it either for his personal or clerical aggrandizement, and, very naturally and expediently, forebore communicating with any kinsfolk of Kerr. If this surmise be correct, and this narrative is read by the Farther or any

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of his confreres, they will confer a favor on Mrs. Smith and her stepson, Mr. Inger (who are well-known and highly respected residents of Oakland), if he, or they, will make what appears to him, or them, as an equitable division of the wealth that dropped into the theological, in lieu of into the transmigratory legatee's lap.

It is not a reasonable assumption that Mr. Kerr, disguised, retrieved the fortune, as he would have made a critical clean-up and would hardly have gone to all the trouble of building a bungalow and tunneling through the rock to reach a spot so much more easily attained by the method pursued by the heroes of this story.

IN NOVEMBER

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS

Wildly the wind-torn mists at dawn
Break from the barren hill;
And the wind blows bleak and chill,
And scatters the leaves on the lawn.

Deep from the Deep the summons came;
And the white flower by the shore
Tremblingly bent before
The wind's relentless claim.

And "Death! and the year is dead!" we cry.
"Death! and our hearts are dead."
"Nothing is left to be said."
"There is no light in the sky."

"O look, who in sorrow forget the sea!
For the stream can never end
Till its waters meet and blend
With the Deep that hath called for me."

"O hear, for afar on the tide along
Sings the effulgent surge;
And the moan and disconsolate dirge
Of Night is changed to a song."

And over the wind and the waters, clear,
A living voice—"The grave
Is only a darkling wave
Of the Deep that swept me here.

"The grave is only the lillied gate
That opes to a garden fair;
And you on the roadway there
Must still yet a little wait."

Wildly the wind-blown mists uplift,
Wild breaks the barren day;
But over the hills,—away
Toward the sea—there is light in the rift.

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SAN FRANCISCO'S PASSION PLAY

BY WILL SCARLET

TO ANY ONE who does not know San Francisco intimately, the idea of a Passion Play being produced in the metropolis of the Pacific Coast must appear something of an anomaly. The man in Michigan who reads about our graft prosecutions, the Vassar girl whose cousin Tom lived here for six months, and the short-skirted tourist from classic Boston who has participated in a specially conducted Chinatown tour—all these and more of their ilk are very likely to raise their eyebrows, if not decorously to wink, when they read of San Francisco producing a Passion Play. Have they not all heard that San Francisco is the wickedest city in the world? They may not altogether believe it, of course; but at the same time they are prone to hold, with a fair degree of certainty, that San Francisco is not precisely a devotional center.

We who are on the spot, we who were born here and raised here and live here, know better. We know that San Francisco has an unsavory side—how otherwise could Eastern visitors find life here worth while?—but we also know that the typical San Franciscan is not by any means a bad lot. Furthermore, if we have probed a little beneath the surface of things, the fact has been brought home to us that San Francisco abounds with men and women possessed of strong, deep and practical religious convictions. Too long has San Francisco been regarded as a city of restaurants—and other things; it is opportune to emphasize the fact that San Francisco is likewise a city of churches.

In itself the fact might not count for much were we not to bear in mind that churchgoers in San Francisco differ greatly from church-goers elsewhere. There is very little smug religiosity here. We are not over-burdened with men who cheat and steal and lie all week, and then sit in their rented pews on Sunday morning. Men of that class elsewhere go to church; here, they stay at home. Many San Franciscans, it is safe to say, do not know what the inside of a church looks like; but those who do know are consistent worshipers. They are true to the basic principles of revealed religion, and they have the courage of their creeds. As a consequence, San Francisco's churches are well supported, and the men and women who support them are actuated by a genuine religious spirit. This it is that made so signal a success of the Passion Play recently produced under the direction of the Franciscan Fathers.

As originally planned, the Passion Play was to have been a strictly parochial production designed for the edification of the German catholics who attend St. Boniface's Church in Golden Gate avenue. The offering was to be staged in the parish hall —the expenditure of time and money was to be small, and the great world was to know nothing whatever of the occurrence. Nothing more ambitious was in the mind of Father Josaphat Kraus, who planned the production.

But San Francisco thought otherwise. Public sentiment was aroused, and potent influence was brought to bear upon the humble Franciscan, with the result that the sacred drama was presented on a scale of almost unbelievable magnificence and grandeur. San Francisco is now justly entitled to the name of a second Oberammergau—unless, indeed, Oberammergau deserves to be called a second San Francisco.

Twenty-five thousand dollars is a conservative estimate of the cost of the production, a cost which involved acres of scenery, countless yards of expensive costumes and miles of electric wiring. The largest auditorium in the city was chartered for the season of rehearsals and pro-

Gift of Calif. - Digitized by Microsoft ®

ductions, and a stage constructed 234 feet long and 65 feet deep—the largest stage ever used west of Chicago. To further the acoustic properties of the building, a net of finest piano wire was stretched from wall to wall, with results commensurate with the expense and originality of the device.

Rightly to understand the Passion Play we must know something of the man who stands sponsor for it. Father Josaphat Kraus is the direct antithesis of the popular conception of the Franciscan monk. He is not corpulent, nor florid, nor, in the offensive sense, jolly. Father Josaphat is small in stature and slightly built, with a well-shaped head delicately poised above the expansive collar of his brown monastic habit. His face is youthful, almost boyish—the face of a man who, shielded from the sordid things of life, has devoted years to the calm contemplation of eternal truth.

For something like a score of years, Father Josaphat has labored in the work of the Catholic priesthood at St. Boniface's Church. Admirably trained for his life work—he is an accomplished scholar and linguist—Father Josaphat brought to his routine labors a mind capable of converting experience into knowledge. His duties in the confessional, in the hospital, in the asylum, brought him close to human nature. He learned men and the ways of men, their strength and their weakness; and this knowledge brought the conviction that, despite what prosy moralists may say to the contrary, the average man is influenced less by reason than by emotion.

Father Josaphat is a Catholic monk, and the reason why the Catholic monk exists to-day is that he may help his fellow-men to live better, nobler lives. So Father Josaphat sought to do his little share in the great work of uplifting humanity. And there is no suggestion of cant in the expression as it is understood by men like him. He sincerely strived for the betterment of the man in the street—for this he labored and prayed. And then, finding that the man in the street is profoundly influenced by an appeal, rightly made, to his emotional nature, Father Josaphat asked himself this question: "How can I



Photo Terkelson & Henry.

A Group of Pious Women.

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Photo Terkelson & Henry.

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Annie Marron as Martha.

make some mighty appeal to the emotional nature of the man in the street, an appeal that will result in his becoming wiser and better and nobler, an appeal that will bring him nearer to God and make of him more of a man?"

The Passion Play of San Francisco is the answer to that question. Believer and unbeliever agree on this, the Catholic monk devoted to a life of self-immolation and service, and the fool that says in his heart, "There is no God," are here at one —in all the history of the world, Christ—whether considered as man or as Man-God —is the hero transcendent. What is truly heroic tears at the heartstrings, every man of the red corpuscle thrills at the recital of deeds of heroism. It is purely an emotional appeal; but emotion, and not reason, rules the world.

This consideration it was that gave the San Francisco Passion Play birth. To better man, I must appeal to the emotional in man; the emotional nature thrills at the touch of the heroic; the supreme hero is Christ, and the story of his life is the tale of heroism most exalted. Therefore, the Passion Play will touch man's emotion most intimately and will aid him to become truer to himself and his God. Such, substantially, was the way Father Josaphat formulated the motives for what is destined to be remembered by all who know him as the masterwork of his life.

This conception of the scope of the sacred drama is by no means new. The same underlying principle was the inspiration of those canonized playwrights of the Christian Church, Gregory the Roman bishop, and Hroswitha, the German nun, and the basis of the elaborate sacred pageants which, in various forms, flourished for long in Italy, France, Spain, Germany and England. Even to-day it is the inspiration of the decennial passion plays produced at Oberammergau and in the Tyrol. But, in Father Josaphat's case, though the idea was not original, the application of it was both novel and new.

Americans are vastly different from Germans and Tyrolese. And in San Francisco, more even than in self-centered and provincial New York, worldly interests and sophistication are apparent. We are not isolated mountaineers and unassuming peasants. A passion play in a remote German village is one thing; a passion play in a bustling, cosmopolitan American city is quite another. This particular aspect of San Francisco's Passion Play demands emphasis.

In the construction of his sacred drama, Father Josaphat followed, along general lines, the play which has made Oberammergau famous. From the German drama he adopted the unique and impressive device of a triple stage; that is, a central stage flanked by two smaller stages. On the main stage was enacted the life story of Christ; on the stages at right and left scenes were depicted from the Old Testament. The Old Testament scenes were chosen with a view to emphasize the symbolism of the sacred drama and to portray, in a manner at once vivid and convincing, the relation between the types and prophecies of the old dispensation and their fulfillment in the life of the Savior.

In the fourth act of the first division of the production, for instance, while on the main stage was depicted the Last Supper and the betrayal of the Master by Judas for thirty pieces of silver, on the flanking stages were presented the sacrifice of bread and wine made by the Priest of the Most High, Melchisedec, and the bartering of the boy Joseph by his brethren. Similarly, in the scene which, for dramatic intensity and depth of appeal must be regarded as the climax of the production, which culminates with the Savior, stripped and agonized, hanging on the cross, the flanking stage to the left presented a wonderfully impressive tableau of the brazen serpent which Moses held aloft to the Israelites as a symbol of their salvation.

Each production of the Passion Play consumed four evenings. This in itself is an indication of the extensive scale on which the drama was performed. The cast consisted of more than 400 performers, not including a chorus of 200 voices and an orchestra of 40 pieces.

To give, in anything like adequate phrasing, one's impressions of this superb triumph of Christian piety and dramatic art, is totally out of the question. Not even the hardened and facile dramatic critics of the San Francisco dailies were able to record their opinion in a manner approaching coherence. Like all really great appeals to the emotions, the San Francisco

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Photo Terkelson & Henry.

Werner Miller as Apostle.

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Passion Play cannot be described; it must be seen—and lived.

One thing, however, is certain. To anyone who, with an alert mind and an open heart, witnessed that sacred pageant, all merely theatrical presentations must henceforth appear tawdry and hollow. The utter absence of conventional stage tricks, the naturalness and sincerity of the surprisingly well-chosen cast, the simple and dignified appositeness of the scenery; above all, the magnitude and magnificence of the production—these things carried with them such an impressiveness and conviction that, for the time being, at least, even the agnostic most spiritually color-blind must have struck his breast with the centurion at that appalling climax, and like the centurion made that spontaneous confession of faith: "Indeed, this was the Son of God!"

In San Francisco's Passion Play we had, among other things, the drama divorced from the theatre. From scene to scene the production gripped with soul-searching intensity; but there was present nothing whatever of the theatrical atmosphere. The simple purple curtains which draped the stages had little in common with the gaudily decorated "rag" of the modern playhouse, and nothing at all with the hideous advertising curtain which is an affront alike to the aesthetic sense and the sense of humor. And the orchestra, instead of being planted in front of the stage, were banked at the rear of the auditorium, behind the audience. The atmosphere was not theatrical. Rather, it was ecclesiastical in the best sense of the word.

What helped very materially to strengthen the production and to chisel the stage pictures in the memory was the musical accompaniment. The score was of a composite nature, and was brought into unity by Father Peter Huesges. To him is due the unqualified success of the orchestration. From the masterpieces of Gounod, Palestrina, Handel, Mendelssohn and Rossini, Father Huesges made careful and appropriate selections. To these he added some of his own really unusual compositions, and blended the whole into a score that proved fully equal to the occasion. The music was an integral part of the production. Neither the orchestra nor the chorus obtruded itself into undue prominence, but both, observing harmony with the dialogue and the tableaux, added to the artistic and devotional aspects of the production.

For the production was both artistic and devotional. From neither viewpoint was it deficient, and from neither viewpoint was it overdone. The ultra artistic nauseates and the ultra-devotional annoys. The artistic triumph of San Francisco's Passion Play was attested by the wrapt attention of the audience and by the almost palpable stirring of the profoundest emotional depths observable as the play approached its matchless climax. The devotional thrall of the drama was not less in evidence. There is little exaggeration in the statement that men who came to scoff remained to pray, and whatever exaggeration there is refers only to the scoffers. Few, if any, of the vast audience were present through unworthy motives, but curiosity brought scores; and it was precisely on such persons that the play seemed to have the deepest effect.

One reason of the success of the Passion Play in San Francisco was its novelty. But that alone does not suffice to explain its unprecedented triumph. Novelty might, indeed, prompt a man to drop in on the play for one night, that he might say he had seen it; but it was something more than novelty that lured veteran theatregoers from musical comedy and American melodrama and French comedy and "advanced" vaudeville for four successive evenings. Witnessing San Francisco's Passion Play was an experience at once unique and uplifting.

Once I heard of a man with a hatred of heroes and hero-worship who was persuaded to visit the tomb of Napoleon. He had no use for Napoleon. The remarkable Corsican he regarded as an upstart and a trickster, a man devoid of ideals, of manhood, of greatness. But he visited the tomb of Napoleon. He went with a scoff on his lips; he came with his head bowed.

"Well?" queried a friend.

"Well," returned the hero hater, "I've changed my mind. You know the low opinion I have always had of Napoleon. That opinion is mine no more. Napoleon was a wonderful, wonderful man."



Photo Terkelson & Henry.

John Nusin as Subal, the Merchant of the Temple.

The friend whistled softly.

"This beats everything. You're not the sort of man to change your mind with the wind. What's happened to you, anyway?"

"Happened? I've seen the tomb of Napoleon—that's what has happened! I hadn't been in there ten seconds when I realized that heretofore I had been all wrong about Napoleon. I felt it, I knew it. How it happened I don't know. There is something wonderful about it all in there—the solemn grandeur, the silence, the awful dignity of the surroundings, the vastness of the dome—all that, and more. But it wasn't those things exactly; it was the totality of impression, the atmosphere



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Anthony and Joseph Willbrand as Pharisees.



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Lloyd Warren as Pontius Pilate.



Photo Terkelson & Henry.

Alexander Micheloff, as Simon, the Leper.

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of the place. It has made a convert of me, has revolutionized some of my fundamental notions of men and of life. And when people accuse me of being inconsistent, all I can say is this, 'I have seen the tomb of Napoleon.'"

Such, on a vastly different scale, was the impression received at San Francisco's Passion Play. The chorus, the orchestra, the unconventional surroundings, the simply worded script and the unsophisticated performers, all served to stir even the calloused first-nighter out of his professional apathy; but it was the totality of impression—a thing that baffles definition and eludes descriptive analysis—that pierced the toughened epidermis of the spirit and flashed quivering darts of love and sympathy and reverence into the inmost core of being. To the Christian it brought renewed realization of the Godhead of Jesus; to the Jew and the Unitarian, the pantheist and the agnostic, it gave an insight into the personality of the Hero Supreme, and an understanding not otherwise obtainable, of the chief reason for the marvelous rise and progress of the religion of Christ.

Father Josaphat plans to reproduce the Passion Play every ten years. Let us hope that the project will endure. In the year of grace 1919 we shall be wiser, doubtless, in many ways; but our wisdom will not be so vast that a second production of San Francisco's Passion Play will fail to stir our hearts.

A CALIFORNIA GARDEN

BY FRANCES MARGARET MILNE

An evening in a garden old and dear,
In the sweet rest and autumn of the year;
Where the light filters through a veil of green,
And, gloriously glimpsed, afar is seen
The splendor of the sunset on the hills!
(Oh, brooding peace that all the valley fills.)
Santa Lucia's purple ranges rise,
Altars where thought may worship, to the skies.

In fancy often shall the scene repeat,
To my remembrance, all its witchery sweet:
The arbor, weaving o'er us light and shade;
The shrubbery, stretching an enchanted glade;
The sunset portal, and its spirit-spell
That on low talk and laughter sweetly fell;
And the fair hostess pouring nectar clear—
Bidding us welcome to her dainty cheer.

The work-day world has faded quite away,
Lost in the vision of the parting day.
In the soft sky, where still the after-glow
Lingers, the crescent moon doth trembling show.
(What wish unspoken, in each heart lies hid,
To test the ancient charm her coming bid?)
And the soul rests, poised in this heavenly air;
As the bird rests on moveless pinion fair.

Through the green cloister folding us within,
The leaves are audible our ear to win;
They whisper of the realm of far romance—
Of sunny Spain, and of chivalric France;
And poor Ramona's love, and her despair,
Thrill, like aeolian harp, the twilight air.
So the dear garden claims its mystic due—
Linking the legends of the Old and New.

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THE PROFESSOR'S DOUBLE

BY ELIZABETH GRISWOLD ROWE

IT WAS AUTUMN in the professor's garden. The Virginia Creeper, which thickly screened the weather-worn house during the summer, had crimsoned over and glowed richly in the mellow sunlight of a California November. It was redder on the professor's house than anywhere else along the street. Plants always did their best for him—so his neighbors said.

"But then," they added, "that is his line of business." For Professor Lee was associate in the department of botany.

His dearest friend—and the professor had many dear friends, for he was a lovable man—his dearest friend said that it was because of the man's own nature; that there was an inherent something that made all things do their best for him.

The first winter rain had softened the ground. It was Saturday, and Professor Lee was preparing the bed for a great basket of bulbs which stood at hand, when a man who had been watching from the street entered the gate and approached him. He raised his hat, showing hair as white as the professor's own. He asked for work.

"What can you do?" was the kind inquiry.

"I can do gardening," he answered, glancing around. There was need. The garden was large and the botany department was over-worked this semester.

The professor looked closely at the newcomer. He prided himself on his ability to read character from appearances. The man looked honest. In fact, he resembled the professor himself. They were about the same size and wore the same short beard, fast changing from grey to white.

"I suppose you could lay the fires and beat the rugs."

"Yes, sir," was the humble answer.

"I shouldn't think Ellen would object," the professor continued, more to himself than to the other. "She is always having trouble with the cook about the rugs."

So Alexander Brown was hired to be gardener and man of all work around the Lee home. Miss Ellen, who was her brother's house-keeper, did not share his confidence in the gardener. She was suspicious from the first and declared for the ninety-ninth time that the professor would some day be deceived by appearances and his inordinate and childlike faith in his fellow creatures would receive a terrible shock. He laughed indulgently.

"You don't give me any credit for being a judge of character. I should as soon consider myself a villain as to suspect Alexander of being one. You can see for yourself that we have the same general appearance."

"People will think that he is your brother or some poor relative we've taken in," she objected.

"I'm thinking of using him for a double to attend faculty meetings. He could save me time for research work. He might accompany you to church, in my place, occasionally."

Miss Ellen sniffed contemptuously.

"He's ahead of you in one thing, anyway," she retorted. "He hasn't shown any symptoms of absent-mindedness yet."

For this thrust the professor had no answer. He knew that it was his weak point. He had depended on his wife, the few years she had lived, to see that he went forth in proper attire to keep his appointments at their allotted times. Since she died, his sister, Ellen, had been his faithful monitor.

Still, he was forever wearing home a strange hat or ill-fitting overcoat, ill-fitting garments cast off by others, until finally Miss Ellen sewed a band inside of each with his full name, John Lee, etched thereon; and strictly bade him to form

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the habit of reading this before donning any outer garment.

Every one liked the professor. There was something winning about his child-like, genial personality; so it was no wonder that the man whom he had befriended became much attached to him. And the professor, on his part, trusted his man implicitly and made a real friend of him.

The new gardener had not been installed a month when the professor visited an old friend who lived across the bay and carried some of his rarest bulbs to enrich the other's garden. The friend, in return, picked out other rare bulbs from his own collection and stowed them away in the professor's old black bag for him to carry home.

That evening Professor Lee attended a meeting. After he had been gone for some time, Miss Ellen was startled by an imperative ringing of the doorbell. It was too late for callers, and too early for the return of her brother, who might have forgotten his key and so have rung the bell. Alexander was in his room, a fact that she remembered with more satisfaction than it had previously given her, so she called him to answer the summons. She heard the sound of men's voices and waited to learn their errand. No one came to her for some time, so she finally stepped out into the hall. The gleam of a silver star shone through the doorway, and an officer of the law respectfully addressed her.

"Madam," he said, "we are sorry to disturb you, but we shall have to take this man away with us. He is wanted for the theft of some valuable jewels."

Miss Ellen paled, then grew indignant. To think that the man her brother had befriended should prove a thief! It was no more than she had expected, though; she had always been suspicious about him.

Alexander made no comment to Miss Ellen. He left no message for his benefactor. Indeed, he dared not meet the glance of her reproachful eyes. Quietly he left the house with his captors, and she sat, erect and scornful, by the study lamp, waiting for the professor to come home.

As soon as he entered, he saw that something had gone wrong.

"What's happened?" he queried.

The reproachful look had never left Miss Ellen's eyes. It turned now toward him. He saw it and wondered what he had done.

"Alexander has been arrested," she witheringly announced.

"Alexander!" he repeated. "What for?"

"For stealing," was the crisp answer.

"What did he steal?" he persisted.

"I know nothing about it," she replied, "except that the officers came here for him about an hour ago. They said something about jewels. It was so late that I sent him to the door. I feel disgraced."

The professor sank down into the depths of his easy chair and wearily rested his head against his hand. Miss Ellen's heart sank with a sudden dread as she observed how old he had grown. She realized all at once that this might prove a sad blow to him, for most people willingly responded to his confidence. This thought only increased her bitterness toward the traitor whom they had unsuspectingly harbored. She rose softly and said good-night.

The professor sat beyond the circle of light from the study lamp. He did not care to read. His unseeing gaze was fixed upon the dull, ruddy embers of a dying fire. Nor did he rouse himself until Miss Ellen called him gently from above and told him the time.

In the morning he announced his intention of going down to the city prison to see Alexander.

"I think I'll get a few things that he might need from his room and take them along in my bag," he added.

He brought it out and placed it on the table to empty it.

"Sheldon gave me some fine new dahlia bulbs," he informed her, and mechanically sprung the catch. A puzzled look overcast his face as he drew out a large package. "I don't see how this came in here," he added.

Miss Ellen watched curiously as he opened it and drew forth a number of small boxes. All at once she seized one and cried.

"The jewels! Alexander must have used your bag."

"No," her brother answered. "I had it yesterday myself. I brought home my dahlia bulbs in it."

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"Is it your bag?" she cried, a sudden suspicion gripping her.

He looked at it carefully. Then the awful truth broke over him.

"I've stolen it," he exclaimed.

Miss Ellen held her tongue. She was afraid she would say too much if she said anything.

Hastily, with trembling hands, the professor gathered the boxes into a package again and pushed them back into the bag which seemed to emanate reproaches from all its shining surface.

"What are you going to do?" she finally ventured.

"Take it to the police station and prove that Alexander is not a thief."

It was what she had expected, but the way he said it surprised her.

"John," she sternly demanded. "Do you realize that you may be disgraced? You speak as if you were actually happy."

He laughed his old boyish laugh as he answered:

"I am. You see, I thought I was deceived in Alexander, and he's all right. I haven't felt so good over anything in years."

"They may not take your word that it was all a mistake," his sister predicted. "You may have to stand trial and—oh, suppose you should lose your position!"

"I think you could testify as to my habits of picking up things that don't belong to me."

"But they may prove that you're a kleptomaniac, anyway," she bewailed.

"I'll take it right down and hand it over before they come to search the house," he said, picking up the bag. "And I'd thank the other party to deliver up mine."

Miss Ellen awaited the outcome in some anxiety.

In less than an hour, her brother entered her sitting-room with a beaming face.

"Better than I thought!" he exclaimed. He was excited to a degree of exaltation. "Alexander is pure gold, true as steel, and the salt of the earth. Excuse my metaphors."

"But explain about the bag," Miss Ellen demanded.

"It seems that some lady was coming over from the city to a house-party on this side, and she brought her maid, her poodle-dog, the bag of jewels, and much other finery along. The maid was responsible for the bags and——"

"I see," she interrupted. "They were exchanged on the ferry."

After all the warnings you've had, you picked up their bag in preference to your own."

"When the bag was opened to adorn my lady for dinner, they discovered the mistake. They called the police, and I was traced and tracked to my very door. Alexander knew that I had been across the bay and was the person wanted, but the good soul thought that rampant disgrace would wear a fiercer aspect attacking a dignified college professor than it would an obscure gardener, so he went in my place. And both women (not counting the poodle-dog), identified him as the man they had seen hovering around at the ferry."

The professor laughed, and Miss Ellen saw that ten years had rolled away from him since she saw him crouched before the dying fire the night before. It suddenly came to her how she would have felt if her brother had answered the bell's summons and had been the one to walk miserably away with the officers.

"Is Alexander free?" she asked.

"Yes; he came home with me," he answered. "He's out in the garden."

Miss Ellen opened the side door. Alexander was planting the new dahlia bulbs over by the fence, and he was whistling as he worked.

"Are you going to congratulate him?" the professor called, gaily, as she started down the steps.

"No," she answered briefly. "I'm going to ask his pardon."



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THE DIVINE PROGRAM

X---The Kingdoms of this World Supervised

BY C. T. RUSSELL

Pastor Brooklyn Tabernacle

THE CIVILIZED portion of the world, about one-fourth, according to population, is styled Christendom, which signifies Christ's Kingdom. The coined gold and silver of Christendom bears similar witness to God as the recognized ruler of earth. Upon our own coins we read "In God we trust." Upon the British coins we read that the King or Queen, whose image it bears, reigns over the kingdom or empire by the grace of God; and so with the German, the Russian, the Austrian and other coins. These legends have so long prevailed that they attract little notice and rarely are questioned.

However, as soon as we begin to exercise the gray matter of our brains on the subject, we are in trouble. We ask, Are the great armies of Christendom maintained as a protection against the heathen world? Are the great navies for the repulsion of heathen foes? Are the mighty Dreadnaughts costing approximately $10,000,000 each for construction and millions more for maintenance, necessary for the protection of these Kingdoms of God against the heathen kingdoms not yet subjugated to his law? The answer comes: No! all these armaments and military preparations by land and by sea and through the air and under the sea are costly methods used by Christian nations to protect themselves from each other! We ask: How long has it been thus? Is this a new field of ungrounded fear that has seized upon the world? The answer is: No, it has ever been thus: for fifteen centuries the nations of Europe have been calling themselves "Christendom," yet their lands have been soaked with Christian blood, in fearful carnage, Christian nation fighting against Christian nation by every devilish means and missile conceivable, inventible, is the customary thing. What we now have is superior to what we had in the past, merely because the inventive genius peculiar to our day has had its influence along martial lines, as along the avenues of peace.

The situation is inexplicable, except from one standpoint—the Bible standpoint—the Divine Program, which solves this and every other mystery and query. From this standpoint, the explanation is, that Christendom is laboring under a great delusion. It is not Christ's Kingdom. Instead, according to the Scriptures, the civilized as well as the uncivilized portion of mankind are under the secret domination of "The Prince of this world"—Satan. The great Adversary has deceived the world, putting light for darkness and darkness for light. Whereas, through the prophets and apostles, and by our Lord's own words, the hope of the world centers in the establishment of the Divine rule or reign of Righteousness, yet the time for the fulfillment of those gracious promises and ardent hopes is still future. It is still appropriate for God's people to pray, after the example given us by our Redeemer in the words, "Thy Kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." The hope of the early Church, voiced in this prayer, should still be the hope of God's people. They should all know that the reign of Sin and Death, which has prevailed on earth for these many centuries, will continue to prevail until the Second Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ in power and great glory. When he shall "take unto himself his great power and reign," he will put down sin and error in their multitudinous forms and establish righteous-

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ness and Truth, peace, love and joy. And this glorious event, the Second Coming of Christ in Kingdom glory, must await the Divine "due time," when the elect Church shall have been completed, tested, proven, found faithful, glorified.

This is the thought before the Apostle's mind when he graphically declares, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now . . . waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God." The great Son of God, Captain of our Salvation, and all of his brethren under him, soldiers of the cross, are soon to be glorified together on the spirit plane by the First Resurrection, as a Royal Priesthood—a Priest with regal power.

A Masterpiece of Deception.

Fidelity to our subject demands that we inquire how, when and where this deception was foist upon God's people and the entire civilized world. Who fabricated this story, that the nations of the civilized world are the kingdoms of Christ? The answer is, that this great deception is from Satan, our great Deceiver, of whom the Apostle said, "The God of this world hath blinded the minds of all them that believe not." It is safe, also, to assume that to some extent this great Adversary has partially blinded the minds of believers. This is the sentiment in the prophecy, "Darkness covers the earth; gross darkness the heathen." Again the Apostle says, I pray God for you (The Church) that your eyes being opened, ye may be able to comprehend with all saints the length and breadth and height and depth, and to know the love of God, which passeth all understanding (Eph. 3:18.) The intimation here, again, is that the opening of the eyes of understanding of Christians is gradual and proportionate to their saintliness and holiness of heart. That the deceptions of Satan are world-wide and include all classes is set forth in the assurance given us that when he shall be bound by Christ for the thousand years of his Millennial reign, it will be that "he shall deceive the nations no more until the thousand years are finished."

In seeking for the truthful answer to the query, we must not feel aggrieved if, perchance, we find that our own ancestors were amongst those whom Satan deceived and who ignorantly became his servants and tools in the establishment of the thought that the civilized kingdoms are the Kingdoms of Christ—"Christendom."

The Deception Gradual and Logical.

Those who claim that the present condition of things was concocted by priests and knaves who premeditated the deception with which we have since been struggling are mistaken. Those who elaborated these views were undoubtedly as honest and sincere as ourselves. They were the victims of circumstances, and, more particularly, the victims of the great Deceiver's plot whereby he continually lay in wait to deceive the Lord's people, as St. Paul foretold. (Eph. 4:14; 2 Cor. 2:11.)

Truly the Apostle has declared that "we wrestle not against flesh and blood," but with wicked spirits in influential positions.—Eph. 6:12.

The method by which the Adversary misled our forefathers was a cunningly deceptive one. A century after the Apostles fell asleep in death, persecution was still raging, and the looked-for Second Coming of Christ to glorify his Church, and to establish her as his Bride and joint-heir in his Kingdom, to bless the world, had not yet come. The strain of tribulation was telling upon the hopes of the Church. There were queries as to whether or not a mistake had been made in the understanding of the promises respecting our Lord's Second Coming, the end of this age and the inauguration of the New Kingdom Age. Now was the time for the Adversary to gradually and persistently work in the erroneous thought and becloud and obscure the Truth and cut off the Church from the real Scriptural hope and give to her another hope, through which the great Deceiver could more particularly lead her astray on other doctrines and practices.

The subtle suggestion was that it was not the Divine intention that Christ should come a second time in the flesh. This conclusion was quite correct; but to it was added the further suggestion that Christ intended that his faithful followers under his direction should first convert the whole world—should first accomplish all

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the work of the Millennial Kingdom. The further suggestion was, that the Lord himself would not participate in this Millennial reign, except through a substitute or vicar, who would represent him in all the work of the Kingdom and fulfill all the prophetic promises of blessing the earth, uplifting mankind, etc.

At the same time, the dominion of earth was so manipulated by the Prince of this world (God not interfering) that the persecutions of the Church by the civil Government of Rome ceased; and the Roman Government gradually decayed. At the same time, formalism, going hand in hand with worldly prosperity, lifted up the Church nominal in the eyes of the world and in its own eyes. Gradually the Church seemed to be nearing the point where she could reign over the kings of the earth. The Church's power increased as the civil power weakened, until finally the Church nominal was the mightiest organization in the world. Then possessed of the reins of spiritual control, she asserted her authority, and told the civil kings of the earth that her superior control was as the representative of God and his Kingdom, which it was foretold would rule the world. She called upon kings to recognize her authority and to conduct their kingdoms in accordance with her decrees. She threatened their princes and nobles and kings that, if they did otherwise than obey her commands, she would exercise her suzerain authority. She told the civil kings of earth that if her commands were not obeyed she would inform their peoples that they were no longer bound to support them, and would indicate others to be their rulers instead—others who would hearken to the voice of the Church, to the voice of Christ speaking through the Church.

Meantime, slowly, gradually, artfully, under the great Deceiver's seductions and temptations, the simplicity of the apostolic order was lost, or, rather, it was merged into a larger system, believed to be necessary, and in Divine order, for the new conditions prevailing. The Elders of the various congregations of the Lord's people, the pastors and teachers, were no longer styled overseers or bishops, but this term was applied from a loftier standpoint of one commissioned to have an apostolic oversight of many congregations. Gradually, too, a still higher order was recognized, called archbishops or higher bishops, and still another higher order styled cardinals. And to perfect the system, a Head was demanded by the Church—an elected Head, called a pope, a papa, a father. Whoever occupied the office of pope was recognized as the personal representative of Christ, so that similar honor was demanded for the popes as was recognized as due to Christ; and the pope's *ex cathedra* utterances were recognized as the infallible utterances of Christ. He was styled "the vicar of Christ," or Christ's *substitute* on the throne of earth. In the triple crown worn by the popes, emblazoned with jewels, was his title, *Vicarius Filii Dei,* Substitute Son of God.

When we remember that all this came about gradually, during a period of long centuries, we cannot wonder that our forefathers in all of these arrangements verily thought that they were doing God service and fulfilling his will, as foretold in the prophecies. We cannot, therefore, chide or censure them specially for accepting and handing down to us this wrong theory, that then and there God's Kingdom was set up in the world. Rather we must sympathize with them and with ourselves and be the more on guard against the deceptive influences of our Great Adversary, Satan. So that, while getting rid of some of those errors, we may not be misled by our foes into other pitfalls and snares. Our only safety is, as the Scriptures point out, in a closer walk in the footsteps of our Redeemer, in humility, in love, in devotion to God and to each other, waiting for the true Kingdom of God's dear Son, the promised Kingdom, which shall be established at his Second Coming. That Kingdom shall bless all the families of the earth; that Kingdom shall put down all sin and disorder and bring in everlasting righteousness, and, to the willing and obedient, everlasting life.

Both Protestants and Catholics Deceived.

We are not to think of this matter as being a deception upon the Catholics merely. Indeed, in former days we, represented by our forefathers, were practically all Catholics. When the so-called

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"Reformation" took place in the fifteenth century, those who then protested, represented by Luther, Zwingli, Malangthon, Calvin and others, accepted the same general teaching, namely, that God's Kingdom was established in the earth and was to conquer the world. These reformers merely disputed that the pope and his associates were the Head of the Church and representatives of Christ. Certainly Luther did, even if it were but jocularly, say of himself, "Here goes the German pope." Henry VIII, as the Head of the Church of England, surely set himself forth as the Head of that religious system or Church. Surely in similar manner, the Czar of Russia is the Pontifax Maximus of the Russian or Greek Church.

The "Reformation," therefore, was not a recognition of the deception which Satan had forced upon our forefathers, but, instead, it meant a splitting of the one so-called Kingdom of God, Papacy, into numerous Kingdoms of God, or sects, which between them recognize the various royal families of Europe. The root evil still persists to this day. It is high time that, in the light of our day, we should see clearly that all the so-called kingdoms of Christendom are merely "kingdoms of this world," which, deceptively and under delusion, are claiming to be the kingdoms of God's dear Son. Only those who recognize these facts are properly prepared to appreciate and to rejoice in the prospect of the soon-coming of the Kingdom of Christ and its reign of Righteousness under the whole heavens, in fulfillment of the Word of the Lord" by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began."—Acts 3:19-21.

Present Conditions Foretold.

Looking back we find in Daniel's prophecy delineations which prophetically foretell in brief outline the history of the world empires, showing us what has been; what is, and what is to come; portraying the fact that all the "kingdoms of earth are kingdoms of this world," and that the great Kingdom of God's dear Son will be established upon the ruins of present institutions. The ruin of present empires is clearly indicated as due in the near future, and as coming to pass as the result of increased knowledge and increased ambition, operating in conjunction with the selfishness of fallen human nature. Of that "day of wrath," its character and its place in the Divine Program we shall have more to say anon.

God's Kingdom in Israel.

True, there was a time when God had a Kingdom or dominion in the world, as we read David, King of Israel, "sat upon the throne of the Kingdom of the Lord." And "Solomon sat upon the throne of the Kingdom of the Lord, in the room of his father David." But that Kingdom is not the one for which we wait and for which we pray, "Thy Kingdom come." That was merely a figure, a picture in some respects of the coming Kingdom. David, the beloved Prophet, represented typically The Christ; and Solomon, the wise, the rich, the great, typified Messiah and his Kingdom in other respects. When the time came to abolish the typical Kingdom of Israel, the Lord indicated that his promise that Messiah should sit upon the throne of Israel would nevertheless be fulfilled, though the delay would be considerable. To the last regular king successor to David's throne the words were addressed, "O thou profane and wicked Prince whose time has come that iniquity should have an end! Remove the diadem! Take off the crown! This shall not be the same! I will overturn, overturn, overturn it, until he comes, whose right it is, and I will give it unto him."

That Davidic crown has been overturned ever since. No rightful heir of David has ever worn the crown. The nation was under other rules and subject to other empires until its final destruction in A. D. 70. For instance, the Herods of our Lord's day were not Israelites, but of the family of Esau, and even then they had only a provisional Government, the real control being vested in the Roman Emperor. The lesson then is, that when Messiah's Kingdom shall be established, it, under the terms of Israel's New (Law) Covenant, shall be established with Israel and not with other nations. All nations will then approach the Lord by coming under the terms of his grace, and mercy embodied in that New (Law) Covenant,

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which will then operate towards Israel. All peoples, when exercising faith and obedience to the regulations of the Millennial Kingdom, in so doing will become "Israelites indeed," circumsized in heart and be counted children of Abraham, as it is written, I have constituted thee a father of many nations.

The facts, then, are that Zedekiah's crown, removed six hundred and six years before Christ, has not yet been accepted by Messiah. His dominion has not yet been established in the earth! The long intervening period of twenty-five hundred and fifteen years marks a period in which God has had no Kingdom in the earth, no special dominion of an outward kind, such as mankind could recognize, and such as they have been called upon to honor and obey. Notice further, that God had stated to the Jews that if they would be disobedient to his Divine arrangements, he would punish them *"seven times"* for their sins. This is repeated over and over again. The "seven times" may properly be understood to be seven years (symbolical) three hundred and sixty years long. The seven times thus reckoned would total twenty-five hundred and twenty years as Israel's period of Divine disfavor without a king. We have seen that twenty-five hundred and fifteen years of this period have already elapsed, and thus five years remain before they can have earthly dominion. As the time draws near, what do we see—the Jews and the whole civilized world standing up and looking to Palestine and requesting for reinstatement as a nation. (This same presentation has been set forth orally and in print for more than thirty years; long enough before the Zionist movement.) Their hopes will be more than realized, but not entirely in the manner anticipated. The Kingdom that is coming to them at the close of their period of waiting will be a blessed Kingdom—that of Emmanuel, the seed of Abraham, Messiah.

2520 Gentile Times 2520.

But now behold! When the crown was taken from Israel in Zedekiah's day 2515 years ago, God declared through Daniel the Prophet that the dominion of the earth under certain limitations would be left in the hands of the Gentiles, and that they would rule the world until those times or years would be fulfilled. Our Lord Jesus called attention to this prophecy and foretold that "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." (Luke 21:24.) As Jerusalem is still thus trodden down of the Gentiles, it is evident that the "Gentile times" are not yet filled *full*. In God's revelation on the subject to Daniel and to Nebuchadnezzar, he indicated that the Dominion of the Gentiles began with Nebuchadnezzar, the great image of Gentile power, and that this image would control was shown in brief. Nebuchadnezzar's Government was the Head. Following it came the universal empire of the Medes and Persians, Cyrus being one of these. Next in turn came the Empire of Greece, Alexander the Great being its principal representative. Next in turn came the legs of iron, representing the strength of the Roman Empire; next in turn came the feet and toes of the image, of iron and clay mixed, representing the rule of Christendom, a commingling of the civil power as represented by the iron, and the ecclesiastical authority, as represented in the clay.

The whole period of the domination of this great image was symbolically pictured in the seven years of Nebuchadnezzar's madness, at the conclusion of which he praised the God of Heaven and acknowledged him as the Emperor and Ruler of earth. The madness of the man is a fitting picture of the madness of the universal Gentile Governments and the carnage which they wrought in the earth. The seven years or seven times, namely, twenty-five hundred and twenty years, correspond exactly to Israel's "seven times." Thus we see that "the times of the Gentiles" will be fulfilled and they will lose their empire, at the same time that Israel's seven times of tribulation and down-treading will terminate, and they shall come into favor and association with Messiah and his Kingdom.—Daniel II and IV.

In conclusion, we may all thank God that the Divine Program contains a blessing for humanity under a heavenly rule and Government, for their uplifting out of sin and death conditions, that is far

more hopeful, far more blessed, than anything that we have at present or that could possibly come to us through the Governments which ignorantly style themselves the Kingdoms of God, the Kingdoms of Christ—"Christendom." We are not in this finding fault with these earthly Governments. On the contrary, we believe that poor humanity in its fallen condition is doing as well as it can do. It is struggling against the world, the flesh and the Adversary and against the ignorance, superstition, etc., in which they were immersed, and against their own weaknesses and imperfections of mind and morals and selfishness. God would have humanity learn the lesson that our very best efforts to rectify the great disaster of sin and death, which came upon us through Father Adam's disobedience, must prove futile. Our help cometh from God. Thank God for the provision for our assistance—that it has already been made by the death of Jesus, who died the Just for the unjust, that he might bring back to the Father in due time, through this Kingdom of Righteousness, all who will. We rejoice, moreover, that the Church now being called out to joint-heirship with their Redeemer in that Kingdom is to be so highly honored and used in connection with the great Divine Programme, and we exhort all those who have heard the "call" to accept it, and all those who have accepted it to strive to "make their calling and election sure."

IN NOVEMBER DAYS

BY WILBUR GLEASON ZEIGLER

In other climes and other days,
Upon the season sere,
I've watched the green of wooded braes
Fade fast and disappear
In tints vermillion, russet, gold
And sunset's dying glow—
The imprints of the fingers cold
Of frost and coming snow.

Wondrous the rapid sweep of hues
From valley to the height,—
From where the trembling aspens lose
Their leafage in a night,
To the dark wood of pines that keeps
Eternally its green
Above resplendent slopes and steeps
That, tumbled, lie between!

Here, in the ripe November time,
Though garnered lies the fruit,
The woodlands, free of killing rime,
Still rustle destitute
Of Autumn's gorgeous coloring;
But with the meads retain
Their ample verdant covering
The greener in the rain.

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MOJAVE'S MERCY

BY WILLIAM W. VORE

THE CRACKLING sagebrush whispered ominously in the hot wind. The scattered cactus pricked unmercifully anything with which it come in contact; and the giant yucca swayed majestically as the sun beat fiercely down, threatening to consume everything within its range.

The two men riding in the low hills got off their panting burros, and shading their aching eyes with parched and blistered hands, scanned the horizon closely.

"See anything, kid?" asked the elder of the two men; a broad-shouldered giant of this sheol surrounded by a paradise of California fertility and sunshine; honest of feature, plain of speech, a child of the desert.

"Lucky Dick," during his fifty odd years of life, had roamed the Mojave from one end to the other. He had loved the vast stretches of desolation; comprehended, and trusted it, as only a man of his rugged nature could. Had it played him false at this late day?

"I see nothing," the younger man replied. "We must be miles off the trail by this time."

"Dunno," said his companion, resignedly. "Maybe we is, maybe we ain't. Can't tell nothin' about this hell wunst yer lost on't; might strike the track in an hour, might never."

Doctor Jimmie Carrigan had come to Oro de Diablo because it was the hottest, the wildest place he could find, and because he had a cough.

Arriving on a stifling evening, he engaged a room at the one ramshackle hotel the little mining town afforded, and having eaten the course supper the frouzy-haired waitress known as "Kit," and of universal popularity throughout the place had brought to him; he sauntered into the noisy bar-room, redolent of tobacco and bad whisky.

Stepping up to the bar, he ordered a brandy from the flashily-dressed fellow, who eyed him critically as he gulped it down. He was not used to desert whisky, and it went hard with him. After a bad fit of coughing, the direct effects of the drink, he paid the man and passed in a leisurely manner out of the room. In the same way he continued down the poorly-lighted, ungraded street, brooding, despondent, taking no interest in life or his surroundings.

For perhaps ten minutes he continued in this strain. He was suddenly arrested in his reverie by a rough, cheery, but singularly sweet voice.

"Hullo, tenderfoot," in even, resonant tones came to his ear. He turned quickly, half-angrily; he was in no mood for making acquaintances. But something in the man's voice—he could not tell what—soothed his ruffled feelings, as continuing in his even monotone he said:

"Oh, don't git raffy; liked yer looks and thought I'd find what brought you here. Don't need to ask, though," he continued, regarding Carrigan more closely.

"But never mind, kid; there's the makin' of a man in yu, and yu'll be slick as a saddle horn in a few 'shifts.' This place either makes a man or it plum kills him, and yu're the kind it makes. You just stick to me; I'm goin' to be yu'r gardeen, see!"

A fine specimen of his class, big, bony, and gaunt, he leaned lazily against the sign-post—whereon was written in huge, scrawling letters: "Jose Francesca—saloon and billiards," and waited for Carrigan to speak: a picture of indolent massiveness, shadowy in the flickering light of Jose's smoky kerosene lamp, hanging in front of the bar-room.

For some time the young man regarded him in silence, with inscrutable introspective eyes, then suddenly, impulsively, he

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held out his hand to the iron grip of Lucky Dick.

The spell of the great Mojave, swooping down on him, had caught him in its mighty embrace, and claimed him utterly. He was alive, he felt almost well, and into his eyes there came a look of gladness, under the intense but kindly gaze of this man whom fate had so strangely thrown in his path.

Once more he was a child; trusting, and confident in the wisdom of one more high than all.

Henceforth, his gardeen, as Lucky Dick insisted upon being called, watched over him as a mother watches over a new-born babe, and a friendship vast as the surrounding desert was born and grew between the two men.

Lucky Dick's wide knowledge of the country, his voluble Spanish, and one of his little buckskin nags, were of infinite value to Carrigan, who almost immediately upon his arrival in Oro De Diablo began to improve in health; and without them he would have fared badly in many ways.

It was Lucky Dick who showed him the mines, and who placed him upon a substantial footing among the men of the town, and the vaqueros from the outlying ranches forty or fifty miles to the south, where cattle were raised.

And with Lucky Dick he rode mile after mile, behind shifting, sweating herds of this gaunt, wicked-looking cattle.

Ere this, in all his twenty-six years of existence, life pure and simple, life in the true sense of the word, he had not known. The limit of his knowledge was in his "doctor books," the horizon of his universe; the four walls of the clinic.

Carrigan underwent a great change during the first weeks he was on the Mojave. Life fleet-footed, swift as the winged Pegasus, galloping by, had paused as it reached his side. He had groped for it blindly, passionately, grasped it, and held it captive.

His eyes were brighter, and his cheeks no longer sallow, and, at times, flushed with the peculiar brilliancy common to the consumptive, were instead burnt to a glorious brown by the desert sun.

The man seemed verily to grow, to become taller, so different were the square broad shoulders thrown proudly back, with head held high, to the narrow-chested, stooping figure of only a few weeks before. And as his lungs became stronger, his spirits grew better. "Lucky Dick," unversed and with little knowledge, beyond that of nature, and of life as it should be, and all that it should hold, watched and was content.

"Dick, did you ever believe in a god?"

Lucky Dick regarded his companion pityingly, through swollen, bloodshot eyes.

"Poor young 'un," he muttered, "loco." Aloud he said, shortly: "Ain't nuthin' here to give a feller sech ideas. Nope, kid, I allers trusted t' luck an' the stars t' bring a galloot out er a scrape o' this kind; lost m' luck in the last poker game at camp, an' th' darn stars ain't workin' right this trip."

He was thinking: "Dern fool t' bring t' kid out here in this cussed gold chase. Talk 'bout takin' care o' him—looks more like I jest got him on his feet t' send him t' kingdom come. Hu! thought I knowed this hell-hole."

The two men were riding painfully over the red and greyish white stretch of sandy alkali, their burrows sweating, swaying and staggering under their burdens.

For some time after Lucky Dick had finished speaking, the silence was unbroken, save for the crish, crish of the burro's hoofs as they sank in the yielding, sandy ground; the creak of leather stirrups, and the halting, painfully drawn breath of man and beast.

Carrigan was the first to speak. "Well, Dick, I never was much on religion myself, but I am going to pray now; I think it will make me feel better, if nothing more," he said.

It was not an ordinary prayer that came from the lips of Dr. "Jimmie" Carrigan that scorching day on the Mojave. It was a first attempt since childhood, and lacked polish and fluency; it was the echo of desolation; but it issued from the heart of a man.

He thought of the little girl in San Francisco. He had loved her as far back as memory carried him, when he, a chap of five, had first seen her as she stood on the big front porch of the house next to

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his home, her golden curls falling in a bewildering mass over her round little shoulders, and the sun streaming down upon her, and the breeze playing havoc with her tresses, tossing them into wild disorder, and then letting them fall gently into place again. He had gone to play with her when she asked him; and now he prayed desperately that he might see her again.

They were to have been married when he was well, but to-day his only hope was a miracle.

Coming suddenly into one of the numerous little gullies lying in the low hills of the desert. his train of thought was broken by the quick stiffening of his animal's body as it pricked up its ears, sniffed the hot air, and darted off at a staggering canter.

For perhaps ten minutes the burro ran madly toward the head of the gulch. Stopping finally at a short turn in the trail, its last strength gone, it staggered weakly and fell over, dead; and Carrigan fell under it, too exhausted to clear himself.

And thus, a few moments later, Lucky Dick found his charge, unconscious, where he had fallen. For a minute he viewed the scene in silence, great beads of perspiration coming out on his forehead, and then he muttered: "Great jumpin' Jehosaphat! Th' pisen spring ten feet away an' camp a mile an' a half. They must 'a' been somethin' in that pra'r."

NIGHT

BY H. T. PAULSON

The last retreating glow of busy day
Has long since passed, and through his lengthening trail
Of shadow, pursuing Night, with gentlest touch
Of life-preserving dew's fresh, sweet softness,
Has charmed the weary sense of life; the world,
Wrapped in the folds of its thick, etherial mantel
And impressive, awe-compelling silence, trustful
And peaceful sleeps. In the midst of all I stand,
'Neath heaven's jeweled dome, and contemplate,
Alone with Night and the boundless Infinite.
Gently breathes the deep, inscrutable darkness
And though hiding earth's solid foundation
From dependent sight, its vastness parts
For paths of streaming threads from stars, which bind
The universe in a vast, integral whole.
The grandeur of the firmament dwells
Upon my thought:—how the sparkling rays
Of stars beam boldly through the darkened,
Measureless extent, through which deficient
Sight, unventurous, dares not penetrate;
How the planets whirl and leap, secure,
Through space; that in the Ruling Plan's magnificence
Even man, though frail, was grandly reckoned with—
Made master of a world, a thinking thought
Of the infinite mind. Oh, marvelous!
Oh, wonderful Infinite!
A strange, intangible essence thrills me through;
In the august presence of the candid night
Thought quivers, then gently rises—a heaving
Billow—fraught with justice, peace and grandeur;
And the streams that beam so far from sparkling eyes
Aloft, which wink approving, then bid me yield
To Night's deft touch and rest.

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MANZANITAS

BY ADELAIDE TAYLOR



ANZANITAS! Oh, see the manzanitas! Sierra's sky lines are cleft with radiance, and California's great outdoors is at our feet. Above us the snow-drifts and the blue mountain shadows, the mystery land; below us the misty flower plain. The all-between is our own, inspiration decked as we follow the trails. We cannot go far without meeting our manzanitas. There they are, white, glistening clouds, pink vapors of fragrance.

Long before the mountain-mother gathers back her white skirts from her foothills to let her flower children creep out, our beauty has ventured. But they are not only of the winter; they hold within their tiny bells last summer's sunshine, sunset skies, the passing cloud, the storm, the whirr of wings, and all that nature's heart can hold, for a manzanita blossom is the cycle of a year. We have watched long for their coming in our year's rambles, and now one whiff from their blossoms is a spring time of promise, brings back a summer of prophecy, and is a year of consummation. To the earth-bound they are of the earth, but to him who treads not the beaten path, they lead far afield with its joys, and, too, into that borderland wherein commingle the past and the present, the known and the unknown: where we feel the "greater things than these." Were we always with them, we would know the year-long undertone of the world's mysteries, time's overtone of world songs.

Oh, my manzanita of the hills, ye have spoken, ye have sung, rung out from thy tiny bells not only the love chime of thy flowers, but a deep note that echoes from another day. The flower symbol, like all true symbols, is a lost chord to the senses, but to catch one æolian note leads from key note to higher creeping overtone of divine unison.

Sit here on this brown warm earth. It is summer. We are in the hills. A bit of the world-book bound in granite and in pine lies before us. Turn the leaves, my nature-lover, and see the etchings in chaparal, manzanita, pine, madrona and the finer soft-drawn lines that pad their footsteps. See the manzanita covering the uplands with its soft grey-leaved beauty, so softly grey that you wonder where the haze of heat begins, and where the manzanita blends into the ever-flattening tone: just the stones, or a lone pine, or the shadow of a hill-shoulder mark the earth steps. In that summer haze and heat, the tiny manzanita buds are hanging. Born just after the blossoming time, while the green fruits are maturing, these mummy-like buds, enwrapped, bespiced as no mummy ever was, sleep. Did we not know our plant and its ways, we would say that it would blossom again at once. But through the long, hot, rainless summer days they wait—sleep and wait. What herald is to summon them—what Lethe is in the soft summer air—what spell is over them! The heat-waves rise and fall, a lullaby, a cradle song for them. About them the great grey nut-pine like an after-thought of coloring, when the palette was paled

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and wan, strides wide-armed and gaunt. Squirrels kindly pile their nut chaff about his feet as a peace offering for their depredations, and, too, lest unimpeded he wraith-like might vanish in the shadows of the coming winter's night while they slept. Standing aloof, alone, above his fellows, he is the minor note of the hillside, but the buds heed not—they sleep. Even the long in and out weaving of the bright milk-weed butterflies, up and down the canyon, as they flutter through the alders, over the mullens, across the hazel and the brook, does not awaken them. Indeed, these butterflies, these "winged flowers," seem drawing the sunshine and shadow threads closer and closer in their wanderings, and the mystery, the spell, seems deeper for their silent motion. Across myriad mystical nature-harps of pine, chapparal, cascara and oak, comes no awakening note. All the long summer days the grasses nod, bend and bow to each ripple of air, and rain down their treasures, more polished and as full of promise as the gold that glistens like a new moon along yon miner's pan. The bumble bee drones over the tar-weed. The vireo says "sweet so sweet," overhead the jay scolds; yet through it all, these quiet buds are nodding, sleeping, dreaming—dreaming of their coming day—of ages, lashed by the storms of eons, almost overwhelmed by the slow creep of glacier and the onrush of those up-heavals and erosions that put the ancient canyons and river beds on the summits of our present hills, they hold the secrets of the past.

Think of them there when the lava came. See them clutching for life when the glacier grew, and see them triumphantly growing along its fringes when it drew back the icy fingers. It decked the hillside when the stones were re-made; those hieroglyphics hewn, chiseled, moulded, melted, scored conglomerated. The cuneforms of nature! The large handwriting that none can quite decipher.

Could we unroll and read, in patient unfolding, these scrolls of time, we would find the unity of the wheel of world-fortune; that which seems like a broken spoke or a slowing down would prove but the opportunity for a new impulse on the lines of a new upbuilding.

Gather a handful close to your heart, closely ranked, stand our manzanitas. dream of the atmosphere of that other day; know that yesterday and to-day are one, that where thought and plan are, time is not!

Listen! Across this canyon and that mountain, with their changed lines and levels echoes the great nature anthem that all down the centuries has rung out. Do you not still hear it come beating, pulsing on across this placid day?

Superior to all accidentals strikes the key-note of divine harmony; we forget the passing discord in the final resolving cadence.

To-day's little scrolls keep peeling off, reeling off. Sitting here beside them, with the flush of beauty about us, with closing eyes and inbreath from every leaf and flower, and vibrating life about us, dreamily we feel that, as they hold yesterday's impenetrable shadows, so, too, they hold yesterday's sunshine, its personality, its life, its inspiration. 'Tis but a step of retrospection to sit there beside them in that long-gone day. That they were there, that we know them here to-day, gives us a sense of comradeship, and who dare say just where we may have paused and parted to share this hour!

Across the haze of centuries blurs almost as a memory-image the song-broken quiet of our communing; the consciousness of being, the self, bridging the past, linking you and me in a sympathy wider than days is all there, mirroring our sunshine, our life, its charm, its import.

Silently, even as they have pattered through the years, the scrolls fall. Dream again—the day is long. The mid-day songs are hushed, the heat flutters and vibrates, and even the leaves sleep. Dream on! We scarce dare open to read these new scrolls, but see! trailing out across the future, in inspiration glistens the new path-way, the to-morrow that is to-day, that sleeps. Close to the earth we listen for the message of the eternal now that holds the prophecy of the awakening, and in the burst of song that comes in the eventide, we find the overtone, the over-soul that unites this day, our personality, creation with yesterday's, to-morrow's life—only, just as the buds are sleeping, we sleep to our perfection.

It is autumn. Shoulder to shoulder,

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Their funnel-shaped manner of growth, however, leaves them free-footed. They are mazed beneath with footways for wood-folk, and air-ways of breezes, or the odor from their sandal wood striplings is indeed of a place blest. Their leaves that through the long, hot, rainless days have turned and twisted to present their edges to the sun, are now careless of their poses. Like drops of life-blood oozing from the mahogany red branches, hang the red berries; life indeed to the birds.

The rustle of wings, and the scurry of feet, tell of the feasts. Robins fly back and forth in filmy streaks across the morning and evening sky, going happily, songfully from sleepy-hollow to berry-crowned ridge. The abundance lasts well through the winter; a roadhouse for the migrant, or a store house for the year-long resident.

In those days of garnered strength, of consummation of spring activities visible in fruit and berry, and flutter of new-found wings; in this great pause, in this Nirvana of the year, this brooding spirit of attainment, our buds are still sleeping. With all their hidden potency they still sleep.

Lo! the turn of the sun on his springward trip. Subtle change of sun-slants too delicately poised to be sensed, perhaps, by a grosser plant, but though 'tis mid-winter our buds feel the impulse earlier even than the silk-tassel shrub, that hill-climber of the woods who flaunts his flying tatters to the wind. Slowly, steadily, they lift their drooping bud-heads through storm and sunshine and foretell the coming spring. From that waking moment until their perfection at summer's dawn there is joy to the hill lover, for the season is long.

Trace them over the hill where the forest fire has devastated; you will find a new drove of them out-cropping, covering the stony, seared barrenness like a band of feeding sheep; low-crouching, with rounded backs. A veritable rejuvenator for mother earth, saving the loam and adding to it by their annual shedding.

Wander with the blossoming ones. The soft rotundity and color suggesting carvings of jaspar, marble, daintily tinted shell, chalcedony or cameo; or the statuesque firmness of branch, or Rodin-like poise of leaf, will crave your heart to be painter, potter or sculptor. Their symmetrical irregularity is a synthesis of being that only the nature master hand could bring to harmony; angularity, rotundity, ruggedness and daintiness, color and flat tone are all there. You feel that you are in the presence of a two-sided nature, but its resolving is as elusive as the honeyed fragrance flung to the varied breeze.

Tramp with them from warm, favored nook to open sweep of hill crest. There will be days and weeks of development, and happy trailings in happy quests.

Seek them from the very edge of the bee gardens to piney hill slopes; there will be months of joy that lead finally along the path of many bird-songs and many nestings, until incense-borne we come to know that flowers are the halos of the life-spirit they hold, and that the "essence of life is divine."

Banked against the forest green a morning shaft of light-glints across Sierra snows to find in them a replica; cool, quiet, scarce trembling with the oncoming day. At high noon they are bursts of honeyed fragrance, the focus of bee life, the very emblem of high noon activity, a sort of apex of energy. At eve, the hour when the low-slipping sun reveals all their wonderful picturesque anatomy is the hour to love them. Then shadows mystical creep from serried shoulder to shoulder, now this one, now that upheld, rounded, blotted out. As the dusk falls, the long purple shadows rise and fall, glow and sink into the grey that is so fraught with hidden color that it almost seems to vibrate.

Shadow-colors, the elf-children of light, calling out: "We are all here;" a roll call of dying color, of the dying day. In the misty light and shadow shiftings, and settling down under the night cover, the rich red branches blend into the red earth, and the garden above, alone floats in the after-glow.

See that outstretched, low-lying branch; it was no doubt borne down by an extra burden of snow. From earth to tip it is the essence of a perfection no art can hope to exceed. Round red branch extended at an inimitable slant; with every supporting branchlet and every staccato leaf just consummation one of another; then,

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when all is crowned with the marble carving of flower forms—well! have you ever heard the lark sing, and almost seen the notes fall through the sunshine? Have you ever been thrilled by the greatest lines of beauty that art or life have brought you; have you ever known character so fine that through the taut lines of hardship could weave bright silken meshes of loving kindness, patience and nobility? Ah, then you are of the blessed. Then you can interpret that manzanita perfection. Some day the sculptor will arise who, by subtle balance of line and insight, can embody its entirety; no copying will do. Then we shall know the unseen toward which all art, all science gropes.

We knelt before to read the scrolls, and found that from the scarring of old-world times come the bee-gardens, the gold-treasures of to-day: and the path led on.

Now, with uplifted head we catch a gleam from the long ago, shafted along the flower-way that makes us pause before these "lilies of the field," "Lest we forget," lest we be unconscious of our halos. We learn that from our heart scars come our spirit treasures: that we are building day by day, thought by thought, the true flower of our being.

Across the chasms of the yesterdays comes this flower laden with the prophecy of to-day, telling us that within the past was the present, and contains all time: within chaos and struggle is order, and holds all perfection; that from sleep comes awakening, and binding all these like the season's fulfillments is the fine thread of God's plan.

The sunshine strikes the glistening bells—it is more than sunshine, purer even than it came, reflected, illumined, enhaloed. The leaves bear up the pink or white flower clouds, and they are more than leaves; inspired!

Dream! Poised in the sunshine, long misty paths curve into the twilight of the past, and out again into the new light. Trail them, hill-lovers; they are there for you. Follow their faintest suggestions. In this great out-doors we can pulse into the world-beat.

Listen! Along the curve of that bird song as it falls to earth, among the rustle of the leaves, the creep of zephyr along the pine needles, the drone of bees, the whirr of wings, we can hear the drift of star-mist, know the building of worlds, and know that about us lies the vibrating unseen.

The powers of heaven are fast becoming the powers of men, and in so much as we learn to be close to the earth, so do we touch the stars.

The lines that now bind are the releasers that swing to the infinite. Inspiration is but the borderland. All life, the universe is in one bird song, the drift of one thistle-down. Naught is so great that it exceeds creation, nor so small but it contains the whole. In that word, "Let there be light!" is contained the ultimate. Each pathway, when we really find it, is illumined. No true pathways are dark, and no great truths but interchange and lead to light. No path lies so surely along illumined ground as this one with the flowers, and the pines, down the canyon, over the heights.

In the long sleeping buds we find the simile of our undevelopment, also our possibilities. Our awakening like theirs trembles at the impulse of the new light that fore-gleams. The new-old race rises from the tatters, the debris of the ages. Their raiment is to be truth. Along the flower-way we find the nature spirit-way that out-fathoms the sea, out-circles a changing, dying world with light, life infinite.

Oh, my manzanitas of the hills, ye have spoken.



A NORMAL MEASURE OF VALUE AND MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE

BY ELIAS LOWE McCLURE

MONEY IS THE greatest factor in the development of civilization. It acts like a vital fluid in its constant service to mankind as a measure of value and medium of exchange. Defective money interrupts prosperity by its instability. But scientific money will release the latent power of sound money and give it free scope to do its perfect work, like heart-beats in its regularity.

The control of money supply (made possible by a defective money measure) is the greatest power in the world. Money is the valuable consideration that completes all transactions, whether great or small, and is generally believed to be a fixed standard of value; but in fact money fluctuates in value with the changes from redundancy to stringency in money supply, which creates or destroys prosperity by making prices of all wealth rise or fall as the manipulators dictate, whether it be for their interest to either buy or sell.

A subtle secret (jealously guarded in the financial holy of holies, and never revealed to any one but the initiated) makes money power invincible. All Governments ignorantly fix the measure in gold, at the dictation of financiers; which they transmute by secret knowledge into omnipotent power, invisible and incomprehensible to all but the initiated. They resort to every art and artifice to guard the secret from all the people. Truth is perverted and falsehood instilled into the public mind by promulgating inspired doctrines of subservient economists "on 'change," in school and out of school, until all recognized precedent and authority sustain them.

Belief in the accepted economic theories is a test of sanity and safety, and to doubt or question any of these, their fallacious theories would be heretical and unpardonable. "Money is a fixed standard of value." "Fluctuations in value are caused by changes in supply and demand." "The scarcity of gold and its intrinsic value make it the natural money metal." "And change in the value of money is imperceptible, because the world's stock of gold is approximately a fixed quantity."

Equality and justice have no examplars (like the bee in insect life) either in law or custom, church or State, public or private life. Because money power transcends law, and circumvents justice by evasion, technicality and fraud; supplants emulation by competition, and invests political officers with authority as rulers, instead of public servants, as part of the unlimited machinations making greed supreme, and is responsible for the fact that has no exception, no one is good but God.

The almost omnipotent power wielded by financiers, through the control of the distribution of wealth by money manipulation, perpetuates inequality and injustice, poverty and slavery—withholds from labor the natural opportunities for the production of wealth, and even the possibility of sustaining life. The power of might is the sole arbiter of every final contest, and there is no higher court of appeal. Life and strength are preliminary to all contests, and wealth is necessary to maintain life. The measure of value fixed in gold gives financiers in control of money supply absolute power over the wealth of the world. The Government, like the individual, is helpless without money. And the money king, by his subtle power, can create demands at will exceeding money supply, or he can make money supply so

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abundant that all financial institutions will be compelled to use every effort to get rid of superfluous money.

The machinations of money power have successfully dictated the laws and customs of the world, creating and protecting special privileges in the production and distribution of wealth. And it has been its immemorial custom to nurture greed into the dominating instinct prerequisite to success, by fixing well known consequences for the sin of poverty, to influence all individuals and organizations, which are more effectual than written laws; while it keeps the struggle for existence an universal menace (by controlling natural opportunities), to discredit goodness, which it punishes by the inexorable penalty of poverty.

Life is dear to all. Death ends life. Existence beyond is spiritual and incomprehensible to physical beings. The abomination and fear of poverty, want and possible starvation intensifies acquisitiveness, until goodness is generally looked upon as wholly impracticable and ridiculous, when the penalty of poverty is inevitable. Greed is the sole foundation of money power. It would become inoperative under the rule of natural law. Religion has falsely taught that the will of God was ruled on occasions by anger and vengeance, substituting fear for Love as the guide to truth. No environment has ever existed that was favorable to the development of goodness, and no human individual worthy to be called good has ever lived. The greatest leaders of the world, who fearlessly preached the simple truth and became a menace to the unjust laws and customs of their times, have been killed by the power of might, that the rule of greed might not be disturbed.

A fixed standard of value will destroy money power, and the power of might will be right, because conscience will rule. And Love will govern greed absolutely when the power to manipulate value is regulated by natural law. Financiers who manipulate money supply and change the measure of value at will are invincible under existing financial systems; they hold Governments as well as the people subservient to their will, and the secret of their power has been so successfully concealed that the learned of every age very generally unite in upholding the theory that the evils arising from the unequal distribution of wealth are the result of man's imperfection and the operation of immutable law. The demonetization of gold and the adoption of scientific money, is the remedy that will emancipate the toiling masses from domination by malefactors of great wealth, and tend to supply the desideratum an equality of opportunity.

A subtle law enacted by every Government gives the money king power to change the value of money at will. Financiers who cause the fluctuation in the value of money are able to make the price of all wealth fluctuate correspondingly by this nearly omnipotent power, and unperceived absorb the wealth of the country without the waste of destroying armies: and vest the title in themselves, sustained by the forms of law, and protected by the whole power of the State. Repeating the familiar spectacle of oppression by subtle laws, more abominable than if they conquered the country by military occupation and took the wealth of the people by force of arms.

A dollar is a measure of value as a pound weight and yard-stick are measures of quantity. But the legal gold dollar is not a *fixed* measure of value like the pound and yard are of quantity. It is merely a fixed quantity of gold which fluctuates in value with the changes in supply and demand as all other commodities do. The dollar, therefore, fluctuates in value with the rise and fall in the quantity of money in circulation. This defect in money produces illimitable evils, and the subtle power it creates is so far-reaching in its effect on mankind that it dominates everything. The private ownership of the air we breathe would not be so insidious, because the air-lord could be located and blamed.

The stability of the yard-stick and pound weight makes transactions safe as to quantity. But if a power was created that could change the pound and yard at will, and such power was exercised by men concealed from view of law or public, it would seem impossible to do business under such conditions; yet price is far more vital than quantity in the dealings of men, and the money measure of value that fluctuates all prices can be

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changed at will by any combination that is able to control money supply.

The fluctuation in the value of money can be more easily comprehended by considering the total supply of gold in the world. The money measure fixed in gold makes its total value equal the money demand for gold to make the world's exchanges, plus the demand for gold in the arts. To double the gold supply of the world without changing the demand for gold would not change the total value of gold, which would remain the same total value as before; the dollar would buy but half the quantity it did before the supply was increased. Prices would rise one hundred per cent, or the dollar would be worth only half as much as before. Diminish the gold supply of the world one-half, under the same conditions of demand, and gold would appreciate in value one hundred per cent, prices would fall one-half, or the dollar would double in purchasing power.

The fact is well known and does not admit of any doubt, that the quantity of money in circulation in any country makes it prosperous when money is abundant, and bankrupt when money vanishes, regardless of the natural advantages, wealth or virility of the population; and though the vaults of the treasury were filled with money, or should speculators corner the supply and hold it out of circulation, the effect would be the same as if the money did not exist. Whenever a supply of money cannot be put in circulation to meet a demand for money, credit will cease and panic, suspension and bankruptcy will follow until money reappears in circulation or confidence is restored.

Every one possessing wealth, whether it be much or little, is constantly menaced by depreciation and possible bankruptcy. The greatest financiers have been caught in a panic and ruined by falling prices. Financiers control money supply, dominating finance with absolute authority that can make money stringent by precipitating a panic, or restore confidence immediately, by skillful manipulation, and make money redundant. The silent operation of the law of money (flowing out of the country of high prices to the cheapest market) often gives speculators an opportunity to make enormous profits by discounting the future. On the other hand, every increase in the quantity of money in circulation raises prices, which frequently carries the speculative fever to such excess that prices mount to the limit of inflation, when reaction sets in and prices fall, producing panic and disaster, until the return flow of money is released to absorb the wealth of the country on its own terms. The financial system of the world based on gold is like a pyramid set on its apex.

The richest nation holds but a few hundred millions of money in reserve, and as long as the money remains in the treasury it is valueless to the country's prosperity, and it cannot be put in circulation but by methods that entail a risk of loss and give large profit and advantage to favorites at the expense of the people.

History gives positive evidence that money has been the prime factor in the progress of civilization. In every country throughout the ages where money was redundant, we are told that such nations were prosperous and the people progressive; and wherever money was stringent, history relates the degradation of the people and the bankruptcy of the nation. When Rome was at the zenith of power, money was more abundant than it ever had been before; while prosperity ceased throughout the civilized world during the Dark Ages, money disappeared entirely from circulation; what little gold remained was hoarded, credit did not exist, and the people were degraded to the lowest depths of poverty and ignorance.

Scientific money will make the measure of value as fixed and unchangeable as the measures of quantity, and it will destroy the financier's power to manipulate the measure of value. There will be no commodity in scientific money to fluctuate, because the function of money will be certain and exact—a mere counter of wealth by a fixed and permanent unit of value, existing on the date of change to scientific money and maintained thereafter by the automatic regulation of money supply to equal money demand; and money cannot be again transformed by financiers into the irresistible power, that control of money supply creates, to change the value of all wealth at will, whereby manipulators take the profit earned by

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labor and rule the world through the domination of greed and ignorance; compelling the people to support and protect in idleness and prodigality the lords of wealth and all their minions, while labor is held by their subtle power in hopeless bondage.

The Government of the United States, by the exercise of its sovereign money power, can adopt a complete credit financial system for raising revenue, and make the nation's notes the only legal money and eliminate all other money from circulation. The United States can issue full legal tender time notes for the appropriations of Congress, and (on application) for the budgets of the States, including all subdivisions of the State Governments, stipulating that all assessing and collecting taxes be done by treasury officials. The tax rate will be fixed by the Secretary of the Treasury, for the States, to keep the money issue for each debtor within the legal limit; Congress will provide the revenue to pay matured notes issued for the national budget, and if there should be either a surplus or deficit in the revenue, it will devolve upon the administration to lower or raise the rate of taxes, or levy a new tax when necessary, that there may be no possibility of a default in the payment of any note on the day it falls due.

All notes issued by the United States will be constituted a full legal tender, at their face value, for the payment of all debts, public or private, said notes will supersede all existing money and remain the sole unit of value and legal tender for the payment of debt.

The first issue of Scientific money will equal the total obligations of the United States, for the redemption of all the coin issued by United States mints, pay every outstanding obligation and liquidate all national debts by payment in scientific money.

Bonds with semi-annual interest coupons attached will be issued to equal each money issue. The legal tender notes will be paid out for all disbursements by the treasury department, and bonds to equal in amount each money issue will be deposited simultaneously in the national depositaries, where bonds can be obtained on demand without cost in exchange for notes or notes for bonds. Depositaries will detach the semi-annual interest coupon for the current half year from the bonds exchanged for notes. Bonds presented to depositaries for notes must have all coupons attached that have not matured.

The volume of scientific money will be practically unlimited, and adoption of the system will cause the spontaneous development of an automatic regulator, that will positively operate to keep the quantity of money in circulation at all times to equal money demand (by a law of money certain to govern its flow), through the payment of an interest rate equal to the earnings of wealth in average investments, for money that has been retired from circulation in exchange for bonds; or the Government will pay interest on all excess money and will take the profit from all money in circulation, instead of permitting the banks to appropriate it.

On the other hand, the law will provide for an equally important detail by affording every convenience for money to be obtained from depositaries throughout the country, on demand, without cost, in exchange for bonds. Whenever money becomes scarce, a premium will be offered, and if the profit exceeds the interest paid by bonds, there will be an exchange of bonds for money by the bondholders, that will increase money supply to equal money demand.

Interest will be paid on excess money for two reasons. First, (and by far the most important reason) to regulate money supply to equal money demand and maintain a fixed standard of value. Second, to furnish secure investment for savings that will pay a profit somewhere near the net profit earned by the general average of all investments.

Government bonds may flow out of the country until equilibrium in money supply would be disturbed, if the bond rate of interest should exceed the interest paid by foreign countries. It is conceivable that our money may become popular in foreign countries where money is still defective. China, with her hundreds of million people could possibly deplete our money supply to the danger point at some future date. Combinations of wealth vast beyond conception might skillfully man-

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ipulate money supply in the future, without perfect safeguards are provided.

Equilibrium could be maintained under scientific money, because there is no doubt that it will be practicable to place money within reach to supply every demand, beyond any possibility of manipulation or gravitation to disturb it.

Among many possible safeguards Congress could provide for the regulation of public service corporations, authorizing them to issue first mortgage bonds, the same in character as Government bonds. The property pledged for security will be appraised by Government experts, funds for the payment of principal and interest stipulated, and the bond issue limited to an amount that would be fully secured. All commercial bonds issued under Government authority and regulation will be received by all national depositaries in exchange for money the same as Government bonds.

Emergency money and bonds to equal same, not to exceed the amount paid out in exchange for commercial bonds, will be issued by the treasury department whenever necessary. But it is probable that the supply of excess money, retired from circulation in exchange for bonds and lying in the treasury unused, will supply an ample surplus at all times to meet every demand.

The payment of notes at maturity would soon extinguish money supply, but that the law will provide for issuing new money, and before the old notes mature new money will be issued, which will maintain a constant supply of money. Every note cancelled will be paid from the revenue receipts taken in taxes from the people. It will be, therefore, only technically that notes will be paid in paper, but in fact every note will be paid at maturity from the wealth produced by the people, after it has been taken from them in taxes for that purpose, which wealth will be represented by the money in which the taxes are paid.

Money supply will not be affected by any other country under scientific money. Balance of trade will be paid in the money of the credit country, which we will have to buy with any wealth we have to offer that will cost us the least. The price of gold will rise and fall with the changes in supply and demand as all commodities do, but money in this country will remain a fixed standard of value if the system maintains equilibrium.

THE TRAIL

BY ZOE HARTMAN

Lead on! I follow thee,
Magician of the woodland and the steep,
Through pine aisles, still and deep,
By tawny streams that toss and rage and weep
Unceasingly.

Lead on! I follow thee,
Through elfin haunts, where fluttering wild things dwell;
Perchance, some Druid's cell;
Where'er thy mystic windings weave a spell—
I, too, am free!

I love thy spiral way:
Up, up, where forests mourn their fallen dead,
And eagles scream o'erhead,
Where storm contends with storm in combat dread
At Titans' play.

'Mid peaks sublimely fair,
Above the vale of earth-born lust and scheme,
In clouds where poets dream,
Romance, thine age-old Mother, reigns supreme—
Lead thou me there!

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THE EDITOR'S PHILOSOPHY

(Continued)

IN ORDER to make you feel as though you really were a genius, if you are a dweller in California, you should buy yourself a bungalow at Carmel and go down there and become a leading light in the colony of geniuses. It's a wonderful place. There are artists and artists, and there are writers and writers, and they have formed a most interesting community by the sounding sea. They remind me of Peary and Cook, and, when they are not berating and knocking one another, they are holding praise meetings in admiration of their own work. These communities and aggregations of genius are a pet product of our State. Occasionally we produce a real genius, but it takes more than the mere testimony of the suns to give them standing. They have to have the testimony of everyday men and women. 'Tis a great State, this! It is greatest in these little mutual admiration societies and knockers' clubs. The State of California flourishes, despite its people. They lack the spirit of getting together and doing team work, and yet they are the greatest of all the earth's population.

* * * *

Speaking of Peary and Cook reminds me of Ambrose Bierce. Why? I don't know, except that I had just read an article of his in a contemporary magazine on the American navy. What Bierce doesn't know about the navy is only equaled by what one Hughes of the 69th New York regiment knows about the game of war. This Hughes, Rupert is the romantic name his father gave him, decries the National Guard and its methods. He is a National Guard officer, and he writes at length in an Eastern weekly periodical of the evils of drills and exercises and forced marches, and he speaks learnedly of the fact that we cannot shoot straight, that we know nothing of the use of rifle sights, and that the whole battle of the "blues and the reds," in the taking of Boston, was simply an attempt at finding out how many men could withstand the inroads of pneumonia and typhoid fever, if exposed under the most propitious conditions.

* * * *

I know nothing of the National Guard of the Empire State, its war or shooting capacity. I know that Bierce's contention that our navy cannot shoot because all their records are made on smooth seas, is arrant nonsense, and that Mr. Bierce imagining that unless the practice were obtained in a tempestuous ocean voyage all practice were useless, is piffle. I well remember, just off the island of Guam, when the Charleston, with a green crew, "hove to" to have target practice; that I was astonished when the target was hit seven times out of ten, and that later the Baltimore crew made some scores that were wonderful, in a rolling sea, ten out of every eleven shots hitting the canvass. The men at the game were just haphazard marksmen, too. In the Philippines I have seen shooting by the Oregon regiment, at living human targets, that was positively astounding for accuracy. The Colorado regiment did equally well, and the shooting of the National Guard of California, *under all conditions,* is exceptionally fine. At practice, the vessels of the Pacific and the Atlantic squadrons have carried away world's records that are still to be beaten, and that are only approached by the American crews of vessels enjoying practice later.

* * * *

Then why the Bierceian anvil chorus? Simply because this professional spiller of bile has exploited every known field in literary notoricty, and he must perforce try to bring himself before the public in his declining years by some mental spurt that

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will draw attention to his petty self. It is the spirit of knocking, strong in death.

Mr. Bierce is a very clever man, and no one may successfully deny that he is as expert in the handling of English words as Mr. Johnson, of ebon hue, is in the handling of his fists. It must be remembered that, publicly, these two worthies belong to the undesirable class. They are both knockers, after their kind, and of it. In his "Shadow on the Dial," Bierce's latest published aggregation of literary junk, he shows his ability to the best possible extent. He is clever, some of the sketches approach the dignity of "works," but he is not a great writer. Bile is the constitutional injunction that will forever debar Bierce from occupying a niche in the chamber of the Immortals in literature.

* * * *

Bierce came into my mind as I thought of Peary and Cook. For Bierce there is an excuse in the fact that he does his knocking for money just as the "candied friend" of another journal does his clever satirical work for filthy lucre, too. The days of Junius died with Junius! His like is no more. We do not find the literary free-lance, but we do find the literary free-booter and grafter, such as Fraud Elbertus, and the literary Hessian. such as Bierce and the small fry, swarming about his boot-tops.

Jealousy has been said to be the inspiration of all human effort, and, of course, envy is a close relation. Peary, it seems to me, is the condensed essence of the fifty-seven different varieties of jealousy and envy. The wife of him is a good second.

* * * *

Peary is a bungler, and, from all outward and visible signs, Cook is a gentleman. Peary has said, not in so many words, but by inference and cablegram, that Cook is a liar. If he be a liar, I believe him to be an exceedingly clever one, and Peary has, by his bungling, played right into his hands. I cannot blame Peary for being angry, but I do blame him for his actions. He has placed the burden of proof producing upon his own shoulders. From all data heretofore published, fair-minded men must admit that the accounts given by the men tend to prove the fact that both have been to the pole. The only doubt thrown on the story that either or both reached there has been thrown on the subject by Peary himself. Their accounts of the difficulties of the journey and their descriptions of conditions at the Big Nail could not be more nearly alike had they copied notes of observations one from the other.

* * * *

After all, there is some question in the minds of the lay public as to what benefit has been conferred upon mankind by the achievement. It is doubtful if this benefit extends any farther than having stopped the usual foray on the pockets of rich men for hundreds of thousands of dollars to outfit polar expeditions. The polar graft will from now on suffer and languish. There will be no more extensive trading in fine furs, and the native will wait in vain for expeditions bringing in food from the far-away. The Eskimo diet will now have a sameness that will be almost nauseating. Seal oil and whale's blubber, unless relieved by an occasional can of embalmed corn beef or *entre mets* of gumdrops, will pall on the Polar palate. And thus will Peary be avenged, for Cook's name will be execrated by the Polarians. *Pate-de-fois-gras* will be as scarce in Labrador and New Foundland as hen's teeth.

* * * *

In relation to the Bierce man and his strictures on the American navy and the American gunner, it must be borne in mind that the vulgarian is a Britisher of the frock-coat-adoring middle-class in toadyism if not in fact. He has always seemed to me the embodiment in human form of a nest-befouling bird. In other days, he used to spume asthmatically at his betters in a weekly record of transient emanations a certain publisher, well known for monumental moral unworth, refused to father. The owner of the polecat refused to take the responsibility for the cat's odor.

Coming down to facts, we find that the cry of "no colliers for the navy" has very little foundation, and that, next to England, the United States has the largest and most conveniently located coaling stations of any nation. As to colliers, we find that, in case of a war on the seas, thousands of vessels are available at a mo-

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ment's notice, and that the coaling problem was the least of the difficulties that faced us in the Spanish-American war.

Admiral Dewey is maligned, in this article, in an effort to take away some of the glory in the taking of Manila. The story that Montojo's vessels were wrapped in ropes is made up of whole cloth, or twine, and is a lie ungarnished and stupid, and Bierce protects himself in malicious unveracity by saying that "all of the King's horses and all of the King's men" could not drag from him the name of the officer giving him the information that Dewey said to Brumby that he might "fire at those ropes" whenever he got ready.

I was there. I have seen the ships of Montojo. I have walked the decks of the vessels awash and aground at Cavite. I have seen the restored ships. I know what a fleet of that kind could have done to Dewey, reinforced by the Krupps of the Luneta battery, the fleet and the land forces of Spain, had they been commanded by Americans. Dewey, in command of Montojo's ships, would have sunk the Olympia, the Raleigh and the other toy American ships. The Luneta battery, in charge of Chaffee or Lawton, would have blown Dewey out of the water. Of course, the Spanish war was not a real war, but *it might have been,* and the Americans, who so gallantly carried our flag to the Orient, had no foreknowledge of the incapacity of the Spanish commanders.

Mr. Bierce's malignant adverse critique of the American navy is simply a rechauffee of Reuterdahl, and the public has placed its estimation on the Reuterdahl brand of expert (?) opinion. It is broadly hinted that Bierce's knowledge of the sea was obtained as a mercenary in the war of the Rebellion. Somebody tells me Bierce was a sutler or cook or tuba player in a regiment of foot. It is a safe bet that Bierce's warmed-over article will not create one-tenth the interest as that by the other Hessian, Reuterdahl.

* * * *

The president has come and gone, and his genial presence and graceful bows and waves of the hand have left pleasant impressions in many a feminine heart. This was the way he won the Philippines, and it is the women of the islands who would canonize him. What a fat saint he would make! I cannot recall any of the saints who were mustachioed, and, in this particular, it would be an innovation; Saint Taft of Baguio and Manila! It sounds like the real thing. Taft's trip should be an eye-opener for certain politicians and for the great vested interests. Taft wants to be "the man at the wheel," and he is trying hard to be the people's man, but the people are in a hypercritical mood just now, and Taft's entourage is not to the public's liking. The public has had the brass band for four years, and the leader kept time with the big stick. It remembers the strenuous Teddy, with a sigh!

* * * *

It would not be a bad idea to withhold judgment, but the public is ever hasty, and it may be that the popular verdict is already written. In that case, it is too bad, as it may be that the suave, smooth-the-corners-and-smile policy is the best, after all. It must not be forgotten, for an instant, that the executive is not to blame for our miserable system of government. The Fathers of the Republic started out with a government based on the broadest liberties, and gradually these liberties have taken the form of licenses and have later developed into special privileges, which bid fair to enslave each and every one of us to the other, according to our capacity for production. We have traveled far from the original idea when a Senator may acknowledge, without fear of impeachment, that he bought his seat in that august body of financial Dodos, and when another of the same ilk may say with impunity that the fixing of a tariff rate is not a question of protection, but a matter of trade and barter as a representative of special business or other interests in certain sections of the country. When we get back to the original idea that the lower House represents the people and the upper the will of the Legislatures, and that the President is simply an executive to see that the will of the legislative bodies, enacted as laws, is enforced, and that the President, outside of the veto or by recommendation by message and in time of war, has no initiative lawfully, then we shall have returned to the original concept. Our scheme of government is right, but we have wiped it out entirely, and have written clear across the page in red ink, "Spe-

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cial Privileges to all." Special privileges is the rock on which all governments have gone to pieces in ages past.

* * * *

I would call the gentle reader's attention to the pages of this issue of the Overland Monthly. I want you to compare it with any magazine you may have at hand, page for page, and article for article, and then give judgment. I believe that it is one of the best magazines of the day. If you think so, too, tell your neighbor so, and swell our subscription list. We are growing all the time, but we want to grow faster, and you can help us, if you will. Boost the Overland Monthly. The best way to boost this magazine is to write to the advertiser and tell him you saw his advertisement in the Overland Monthly. That helps us and you, dear reader, too often forget this fact. Always mention the fact that you saw the ad. in the Overland Monthly.

* * * *

Taft has come out square-toed and flat-footed as being in favor of the Roosevelt theories. He should be given every chance to show what can be done with those theories, without the brass band and the club. It may be that, in the end, he will accomplish bigger and better things than ever were dreamt of by Roosevelt. Taft has said that he is in favor of a ship subsidy. He is also reported in favor of some sort of sound money program, something different from that now in vogue, and which gives to those controlling the money supply the power of levying taxes in a much larger sense than is granted the people's government by the people. Mr. Taft is in favor of the reclamation theories of Mr. Roosevelt, and of that of the good citizens who desire that our coal lands, our waters and our forests be kept in the public domain and not given away, for a song. Mr. Taft is on record as having said that he is in favor of giving the Interstate Commissioners greater power than they now possess. There are many ways of obtaining these not unmixed blessings for the people, and if Taft may have his way he is at least entitled to our confidence until we shall have seen some sign of incapacity.

It is true that his detractors point out the fact that he handed a sop to a Senator when Roosevelt would have singled out the individual in question for a public roast. It is true that Ballinger's connection with the Cunningham land cases is not a pleasant thing or a reassuring thing to look upon, but that incident is not yet closed! The goods have not been delivered to Cunningham, et al. Memory tells us that the Strenuous One made mistakes. It is not difficult to recall the stubborn adherence to the fool policy pursued in Venezuela. There was no attempt to palliate the error, but events followed one the other so fast that the public mind was never allowed to rest on the mistakes of Teddy long enough to recognize them as such. If any man needs a square deal it is William Howard Taft. Let us give it to him. Let us forget the tariff.

P. N. B.

* * * *

Fort Reno, Okla., August 30, 1909.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

There is a slight discrepancy of fact and statement in "The Subjugation of Black Kettle" in July Overland Monthly. It was no fault of the narrator, as an error was perpetuated in the record and made to read that the soldiers were "shooting down without mercy;" "slaughtering;" etc. The shooting of the women and children was done, but by the twelve Osage Indian scouts; this being no uncommon practice in Indian warfare. As to my report to General Custer, the fact was that I said to him that the party of Indians to the south of us was being pursued by Meyers' troops and that there were many women and children with them. Custer ordered me to ride out to them and have the women and children (squaws and pappooses) taken to some of the largest tepees, and the best for their accommodation in the village, and that when they were thus located he would put a guard over them.

Otherwise the article is accurate in all respects, but in honor to good soldiers and brave men, I should be obliged if you would make this correction, that the story may be flawless, for in all other respects it is one of the most critically correct stories of Indian warfare I have read, but then, the Overland Monthly has had several of them lately. Very truly yours,

BEN CLARKE.

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The Religion of a Democrat.

THE LONGER a man lives, and the wider become his experiences, the more he learns to love freedom. In the little book of Mr. Zueblin, "The Religion of a Democrat," you can hear the far cry of the eagle, and soar with him through the upper atmosphere. Our petty notions about politics, church, party, sect, are left way below us. Mr. Zueblin would have men free to develop themselves, and he would make them so by establishing all the necessary social conditions. He would free men from the control of fear—a control which is to-day, in its four prominent forms, the dominant controlling agency of society. We are governed by the fear of the living and the fear of the dead. We are governed by fear of retaliation, fear of public opinion, of the law and of the church. We must rise above all these—not that we should throw off their control, but that the sentiment which moves us must be something higher than fear.

Mr. Zueblin's Democrat does not live under a representative regime, but in one of direct individual action. The referendum and initiative are his, and his deputies are not his masters. Now this is clearly a state of socialism, and Mr. Zueblin has not shown us in his book how individual freedom can co-exist with unbridled power of the whole society no matter how exercised. There appears to be no taking into account of the ethical sentiment which normal society activity is evolving out of our long regime of fear-control. The ethical sentiment, which is the only moral control possible, already displays itself at certain times and places; and it is only through the adequate development of this sentiment, the last in a long series of evolving sentiments, that society can attain ideal conditions, wherein desires and appetites are spontaneously regulated with no loss of happiness. For one of the elements of sentiment is justice and the other an enlightened and educated sympathy.

Unfortunately, in a society where the many absolutely control the individual, small opportunity exists for the ethical sentiment to develop. Socialism, in other words, is not the ideal state. However, Mr. Zueblin's book is invigorating, and one loves freedom more than ever after reading it.

The Art of Selling Things.

According to the latest available figures more than six million persons in this country are engaged in selling things; and of this vast army fully one million are commercial travelers. It would seem, therefore, that there is a large audience for Mr. James H. Collins' entertaining little work entitled "Human Nature in Selling Goods."

The author's main contention is that the man with the best practical knowledge of human nature will make the most successful salesman. He realizes that several varied types of man attain high success; but he sees an under-lying similarity in their methods.

Mr. Collins is no mere theorist. On the contrary, he illustrates every point he makes by anecdotes based on actual happenings. The scope of his little book is unusually broad, and discusses the selling of every imaginable commodity from life insurance to fireproof safes. The general reader will be amazed by the extent to which the larger houses have reduced salesmanship to a science.

"Human Nature in Selling Goods," by James H. Collins: Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia.

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Mr. Edwin Balmer has written a most charming bit of fiction in "Waylaid by Wireless." Mr. Balmer is no novice, and he has already a big following in the world of readers. This new book has the fascination of newness in plot, and is really most up to date and cannot be beaten save by the enterprising novelist who will combine aviation with the wireless means of transmitting messages and carry off his heroes and heroines through the air instead of in a commonplace gunboat or fishing schooner.

Mr. Balmer gives us charming bits of travel, and for this alone the book is worth while. There is wit, delicious and impenetrable mystery, and splendid descriptive ability, and what more do you want? Is not this compound made of the parts that go to make a fine hammock companion or an extraordinary bracer for a sea voyage? There are three chief characters, if I may be allowed three chiefs: Dunneston, the Englishman; Preston, the young American engineer; and Ethel Varis, a clever American girl. You should get acquainted with all three. They are a distinctly valuable addition to your calling list among the bookish heroines and heroes. Wireless, of course, plays an important part in unfolding the plot of the story.

Small, Maynard & Company, Boston, Massachusetts.

There is the usual run of literature for the readers of all sizes and ages being produced at a rate that appals at this season of the year. It is the time when we begin to think of the book as a release from almost any other gift during the holiday season. The book is always a safe refuge, and it is a delightful task to select books, according to the character of your victim. You buy the book and the recipient does the swearing. He or she can go through mental gymnastics trying to find out just what it was that prompted you to send such an inane or ponderous thing as a present.

Ada Woodruff Anderson has written a story that is not especially strong in "The Strain of White." It is located in the Puget Sound country, and there is the usual Indian maiden, Francesca by name, and she is the daughter of the commandant at Fort Nisqually, and who had as mater an Indian woman of the Yakima tribe. The description of the events and the scenery of the early fifties is very interesting, but the book cannot be called a great one, nor can it be dubbed bad or badly done. The story is timely in one thing: it culminates in the Indian attack on Seattle, and also that, coming at the time of the Alaska Yukon Exposition, and containing as it does much information that is not obtainable elsewhere without much research, it should command a sale throughout the Northwest.

Who is there that does not remember "The Lady of the Decoration?" It was Frances Little's first big seller, and it is still going some. It has gone through thirty-three editions. But that's not the story in point. The fact is, that Frances Little has written another book, and it is one that would please the most confirmed sybarite or the gleesome gigglety college girl. It is a delightful little thing, and it is most charmingly illustrated, and the Century Company is the publisher. The drawings are by Genjiro Kataoka, and they are fine examples of the modern Japanese art. They are in soft colors, and are agreeable to a degree. The book is called "Little Sister Snow." The story is a cameo, and the illustrations are opals. If you would please any one infinitely, then give them the story of Yuki San.

It is a far cry from Yuki San to Dry Farming, but it's dollars to doughnuts that when the Snow Lady is as forgotten as her love for Merritt San, the book on dry farming by William MacDonald will be held as one of the text books indispensable to the home of every farmer in the West. Mr. MacDonald has gone into the subject most exhaustively, and he has illustrated the volume with special photographs cleverly showing by camparison the fertility of soil on which scientific effort is expended, and that upon which no effort has been made. This book is of great value to all agriculturists, but much more so the farmer of the semi-arid West. The Century Company is the publisher. Mr. MacDonald is an old friend of Overland Monthly readers.

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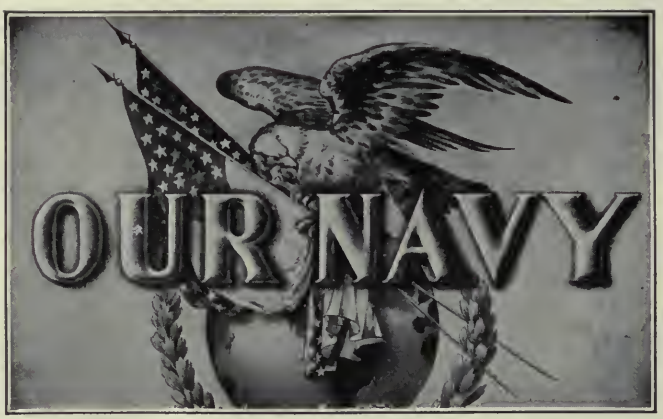


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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

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At Once Buys Another Syracuse "EASY" Washer

"R. F. D. 1, Milton, Penn., Aug. 24, 1909.
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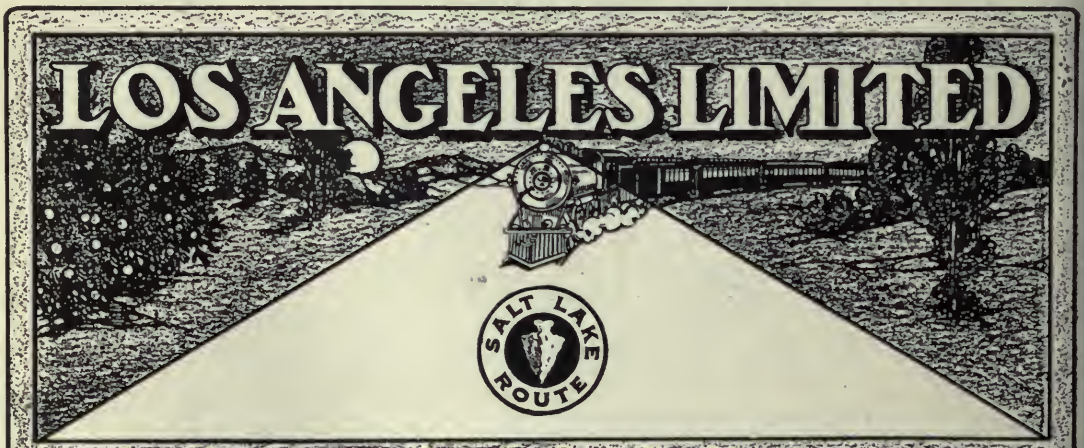
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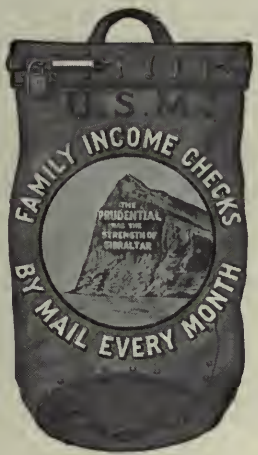


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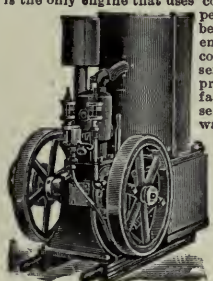
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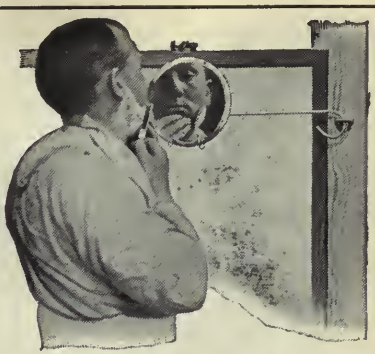
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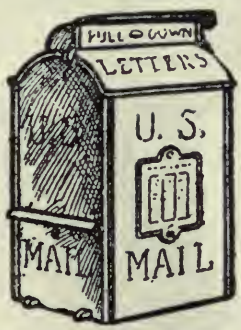
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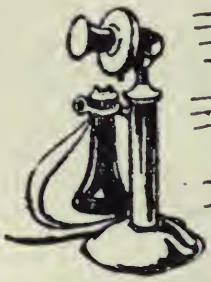
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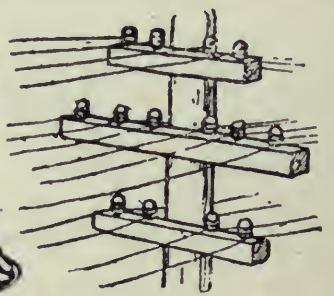
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Vol. LIV No. 6

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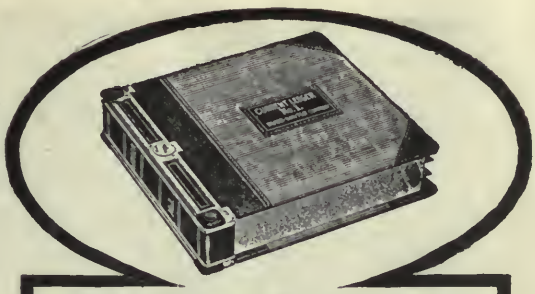
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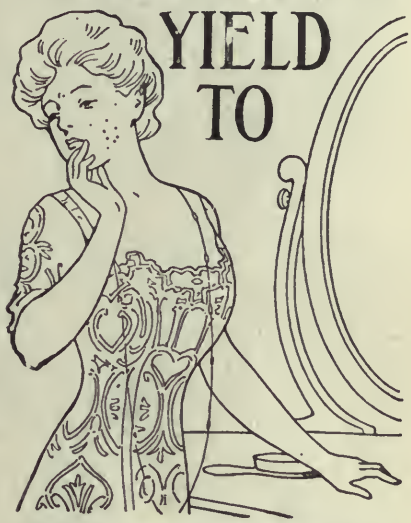
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Partial view of the San Francisco Water Front.

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Shears for lifting boilers out of vessels and other heavy machinery. Hydraulic Dry Dock, San Francisco Water Front.

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DECEMBER, 1909

No. 6 OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LIV

Founded 1868 Bret Harte San Francisco

THE GOOD BISHOP SAINT NICHOLAS

BY PROFESSOR ALBERT SCHINZ (BRYN MAWR)

We say "Santa-Klaus";—but this is a very unconventional fashion of calling him, and it may be that he does not like it at all. First, why we should make him feminine in saying "Santa?" one does not see; and as he lived in times very different from ours, perhaps he does not look upon it as a compliment. As to "Klaus," we know that it is an abbreviation from "Kolaus," which again is an abbreviation from the German "Nikolaus;" like "Hans" is an abbreviation from "Hannes," which is an abbreviation from "Johannes." Let us therefore, instead of "Santa-Klaus," say Saint-Nicholas.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

WE ARE SO busy with the presents brought by Santa-Klaus that we never take the trouble to inquire who he really is. Yet he is a very interesting personality. Let us find out about him before he returns.

St. Nicholas is one of the most popular among the saints of the Roman Catholic Church, which commemorates him on the sixth day of December, the possible date of his death. He lived in the fourth century, as bishop of Myra, a seaport in Lycia.

Very early after his birth, those who took care of him could see that he was to be a holy man. "The first day that he was washed and bained—says the Golden Legend of him—he addressed him right up in the bason, and he would not take the breast nor the pap, but once on the Wednesday and once on the Friday, and in his young age he eschewed the plays and japes of other young children."

His parents, who were very rich and lived in the city of Patras, entrusted the boy for his education to a maternal uncle, the bishop of Myra, who found him a most remarkable pupil, both for his intelligence and for his obedience.

It is told that, shortly after his education had been completed, he suffered for his faith and was thrown into prison under Diocletian; and that he comforted those other Christians who were persecuted with him; and also that he thanked God to be allowed to suffer for His cause. Later, when after the death of his uncle he had been himself elected bishop of Myra, he attended the famous Council of Nicea (325.) There, in the heat of some discussion, he is said to have struck in the face some one who had not spoken respectfully enough of the Mother of Christ. His colleagues reprimanded him severely for this lack of self-control, and even sent him to jail. But the Virgin Mary miraculously freed him, and in consequence, he was received again, with great honors, in the holy assembly.

Many stories tell of his great kindness. He spent, of course, the large fortune inherited from his parents for the benefit of the poor of his see.

One of the most deserving actions of his life was to save the country of Myra from a great famine. The legend now tells the story as follows: "It was so on a time that all the province of S. Nicolas suffered great famine, in such wise that victual failed. And then this holy man heard say that certain ships laden with wheat were arrived in the haven. And anon he went thither and prayed the mariners that they would succor the perished at least with an hundred muyes of wheat of every ship. And they said: Father, we dare not, for it is meted and measured, and we must give reckoning thereof in the garners of the Emperor in Alexandria. And the holy man said to them: Do this that I have said to you, and I promise in the truth of God, that it shall not be lessed or minished when ye shall come to the garners. And when they had delivered so much out of every ship they came to Alexandria and delivered the measure that they had received. And then they recounted the miracle to the ministers of the Emperor, and worshipped and praised strongly God and his servant Nicolas. Then this holy man distributed the wheat to every man after that he had need, in such wise that it sufficed for two years not only for to sell, but also to sow."

On several occasions he is said to have saved miraculously sailors from great perils.

How the people—or tradition—singled out in him this virtue of extreme kindness, even to animals, is shown by the fact that in several countries his calendar day (6th of December) is commemorated by giving a general and complete holiday to all the beasts of burden.

He died the death of the holy. The Lord sent his angels to him; whereby he knew that he should depart; and, inclining his head, he began to sing the psalm *In te, Domine, speravi* (Lord, I have placed my hope with thee) unto *in manus tuas;* and so saying: "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit, he rendered up his soul and died (343?)

He was buried, it is said, in a tomb of marble, and "a fountain of oil sprang out from the head unto his feet . . . . . which is most available to the health of sicknesses of many men."

Later, when the Turks had taken possession of the city of Myra, his remainings were transported to Bari, in Italy (1807), where they still are operating miracles.

* * * *

In Russia, St. Nicholas has become by and by, and has remained up to our days the great national saint, being venerated there about in the same manner as St. Patrick is in Ireland, or St. James in Spain, or St. Anthony in Portugal, or St. Martin in France. He is so generally worshiped by the people of all classes and all professions that he is simply called "The Helper" (Nikolai ugondniku.) But his popularity at first did not spread much over the borders of the Greek Catholic Church; his cult was imported to Western Europe only at the time of the Crusades, i. e., about at the time when the worship of the Virgin Mary took a hold in France; and from there it spread in all the neighbouring countries.

And strange to say, but probably because they were both particularly kind-hearted saints, and chiefly worshiped by the lower and oppressed classes, the two came to be mixed in a most amusing manner; miracles wrought by the one were attributed to the other, and those of the other to the one. For example, St. Nicholas was the patron-saint, and still is in all countries (including Switzerland) of the sailors and of the fishermen; but many stories of storms appeased by the supernatural intervention of St. Nicholas were later referred to Mary, after an intermediate stage when the names of both were used. The Holy Virgin is now considered as much as a special protector in case of storm on sea, as is St. Nicholas; more so, in fact, in occidental Europe, where she is addressed in that capacity as "Stella Maris." But, in exchange—and this is very odd—the good old saint who all his life avoided women like poison, has become the patron-saint of maidens, which of course belonged to Mary by right of nature. This was brought about by the great popularity which one of the legends connected with St. Nicholas enjoyed during the middle ages. It is related thus in the Golden Legend: "And when his father and mother were departed out of this life, he began to think how he might distribute his riches, and not to the

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praising of the world, but to the honor and glory of God. And it was so that one, his neighbor, had then three daughters, virgins, and he was a nobleman; but for the poverty of them together, they were constrained, and in very purpose to abandon them to the sin of lechery, so that by that gain and winning of their infamy they might be sustained. And when the holy man Nicolas knew hereof he had great horror of this villainy, and threw by night secretly into the house of the man a mass of gold wrapped in a cloth. And when the man arose in the morning, he found this mass of gold, and rendered to God therefor great thankings, and therewith he married his oldest daughter. And a little while after, this holy servant of God threw another mass of gold, which the man found, and thanked God, and purposed to wake for to know him that so aided him in his poverty. And after a few days Nicholas doubled the mass of gold, and cast it into the house of this man. He awoke by the sound of the gold, and followed Nicholas, who fled from him and he said to him: 'Sir, flee not away that I may see and know thee.' Then he ran after him more hastily, and he knew that it was Nicholas; and anon he kneeled down, and would have kissed his feet, but the holy man would not, but required him not to tell nor discover this thing as long as he lived."

There are endless anecdotes of Nicholas rescuing people from poverty and distress, sickness and death; but, as said before, this one appealed to the people particularly, and as those benefited by the saint's charitable dispositions were girls in the age of being married, Nicholas soon came to be considered a special benefactor to that class of young people. In Normandy, the girls of twenty are still praying:

Patron des filles, Saint-Nicolas,
Mariez-nous, ne tardez pas!

From that position, he was promoted to another of still more responsibility—and again following in the steps of Mary—namely that of the saint-patron of young mothers. As such he was worshipped especially in Italy.

(By the way, the story of the three young girls and their dowries, the three lumps of gold—which iconography has changed into three apples of gold by association with the three apples of the tree of life, because, thanks to them the girls were saved from eternal spiritual death—is the origin of the three golden balls hanging over the shops of pawnbrokers, up to the present day, in all Christian countries, including America.)

* * * *

But while St. Nicholas may have, according to countries, some different and special attributions, being, for instance, in Russia and Switzerland the chief patron of sailors and fishermen, in Turkey and other Oriental countries, of merchants, in South Italy of young mothers, in Austria of domestic animals, he is the world over the saint-patron of children. None of his companions in Paradise can for one moment think of rivalizing with him in that capacity, not even the Virgin Mary.

This also can be traced to one of the stories which belong to the cycle of St. Nicholas legends.

In one of his sermans, Bonaventura tells how one day two young boys were going to Athens in order to study philosophy. They carried a large sum of money to pay their expenses. On their way, they decided to visit the famous bishop Nicholas and ask for his prayers. But the keeper of the inn where they had taken their lodgings, at Myra, yielding to the inspiration of the evil spirit, killed the two boys in order to rob their money from them. Then he cut their bodies into pieces and kept them in a tub like salted pork. Informed in a dream by an angel of what had happened, Nicholas at once betook himself to the house of the murderer, told him that he knew all that he had done, reprimanded him severely, and then went to the salting tub and called the two boys back to life.

This story being told over and over again, gradually assumed a somewhat different form, and a much more attractive one. It is a good example of the working out of a legend by the genius of the people. Whenever the story happened to reach some good teller, he would send it further somewhat modified and probably improved. Gerard de Nerval revived it at

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the time of French Romanticism and made out of it a delightful little ballad which could be translated about thus:

There were three little boys, very poor,
They went to the fields agleaning.

* * * *

At night they came to a butcher's house:
"For a lodging we beg thee, good butcher."
"Yes, little boys; come in, come in!"
"There is room for you assuredly!"

They had no sooner entered the house,
When the butcher, the cruel, he killed them.
He killed them, and then he cut them in slices,
In the salting tub he kept them like pork.

But seven years later, St. Nicholas
Was passing through the very same field.
And straight he went to the butcher's house:
"A lodging, I want, Mister Butcher."

"Saint Nicholas, yes, come in, come in;
For you there is room assuredly."
He had no sooner entered the house
When he asked the butcher for supper.

"What will you have, a slice of ham?"
"No thanks, for ham I do not care."
"Then will you have a piece of veal?"
"Indeed, for veal I have no need;

"Of the salted pork I want to taste,
For seven years now kept in this tub!"
The butcher when he heard him say,
He was frightened to death and ran away.

"Butcher, butcher, do not run away,
But pray God; he may forgive thee!"
Then Saint Nicholas went to the salting tub,
He held up three fingers and said:

"My little boys who sleep beneath,
I am the great Saint Nicholas.
I command you: Awake, awake!"
The little ones they get up quick.

The first he said: "I slept so well!"
The second said: "And so did I!"
And rising, too, the third replied:
"I dreamed I was in Paradise!"

There were three little boys, very poor,
They went to the fields agleaning.

The poor little boys would naturally arouse much more sympathy than the students carrying a large sum of money, and who wanted to study philosophy. As to the number of *three* murdered children instead of two, it is due to the desire to use as often as possible the sacred figure of the Holy Trinity, no doubt. The first story we mentioned, about the three lumps of gold, has been altered slightly in later times with the same end in view. In the French version of the thirteenth century, the poet, Maitre Wace, explains that Nicholas gave the first lump to relieve the family from poverty, the second to provide three dowries for the girls, and the third "in the name of the Holy Trinity?" This was all the more natural with Saint Nicholas, because in the Council of Nicea he had been one of the foremost advocates of the dogma of the Trinity against the Unitarians, offering even a miraculous proof of the possibility of one being three and three being one; namely, loosening a brick from the floor in the hall where the bishops were discussing, he held it up above his head; then a little flame sprang out at the top of the brick, a few drops of water dipped to the floor, while the remainder of the brick dissolved into sand. In several other legends of St. Nicholas this fondness for the number three is manifested; the legend of the three children found dead on a road and resuscitated by him; that of the three officials of the court saved from the unjust wrath of the king; that of the three men condemned unjustly to death by the judge: that of the three little children in Flanders saved from drowning, and so forth.

* * * *

As the Nicholas legend developed, children-stories were constantly added to his credit; some of them supposed to have taken place in his lifetime, some others after his death. Let us relate two or three of the most popular.

One goes back to the day of his election as bishop of Myra.

On that morning, the woman in whose house he was dwelling was just bathing her baby when she heard of the great news. The child had already been put in the tub,

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and in order to keep the water warm enough, the tub was kept on the fire. She was so overcome with surprise and joy, that forgetting everything else, she went directly to the church in order to attend the service of inauguration. When the ceremony was over, the idea of the child suddenly came back to her mind, and she ran over to her house in great anxiety. The water was boiling hard, but the little one was unhurt; she found him smiling and happy, splashing with his hands and playing with the bubbles. The delighted mother at once returned to the church, told the people all about the miracle wrought by God in honor of the new bishop. The reputation of holiness of Nicholas was greatly increased by this incident.

The two following children stories are ascribed to the time when St. Nicholas had already left this valley of tears. They are taken from the English text of the Golden Legend.

"A man, for the love of his son that went to school for to learn, hallowed every year the feast of S. Nicholas much solemnly. On a time it happened that the father had to make ready the dinner, and called many clerks to this dinner. And the devil came to the gate in the habit of a pilgrim for to demand alms; and the father anon commanded his son that he should give alms to the pilgrim. He followed him as he went for to give him alms, and when he came to the quarfox, the devil caught the child and strangled him. And when the father heard this he sorrowed much strongly and wept, and bare the body into his chamber, and began to cry for sorrow and say: Bright, sweet son, how is it with thee? S. Nicholas, is this the guerdon that you have done to me because I have so long served you? And as he said these words, and other semblable, the child opened his eyes and awoke like as he had been asleep, and arose up tofore all, and was raised from death to life."

" * * * There was a rich man that by the merits of S. Nicholas had a son and called him *Deus dedit* (God gave.) And this rich man did do make a chapel of S. Nicholas in his dwelling-place; and this manor was set by the land of the Agrarians. The child was taken prisoner, and deputed to serve the king. The year following, and the day that his father held devoutly the feast of S. Nicholas, the child held a precious cup tofore the king, and remembered his prise, the sorrow of his friends, and the joy that was made that day in the house of his father, and began for to sigh sore high. And the king demanded him what ailed him, and the cause of his sighing; and he told him every word wholly. And when the king knew it he said to him: Whatsomever thy Nicholas do or do not, thou shalt abide here with us. And suddenly there blew a much strong wind that made all the house to tremble, and the child was ravished with the cup, and was set tofore the gate where his father held the solemnity of S. Nicholas, in such wise that they all demeaned great joy."

* * * *

Another feature which contributed to make St. Nicholas so universally beloved, is that he was not, as some others, so very "saintly" that one should be afraid of him, or so dignified that one dared not approach him. There is something informal about the good bishop of Myra that appeals to the people; he even tolerates to be treated in a very democratic fashion at times. He appears, for instance, in a story of the thirteenth century in France, in which he proves willing to forgive a practical joke on rather easy terms; in fact, answers one joke by another. Two loafing ruffians were deceiving good-hearted people, asking for charity and using the money for very worldly purposes. One of the two would stretch himself out in the middle of the road as if he were dead; while the other pretending to be carried away with grief, lamented with cries and tears the fate of his dear brother and thus aroused deep sympathy in the heart of his victims. One day St. Nicholas was journeying along that road and did not fail to offer his alms to the poor fellow, who, throwing his mask, hurried away: "Come on, man, now let us have a drink!" But the man this time did not move; he was found to be really dead. Trembling with fear and remorse, the first villain ran after St. Nicholas, confessed his guilt, and entreated the saint to have pity on him. The good bishop consented to turn around, went to the corpse,

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resurrected the dead man and only warned the two companions that they should not try again to get alms in using such tricks.

Several other St. Nicholas stories are of a rather entertaining character. One more may be given here. The version of the Golden Legend is selected for fear another should be offensive to the reader. "A Jew saw the virtuous miracles of S. Nicholas, and did so make an image of the saint, and set it in his house and commanded him that he should keep well his house when he went out, and that he should keep well all his goods, saying to him: "Nicholas, lo! here be all my goods, I charge thee to keep them, and if thou keep them not well I shall avenge me on thee in beating and tormenting thee. And on a time, when the Jew was out, thieves came and robbed all his goods, and left unborne away only the image. And when the Jew came home, he found himself robbed of all his goods. He areasoned the image, saying these words: 'Sir Nicholas, I had set you in my house for to keep my goods from thieves; wherefor have ye not kept them? Ye shall receive sorrow and torments, and shall have pain for the thieves. I shall avenge my loss, and refrain my woodness in beating thee.' And then took the Jew the image and beat it, and tormented it cruelly. Then happed a great marvel, for when the thieves departed the goods, the holy saint, like as he had been in his array, appeared to the thieves and said to them: Wherefore have I been beaten so cruelly for you and have so many torments? See how my body is hewed and broken; see how that red blood runneth down by my body; go ye fast and restore it again, or else the ire of God Almighty shall make you as to be one out of his wit, and that all men shall know your felony, and that each of you shall be hanged. And they said: Who art thou that sayest to us such things? And he said to them: I am Nicholas the servant of Jesus-Christ, whom the Jew has so cruelly beaten for his goods that ye bare away. Then they were afeared, and came to the Jew, and heard what he had done to the image, and they told him the miracle, and delivered to him again all his goods. And thus came the thieves to the way of truth, and the Jew to the way of Jesus-Christ."

But what has St. Nicholas, whose calendar day is on December the sixth, to do with Christmas, which comes on the twenty-fifth day of the same month?

In the early Church, Christmas had not the importance which it has at present. Of course, the commemoration of the birth of our Lord (Christ's mass) was bound to call for some solemn festivity in all times, only the fact that there were so many saints' services all round the year, made a celebration, no matter how important, appear as an almost every-day occurrence. But when Protestantism suddenly did away with all those saints, Christmas at once assumed a paramount importance. At the same time, something similar to that which had happened at the period of the great struggle between Paganism and Christianism took place. It will be remembered that the Church had agreed tacitly, in order to render the new creed more acceptable to the people, to adopt some of the most harmless among Pagan religious traditions, slightly transforming them and giving them Christian names. So, again, after the Reformation of the sixteenth century, many a Catholic festivity continued to be observed by the Protestants; and while some of them were dropped altogether in the long run, others remained up to the present times. Christmas absorbed several ceremonies and traditions which were before celebrated at special dates in December or January. We all know how, in our representations of the birth of Jesus, on Christmas eve, we like to see the star of Bethlehem and the three kings from the Orient. But there was formerly a day by itself that had been set apart for the celebration of the coming of the Magi, namely, the sixth of January. Again, it is an old-established custom in Protestant churches, to read, at least at one of the services on Christmas day, the story of the slaughter of the little children by Herodes; before, the Church celebrated this event on the 28th of December. This makes already three festivities in one, and now the appearance of St. Nicholas at Christmas time simply means a fourth one added to the others.

The Roman Catholic Church has always proved very keen in understanding the needs of the people and the demands of

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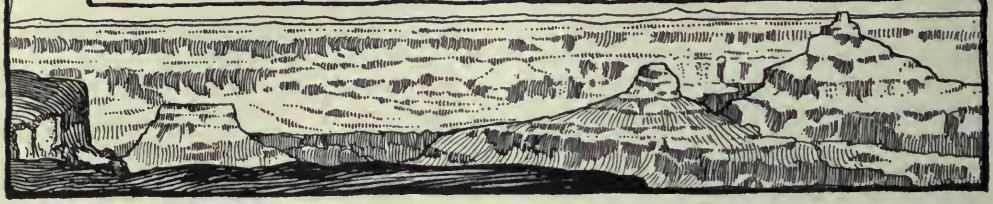
human nature. Long ago, long before the twentieth century "invented" them, the Church had recognized the rights of the little ones. An article by itself would be necessary, if we were to deal with the different customs connected with St. Nicholas day in former times. Let us mention only one more, namely, the presentation of useful gifts to the poorest children in the community; as it was in winter time, the gifts were mostly shoes and stockings, in which occasionally some good souls would hide a few nuts and candies:—this is the touching origin of the gorgeous Christmas stockings and shoes of later days.

Two days in the year were devoted to the children by the Church of the middle-ages; the one was the day of the Holy Innocents, which has just been alluded to: the 144,000 innocent slain by Herodes had been canonized as the first martyrs of Christianity, and the yearly commemoration of their martyrdom had been placed on the 28th day of December. The second was St. Nicholas day, on the 6th of December. On both occasions, children were allowed to be very merry. In fact, the similarity of the two festivities seems to have brought about some confusion, and it may be that only one of the two was regularly taken up by one community. In the eastern part of Europe, it seems that it was rather St. Nicholas day which was observed, in the western part rather the Innocents. From some customs still preserved in certain Catholic villages, we can infer that the rejoicings were very much alike, and that a very serious spirit was prevailing at the outset. The solemnities were started in cloister schools. One of the seminarists, or one of the choir boys, was elected bishop, the "Bishop of the Innocents," or "Bishop Colas;" this was a reward for faithful study and good behavior. Wearing the insignia of a bishop, and sometimes mounted on a horse, the boy was escorted to church by a procession formed by his companions in the school. There he partook of special honors in the celebration of the mass. Sometimes he delivered a sermon in Latin. He also received some gifts in money to help him along in his studies. Gradually, however, the boys succeeded in getting control of the ceremonies entirely, and they rendered them very jolly, indulging into all sorts of gay performances, and especially making of the religious service in the church a mock-ceremony. They made fun also of their bishop of the Innocents, and instead of picking out the most deserving, they made it a point to select the most unworthy among them—and the fun became greater and greater. Finally, strong measures had to be taken. In the fifteenth century, one of the Church Councils discussed the question, and among other things, it was decided that henceforth it would be forbidden to throw more than three buckets of water on the head of the Chorister. The Reformation had a beneficial influence even in the Catholic Church, and in the sixteenth century those turbulent and undesirable celebrations were given up altogether. But the thought of having a children-day in the year was a good one; the Catholic Church reformed it and kept it; the Protestant Church adopted it. As both, the St. Nicholas day and the Innocents' day fell near Christmas time, it was found easy to shift this children-celebration from where it had been before upon the day when men sing: "A child unto us is born!" All the good features of former times were adopted, especially that of making presents to poor and deserving children, and in general the custom of making all children happy. St. Nicholas, the good bishop, was not forgotten; and this is how, while adults nowadays celebrate the birth of the Savior, children, while calling it Christmas, celebrate as a matter of fact, St. Nicholas-day on the twenty-fifth of December of each year.


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AFOOT DOWN THE GRAND CANON

BY WILLIAM S. RICE



ORIGINALLY it was my intention to descend the canyon in the usual, conventional style, with a guide and a burro train, but when two gentlemen in the tourist party from Bright Angel Hotel announced their intention of following afoot, I promptly made up my mind to be one of them. Before the caravan started to slowly file down the zigzags that seemed to drop almost over the edge of a sheer precipice, the two would-be pedestrians, whose timidity overcame them at the last minute, left me to make the journey alone. But it was better so, to view the awful grandeur of this tremendous gap in the face of nature alone with my own thoughts and my faithful camera to record my various impressions from standpoints not to be gained by traveling on muleback or with the average tourist, whose intentions are simply to "do the canyon" in a hurry.

I wanted to take my own time going down and wander off the beaten path when a certain composition struck my fancy for a snapshot. This I knew would be impossible when one went with a party, for guides usually travel on schedule time and grow impatient if one does not always keep in sight of the tourist party.

I was told that the trail was a perfectly safe one, and the distance was only four miles from the hotel on the "rim" to the top of the granite wall overlooking the great "gorge" through which the river sullenly roars.

Shortly after sun-up the caravan started; and when the last one disappeared over the "rim," the leader of the party passed me several hundred feet below the top where I made my first halt to view the panorama from a favorable outlook. Fifteen miles across at the distant horizon was the opposite "rim" which I could trace by a line of light gray stone. How unbelievable it all seemed! And yet only the day before I had seen through a telescope a cluster of tents in the canyon, that from this outlook appeared like several little scraps of paper. These, I was told, were three miles distant. This fact established in mind might have given me a basis upon which to make a comparison; but there are times when well established facts make no impression upon one's mind, and this was one of them.

Halting for breath upon this natural rock observatory, shaded by Douglas spruces, I stood long and gazed intently at the wonderful panorama spread beneath. All around and above me for hundreds of feet towered the jagged rim, while below, more than a half mile, stretched the great plateau over which zigzagged the narrow trail. The place was silent as the tomb—save at intervals when the faint voices of the descending tourists stole upwards through the morning air. A stray bird now and then chattered in the Pinon trees, but aside from these, there were no other noises save the crunching of the stones under my feet as the course ever led me downward.

Above to the very edge of the "rim" the growth of yellow pine and juniper was never lost sight of. Below this fringe of

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THE GRANITE GORGE

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sombre green are vertical walls of sparkling white, blue, pink and red sandstone. These are the faces of solid strata, some of them hundreds of feet in thickness, through which the main, or upper, canyon is cut. The sloping banks of broken stone, known to the geologist as taluses, which lie between the various perpendicular strata bear trees and bushes. The dry bottom of the upper canyon, some thirty-five hundred feet below the rim, supports a stunted growth of sage, yucca, cactus and other desert plants. Thus mingling with the brilliant colors of the vertical rock faces, are the dull greens and grays of the taluses and bottom of the upper canyon. The entire effect, under a brilliant sun in a perfectly clear atmosphere, is gloriously beautiful. Then when great billowy cumulus clouds, purple-toned on the under side, cast their fantastic blue-violet shadows over table lands, peaks and minor canyons, the effect is like one vast, rare mosaic. These constantly changing effects linger long in one's memory. Beautiful—the most evanescent of gradations of lights and shadows strangely blending with the soft buffs, blue grays, pinks and dull Indian reds of the canyon recur at every morning and evening hour. Towards noon the lightest rocks appeared almost white in the glare of the Arizona sun; but, as afternoon cast long, purplish-blue shadows across side canyon and across perpendicular walls, the pinks and buffs and Indian reds grew warmer. About four in the afternoon, the low rumble of thunder broke the death-like stillness of the apparently bottomless pit filled with this marvelous mixture of colors, dark below and light above.

From every turn in the trail new vistas opened out; now it was a butte of reddish brown-stone that stood out prominently from the trail—the "Battleship," so named from its fancied resemblance to a modern man-of-war. After passing the awful grandeur of the upward gorge, with many a backward turn at the gradually increasing height of the tawny cliffs, the tributary canyon of Bright Angel Creek loomed up in the distant perspective, a dark, violet zig-zag gash in the canyon walls on the opposite side of the river. Soon the trail became less precipitous. It brought me to the spot known as the Indian Gardens, where the colony of tents mentioned heretofore cozily nestled amid a cool growth of willows. The presence of running water here was very welcome to my parched tongue as nowhere else on the trail was there the slightest suspicion of a spring. After inspecting a ruined stone building and refreshing myself with the lunch put up by the hotel people, and copious draughts of the delicious mountain water, I decided to take the trail to the left and view the river from the top of the great granite gorge, 1200 feet overhead, instead of going the remaining distance to the bank of the river itself. The rest of the distance was mostly along the banks of Willow Creek and then over a rather level plateau sparsely covered with talus, sage brush, cactus and other desert growths. No friendly junipers nor pinon furnished me with their grateful shade once I left the willow-fringed banks of the creek and struck out over the dimly defined trail across this miniature desert. To add to the sun's uncomfortable rays the unapproachable cacti often thrust their stinging spines unceremoniously into my nether limbs in a most aggravating fashion. For a while the scenery did not impress one, but when the end of the journey was reached, like a climax in a great story, the granite gorge opened up beneath the jagged, rocky shelf that hangs dizzily over the terrible abyss and offered a magnificent point of observation from which to obtain photographs. The panorama here is less extensive than from the rim, and shows up to better advantage on a 4x5 ground-glass focusing screen than the latter, which, outside of an 8x10 and a telephoto lens is a mere jumble of inconsequential ridges and furrows.

Dwarfed by such prodigious mountain shores, which rise immediately from the water's edge at an angle so acute that would deny footing to a mountain sheep, it is not easy to estimate confidently the width and volume of the tawny, muddy flood whose dull, sullen roar faintly reached my ears. I wandered up, as though spell-bound, upon a mighty monolith or shelf of rock that commands a view up stream and down for many miles. Beyond, the river disappeared, apparently behind the mountain walls. Beneath me it slipped by with an oily smoothness for a

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A VISTA FROM THE TRAIL

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space, and then suddenly broke into violent waves that combed back against the current and shot unexpectedly here and there, while the seething volume swayed tide-like from side to side, and long curling breakers formed and held their outline lengthwise of the shore, despite the seemingly irresistible velocity of the river. The stream is often laden with drift huge tree trunks which it tosses like tooth-picks in its terrible play.

warningly against a longer delay. With many a backward glance I hurried across the plateau and soon began the ascent of the zig-zags. The little spring at the Indian Garden again quaffed my thirst and bridged over another possible water famine until the summit of the rim should be gained. The thunder shower raged in the canyon far below, but only a few stray drops managed to reach me and moisten my clothes. For myself I did not fear,



BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL

Long could I have loitered on this dizzy edge and gazed on that scene of strange fascination, but the thought of the most strenuous part of the trip afoot, the climb upward, kept constantly reminding me that the journey must be retraced long ere the shadows lengthened into twilight. Moreover, a threatening sky and low and distant thunder murmurings protested

but the camera would be a wreck should there be a downpour such as we had had a few days previous.

Nature was very kind; she waited until I was snugly quartered at the log cabin about the roaring fireplace before her tears fell. It was no gentle downpour, either. The lightning flashed and the thunder boomed and reverberated from crag to crag



THE RIVER FROM PLATEAU

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in a deafening bombardment. At times the log house trembled like a pine tree in a gale, and the rain came down in torrents. By and bye the rage of the storm was spent, the sun peeked out through the golden rifts in the gray blanket overhead, tinging the remarkable peaks and "ruined castles" in a deep orange-red glory. Now the whole face of nature was changed. The multitude of spires, peaks, side canyons and walls, all blended into one harmonious whole—a deep, unfathomable gorge of purple gloom, and only the most elevated peaks—the leading actors in the calcium light of this marvelous amphitheatre, caught the blood-red tints of the after-glow.

Finally even these sun-fires died away, leaving the whole scene a monochrome of sombre violet. Just as the scene was dissolving from twilight to moonlight, several great, white, balloon-like, cumulus clouds floated up from the river, until they overflowed the rim. Slowly, majestically in spectacular grandeur they moved! The stars and the moon came out, and another phase of the canyon's moods lay spread before us, as the daylight scene in part revived in silver light, and a thousand spectral forms projected from the impenetrable gloom—"dreams of mountains, as in their sleep they brood on things eternal."

Long might I have gazed and never tired of the scene, but there was a crisp, frosty tang in the September air, and I tore myself away from this enchanting scene to snuggle around the blazing fireplace at the inn where, in the cheery atmosphere of indoors, fellow tourists drawn hither from all quarters of the globe to witness this, the greatest of all scenic wonders, exchanged tales of travel that were both interesting and thrilling.

There was the middle-aged couple from a farm in Nebraska, a prominent New York educator, tourists from Phoenix, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago and the East, Presidents of railroads, bankers, and last, but not least, many ladies and a few children.

All who had been down to the river were enthusiastic about the trip, although none of them were unmindful of being sore from the saddle. The few new arrivals who contemplated taking the trail on the morrow, listened eagerly to the various experiences, but to not one of them did my method of "hitting the trail" appeal. It was "too strenuous," they all declared, even the sore ones, and yet on the following morning I could have made the trip again without the slightest feeling of soreness or fatigue.



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ROSES

BY EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY

Red roses caressing the garden wall
In the misty cloud
Of your incense shroud,
Are you seeking the paradise whence you came?
Warm and palpitant blooms that fall
From the quivering arrows of sunset flame.

Yellow rose bloom in your garden bower,
You reel in the night
Like the glow worm's light,
But your leaves a globule of dew enclose,
And it prisons a star in the heart of a flower.
Love ever lives in the heart of a rose.

White rose that blooms in a marble bed,
From gloom and glade
In the fir trees' shade,
You seem like an exhalation fanned
From the hope I lost, from the friends who fled
With death, to the shores of the unseen land.

Rose of the banquet whatever thou art,
That glows and glistens,
And whispers and listens,
That throbs in the dew and burns in the dawn,
You each have a language that speaks to my heart,
And the spirit of beauty that never is gone.

Roses voluptuous, passionate, sweet,
The lingering scent
When your bloom is spent
Is the soul of summer distilled and caught;
You are like the aroma of lives we meet,
Where love is the essence and God the thought.

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THE FORGOTTEN STORY OF DOMINGUEZ

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

ON THE LOS ANGELES road, near the point where it divides like the letter Y into two highways, one leading to San Pedro, the other to Long Beach, is a group of adobe ruins and the skeleton of an old windmill. The vigorous ocean breeze has sown wild seed, the soil has brought them forth, and the sun has warmed them into lush growth until now a clamoring tangle of juicy stalked, broad-leafed weeds has woven a living screen about the ruins. Venerable pepper trees cast pendent streamers and a cooling shadow over the deserted houses long since left to the occupancy of spinning spiders and nesting birds. It is a fair spot. On all sides the ground ripples away in a sea of green, tufted eucalyptus trees with slender scythe-like leaves stand silhouetted against the sky, and far, far away through opalescent scarfs of smoke soar the mountains, quivering into altitudes that seem one with the silver mist.

The thrall of silence, broken now and again by the exultant lilt of the meadowlark, the elfin chuckle of the grass-hopper, and the fantastic song of some lone mocking bird, is upon the ancient adobes. Yet once upon a time in the good old days of the dons, the mellow note of the guitar thrummed to the time of a serenade, and who knows what once lovely face was framed in the windows that now hold the empty image of ruin and decay. The hoary walls, bearded with tufts of grass, have seen many a change, endured through many a stirring passage in the making of our national history. The bullets of opposing forces have fallen about them, and they have trembled at the shock of musketry and the thud of charging hoofs when native Californians and Americans met to contest the right to the land. Indeed, this is no less than Dominguez, the romantic, the historical, the forgotten!

Almost reverently I waded through the entangling woof and mesh of green, all spangled over with dew and patterned with darting dragon-flies and crimson spotted blackbirds, into the chill shadow that fell upon me with the strange depression which seems to be the common heritage of abandoned places, as though the ghosts of departed masters and mistresses live and mourn through the silence and solitude. As I moved hither and thither, now lingering beneath a naked threshold or by a gaping window curtained only by the lacy foliage of pepper leaves, bits of adobe kept crumbling, crumbling with slight, stealthy rattling noises and dropped on the grass-grown floor. Some patches of plaster still showed yellow-white upon the walls; the old, dismantled windmill bared its stripped wheel impotently to the wind and the whole strange assembly of disintegrating walls and shielding trees seemed to be rather the phantoms of a dream, the half-forgotten memory of another century. Such is the Dominguez of to-day, and now for the story.

It is hard to dispel the living image of the California of the present and recreate in imagination the California of more than a hundred years ago, yet that is what we must do if we would go threading our way through the romance of Dominguez. We must try to picture to ourselves a time in the infancy of this western land when it was so remote from the rest of the world that only once a month the mail was brought from Mexico over El Camino Real, the King's Highway, a distance of 3,000 miles. It was an age of monkish and militant rule, enlivened by daring vaqueros and gaudy dons and forever and ever by petty insurrections which varied the monotony of bull fights and *amours*.

Fages was Governor, and the little pueblo of Los Angeles was struggling through its beginnings. A number of

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families had gathered together there in a small community, and one citizen, perhaps possessed of more thrift than his indolent neighbors, applied to Fages for a grant of land upon which to raise cattle and such things besides as the soil would produce. The question was without precedent. Fages appealed to the Commandant General for guidance, and that mighty official augustly declared that a worthy subject might be given lands "not to exceed three leagues square, so located as not to interfere with the rights of any existing mission or pueblo." Upon this authority in 1884 Fages bestowed upon Juan Jose Dominguez the country "along the ocean, at San Pedro," and up the estuary half way to Los Angeles. Generous as this giving of vast tracts would seem at first sight, it was, nevertheless, a precarious blessing, depending solely upon the caprice or whim of the all-powerful Governor. There is record of the fact that the Encina rancho, granted to Francisco Reyes (and of these Reyes we shall hear more by and bye), was confiscated to endow the newly founded Mission of San Fernando.

The acres of Dominguez knew no such unjust fate. Upon his goodly estate, Don Juan Jose lived and flourished, built his houses of adobe, planted his pepper trees, let us assume, drowsing in their pleasant shade while his vaqueros rode the wavelike hills in pursuit of his growing herds. And when Don Juan was gathered to his fathers, his lands passed on through his brother sergeant, Cristobal Dominguez, unto his descendants even to the present day.

The old buildings dreamed on through uneventful years until 1846, when the United States and Mexico were on the eve of war. To understand the story, which is, after all, more of a tableau than a narrative, we must stop a bit and glance back at some history.



The old windmill and the ruins.

Just about this time, Captain John C. Fremont, then a young officer of the topographical engineers, marched into California with a detail of sixty one men skilled in mountaineering and hardened by adventure on the plains. They made their camp in the Sacramento Valley, and Fremont proceeded to the capital at Monterey to see General Castro, the military Commandant of Alta California. Precisely what happened between Fremont and Castro will never be known, but Fremont announced that his mission was a peaceable one, undertaken in the interests of science. Nevertheless, the astute young

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American marched his little force to within 30 miles of Monterey, and made a camp in the vicinity of the mission of San Juan Bautista. There is small doubt that this act aroused the indignation and suspicion of the Spaniards, and very soon complaints concerning the gross misconduct of Fremont's men poured in to Castro, who doubtless gave them a willing ear. This was an excuse for the commandant to order Fremont out of his dominion; an excuse also for the defiant Yankee trespasser to fortify his little camp with earthworks and unfurl our flag to the Western wind.

The Californians accepted the challenge, and two hundred armed men occupied San Juan Bautista to oppose the Americans, who, upon seeing the stern front of the enemy, fled northward under cover of the dark to await a more auspicious time and place for their aggression. About a month later Lieutenant Gillespie was sent to Monterey to deliver despatches to Fremont. Meantime, war was declared between Mexico and the United States.

And while these things were taking place, a kind of opera bouffe was in progress amongst the Californians, themselves. Castro, the head of the military government, and Pico, the civil governor, were exchanging a series of letters couched in florid Latin phrase, replete with fine rhetoric and heroics. Pico accused Castro of meddling in civil affairs, and warned him to take no steps independently. Castro, in turn, eloquently, if irrevelantly, avowed his intention of shedding his last drop of blood in his well nourished body in defense of his beloved country, while he skirmished and maneuvered to avoid making the sacrifice by keeping well out of range of the Americans' guns. This ridiculous, long-distance verbal passage at arms reminds one of the elaborate hostilities of a pair of choleric old cocks, with ruffled feathers and huge dignity, pecking and swooping at each other, but always falling short of the mark and backing off at the crucial moment. Castro's army numbered about 200 ragged and uncertain men, and Pico, upon the pretext of needing an armed force to preserve order, assembled such material as he could muster to offset the power of Castro. When, finally, beset by the common enemy, the Americans, the two bombastic figureheads, each standing upon his sacred dignity and suspicious of the other, crippled the cause they had sworn to uphold, by petty rivalry —and the result was farcical defeat.

While Castro was still in Santa Clara mustering the semblance of an army to put down the Bear Flag rebellion, Commodore Sloat sailed into the port of Monterey, captured the fort and raised the American flag. He reassured the anxious people by a diplomatic proclamation, promising them protection and equal justice.

Yerba Buena (San Francisco), Sonoma, Sutter's Fort, Santa Cruz and San Jose came under the power of the United States Government with little or no resistance, so it was toward the rebellious South that our forces bent their energy.

Very soon after the formal occupation of Monterey, Commodore Sloat was ordered to Washington, and Commodore Stockton took command. With the departure of Sloat, something of the peace of mind of the natives vanished, for Stockton assumed a more vindictive stand and openly denounced Castro.

The Americans were rapidly gaining strength. Even among the Californians there were some who saw the commercial and political advantage of a more stable form of Government than that which they had been under, or on top of as the case might be, during Mexican rule. Therefore, Fremont had little trouble in adding to his forces until the organization was mustered into the regular army as the Battalion of California Volunteers. Fremont was given the rank of Major, and Gillespie, the officer sent to recall him from the north, became Captain under him.

Fremont and his following were ordered to San Diego on July 26th, the plan being that the Americans should proceed north towards Los Angeles and unite with the marines and sailors under Stockton, who was then at San Pedro. By this piece of strategy they hoped to prevent the retreat and probable escape of Castro southward across the border. In this project the Americans failed, for Castro had already made his way into Mexican territory and Pico was in hiding, awaiting a chance to follow humbly in the footsteps of his

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whilom rival who was suddenly, by a trick of fate, become his fellow fugitive.

Stockton and his men started from San Pedro on August the 11th, 1846, laboriously dragging their cannon. Thus encumbered, their progress was slow, and two days passed before they reached a mesa near Los Angeles, where they camped, awaiting the arrival of Fremont.

He and his battalion joined them on the 13th and the soldiers and marines marched into the pueblo and took possession.

Before the occupation by the Americans, an interesting little incident occurred. In an old home of the Spanish style lived one Dona Inocencia Reyes, of that Reyes family, no doubt, whose land grant was revoked under Fages. About the house was a garden—such a garden, let us fancy, as only the semi-tropic south brings forth—



An old interior. The ruined adobe.

thickly grown with acacia and magnolia trees, bending palms and weeping willows and sweet with the breath of twining rose vines. I have found no record wherein Dona Inocencia is described, but we shall think of her as she must surely have been, darkly beautiful, with black eyes and hair half concealed beneath the filmy lace of a rare *mantilla*. However much her personal charms must be a matter of speculation, there is no doubt of her loyalty to the cause that she and her fathers loved.

Los Angeles was built about a plaza, and the plaza was the heart of the pueblo. There the bells of the Mission of Our Lady of the Angels called the reverent to prayer; there the band played evenings, and the senoritas flirted artfully over their fans with the gallant senors who would later pour forth their love-burden beneath the bewitching damsel's casement in the good old-fashioned way; there also stood the guard house, and before it an antique "four pounder" cannon which had been used from time immemorial to fire salutes on gala occasions when great military dignitaries condescended to honor the pueblo with a visit.

When the first wild rumor that the Americans were approaching thrilled through Los Angeles, some of the faithful dragged this canon from its place to the home of Dona Inocencia. An exciting scene it must have been! The lady herself directed the young men, and they buried the old gun safe beneath the screening palms and weeping willows, the yellow-plumed acacias and garlanded rose vines.

Later, as the uniformed Americans strode haughtily past that bower of green and bloom, mayhap glancing admiringly at Dona Inocencia, who gazed innocently, obliviously into fathomless space, they little suspected that under the bank of leaf and flower lay hidden the enemy's gun, a gun one day to be raised from its grave and turned against them by the seemingly inconsequential little hands of Dona Inocencia that lay so still and white upon the silken folds of her gown.

But for the present our forces met with no opposition save multitudinous proclamations composed by an anaemic assembly which, having relieved its conscience, settled down into a comfortable torpor. Indeed, so listless did the natives seem, so willing to accept the new regime, that both

Stockton and Fremont believed all resistance was past. They left Captain Gillespie and fifty men in an old adobe headquarters to preserve the peace and went their several ways, Stockton and his marines back to San Pedro, Fremont and his command to the north.

But neither of these gentlemen knew that the people of the pueblo of Los Angeles had played at revolution as their fathers before them, that it was their chief pastime and diversion, and had become a fixed habit like gaming, cock fighting and drink. Moreover, they were of that mercurial, hot-blooded temperament which chafes under monotony and makes for uncertain results. Gillespie, as a precautionary measure, forbade their gathering together on the plaza to enjoy the innocent recreations, and their slightest offenses he punished with severity. So, although the little pueblo had apparently fallen into a siesta, still it had dreams. There was restlessness and discontent among the people, secret plotting and counter-plotting and a general chafing beneath galling bonds.

Amongst the natives of Los Angeles there was a coterie of young rakes led by one Serbulo Varela. Perhaps they were not so bad as they wished others to believe them to be, but they were forever planning outbreaks, indulging in lurid visions of insurrection and revolutionary glory. With mock-gravity they dubbed a youth of their circle "Governor," and harassed Gillespie by petty deviltry not quite sufficient to bring them within his martial jurisdiction.

One night (the date was September 22d) this Serbulo Varela and his companions were possessed by a spirit of fun. Possibly the mescal had flowed a trifle too freely and set their flood on fire, or the magic of the warm, moon-bathed night, with its purple shade and its wildly sweet mocking-bird song, tempted them to awful play. Whatever the cause, they conceived the idea of playing a joke upon the painfully dignified Gillespie. They armed themselves with tin pans and drums and old, rusty muskets, and assembling around the adobe headquarters, began a mock-fusillade and made a hideous noise. It was great sport to see the bold Americans alarmed at so slight a thing, to see the old windows flung up, and the grim, white faces peering out into the night; brave sport, indeed, until a volley was poured into the fun-drunk crowd, and one of their number lay bleeding on the ground.

Then Gillespie made his fatal mistake. Next day he arrested the prominent men of the town and imprisoned them, though they were both innocent and ignorant of the mad prank of Serbulo Varela and his gang. At this injustice the infuriated people rose and drove the Americans out into the hills. The pueblo had awakened from its siesta, the old heritage of revolutionary lust was stirred to the point of frenzy, and the Californians swarmed from all quarters to raise an avenging hand against Gillespie and his men.

The soldiers were protected by a crude fort of sandbags, where they resisted several attacks, but the situation was desperate, for they had little food. Therefore a messenger was sent northward to bear the news of their peril to Stockton and to ask his aid.

The man chosen for this daring ride was John Brown, nicknamed "Juan Flaco," Lean John. It is a name worth remembering, which deserves a place in the chronicles of brave deeds.

"Juan Flaco" was commissioned to ride, ride for the life of the garrison. Four hundred and sixty-two miles of doubtful country lay ahead; to the east were barrier-mountains, to the west flowed the sea. He rode light and swift, but the Californians spied him in his flight. They fired on him and his horse dropped under him—dead. Getting a fresh mount he plunged ahead, and on he rode, never sleeping, never stopping save to exchange the jaded beast that had borne him for others mettled to speed, until after a journey of fifty-two hours in the saddle, he plunged into Monterey and bore the tidings to Stockton.

In spite of this heroic ride, Stockton could not reach Gillespie in less than a fortnight. The little party sent out by the unfortunate garrison to locate the militia company which had pursued Castro without success and thus baffled, returned to the San Bernardino mountains to hunt bear, was arrested by the Californians at the Chino ranch, where a skirmish took place, of interest chiefly because the attack was led by Serbulo Varela. There must have been a graver, finer side to his

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nature, for now that he was leader in earnest instead of play, and the little handful of Americans were in his power, he was both soldierly and generous. After three Americans had been wounded and a favorite among the Californians killed, Varela approached the American leader, Wilson, and told him that if he would surrender, neither he nor his party should be harmed.

The Americans acceded right willingly, but a tempest of anger and hatred awaited them in Los Angeles, where a mob threatened their lives. Again we may picture Varela as the moderator, the calm, dispassionate barrier between these helpless few within his keep and the ungoverned violence of the rabble.



The adobe ruin.

Matters were desperate with Gillespie, and when General Flores, the new military commander of the natives, offered to permit him and his men to leave the pueblo "with all the honors of war," he eagerly availed himself of the opportunity and hurried on to San Pedro. A part of the covenant between Gillespie and Flores was that the former should take his field pieces to the ocean, but there they should become the property of the enemy. But Gillespie, chagrined and humiliated, sought revenge.

He determined to take no chances upon these same pieces of artillery being turned upon those whom they had defended in the past. He therefore spiked them, broke off their breech knobs, and at low tide dragged them as far as the strength of his soldiers would permit into the keep of the sea.

They were recovered long afterwards and may be seen in the city of Los Angeles preserved as historical relics.

Routed and discouraged, Gillespie made ready to sail on a merchant ship, which put into the harbor, when providentially the frigate Savannah hove in view. What a thrice blessed sight the old vessel with the stars and stripes floating from her mast, must have been to the exhausted, disheartened band of Americans who had seen no recourse but ignominious flight!

The captain of the Savannah came gallantly to the rescue. He and his marines joined Gillespie's jaded force, who retraced their steps toward the pueblo from which they had so recently retreated, vanquished.

Meantime the broad acres of Dominguez —lying in the wedge of the letter Y dividing the Los Angeles road into two branches, as we have already seen, rolled away in a tide of green. There the wind-

mill wheeled right merrily in the ocean wind; there the shadeful pepper trees, bright with coral-colored berries, cast their green streamers about the ancient walls, and then, even as now the meadow lark sang joyously in the sun. No more peaceful spot could be imagined. The adobes seemed to be in a perpetual slumber, broken occasionally by the shout of a vaquero or the snatch of an old love song.

But Dominguez lay on the Los Angeles road, and Gillespie and his men, reinforced by fresh blood, must pass it on their way. News of the Americans' return spread quick as a thought. Excitement quivered through every nerve of the pueblo. The Californians determined to take no chances. They would forestall the freshly gathered forces. Dona Inocencia, within her garden, peered out from amongst the trees and vines with eager eyes and throbbing heart. The Californians were preparing for a desperate stand. There were not many to respond to the call to battle, and their arms were meagre and old, but those few full of courage and mounted on the best horses that the range could yield. They assembled on the slopes of Dominguez, and the adobes likely served in the capacity of a fort, concealing the natives from the column whose approach was marked by a moving dust cloud on the San Pedro road.

Towards the evening of October the seventh the Americans came within range. A skirmish followed, then the impartial truce of darkness silenced the scattered fire. Next morning the battle began afresh. The natives clung to Dominguez as to life itself. The opposing force was equally determined, and made a determined charge. But the little band of Californians, mounted on swift horses, maneuvered skillfully, dragging about with them by means of *reatas* an ancient four pounder gun! With this single piece of artillery they galloped to a place of vantage and fired with terrible effect into the ranks of the Americans. And whence came the gun? It had remained for Dona Inocencia in the hour of direst extremity, when hope seemed lost to her people, to exhume that antique relic of former glory, and deliver it into their hands! And they, in the fulness of gratitude after the time-honored custom of giving titles to



Through a doorway of the past.

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arms, named this cannon "The Woman's Gun."

The story goes that the Californians had but a single charge of good powder. They waited until the most auspicious moment came, then fired, and one shot from the Woman's Gun was responsible for the entire mortality of the battle of Dominguez. Beneath that fateful missile six Americans died and more were wounded, and the combined forces of Gillespie and Captain Mervine of the Savannah retreated to San Pedro and buried their dead on the island in the harbor which has since been known as Dead Man's Island.

Such is the story of Dominguez; such were the scenes enacted upon its pastoral fields of green—green trampled beneath angry, plunging hoofs, pressed down beneath the weight of the Woman's Gun, bespattered with dear-spilt blood. This was but a temporary stemming of the tide, for the time of California had come, and its star was set to rise again in the blue of the American flag.

I wish for the sake of romance that I might close this narrative with one fact which would bring it to the approved happy ending; namely, that Dona Inocencia Reyes, the savior of the day at Dominguez, wedded the gallant Serbulo Varela. But this cannot be. Our romance must end in the fog of tradition. The curtain drops prematurely upon our little drama. She and that young hero alike vanish into the nothingness of unrecorded history; he with his generous act at Chino; she with the glory of Dominguez to her everlasting fame. Even to-day in the National Museum at Washington is the ancient four-pounder cannon labeled the "Woman's Gun," which is a fitting monument to the heroic memory of Dona Inocencia Reyes.



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THE DESERT

BY JOSEPH NOEL

Low-hanging clouds o'erhead;
Wind whipping through the sage;
Sand whirling in mad rage;
No sun, no moon, no star;
No shelter: brake nor tree,
Deep solitude as if the earth lay dead.

Burst is the gloom profound.
Like ingot new from hell
The sun which may compel
Both love and burning hate,
Flings down enduring curse
Upon a vacant world that gives no sound.

No thrush darts to the sky,
No songster breaks his heart
To music set apart
As nature's primal note
Of love that must create—
Days that were are dead; days that are will die.

Close on this blistered plain
Kings ruled, made laws and war.
Slaves bound to victor's car
Wept to be free and died,
Or lived and wept the more
To give expression to long nights of pain.

Gay ladies blossomed here,
Consumers of the race,
Mere dolls of pretty face
Who toyed with life as now
The sand dunes toy with them.
They frowned on freedom, stabbed it with a sneer.

Great cities proud and strong,
Builded of blood and gold
Where honor (bought and sold)
Brought riband, medal, place—
And heart of hammered brass—
Were often impulse to triumphant song.

And mighty gods held sway
In temples raised in fear,
Their voices none could hear
Above the endless din
Of priest who worshipped still
Each god, each king, each crown of different day.

Gone lady, slave and king,
Gone priest and fearsome god.
No reverence has the clod
For clod, nor mingled dust
For dust. Equality
Dread scepter of the mob, rules without sting.

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AN AMERICAN ENTERPRISE IN CHILE

BY GEORGE E. MONTANDON

THERE ARE FEW parts of the world so endowed with the riches of nature, and that may be of such absorbing interest to the thoughtful traveler as Chile; that long, narrow strip of country extending along the west coast of South America for twenty-six hundred and seventeen miles.

Being within south latitude between 17:59 and 55:59, it is almost entirely in the south temperate zone, and is populated by an active, progressive race. That relatively so little is known, especially in the United States, of this country, is principally due to its remoteness in point of time necessary to reach there. At the present time it is true that it takes longer time to get to Valparaiso, the principal port of Chile, from New York or San Francisco than to any other country in the world. This will undoubtedly soon be a thing of the past because a twelve days' service between Valparaiso and Panama is proposed and two transcontinental railways will soon be completed to the Atlantic coast of Argentina.

The snowy peaks of the Andes mountains form the boundary between Chile and Argentina. The coast range or Cordillera de la Costa, as it is called in Chile, but are much less rugged and not so high.

Extending from north to south between these mountain ranges is the great plateau, crossed by torrential rivers formed by the melting of the perpetual snow and glaciers of the Andes. These rivers, cutting through the coast range, find their way to the Pacific.

The diversity of the climatic and physical character of the country is most striking. In the northern part of Chile it never rains, and is an arid desert, but even all this is a veritable treasure house of mineral wealth, with the greatest nitrate of soda and borate deposits, besides rich mines of copper, gold and silver.

Gradually the rainfall increases, until in the southern part of Chile the precipitation is extraordinarily heavy.

In the extreme southern end of the country, known as Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia, stock grazing and gold washing are the principal industries; a little further north come the great forests and coal mining regions. But by far the most attractive and interesting is the central part of the country.

Protected from the fogs and storms of the Pacific by the coast range and from the icy winter blasts of the Argentina plains by the Andes, the plateau has a simply delightful climate. The temperature rarely falls below freezing during the so-called rainy season, or winter, that lasts from June to September. The rest of the year the climate is dry; and the temperature is never higher than eighty or eighty-five degrees.

The region around the city of Rancagua, the capital of the province of O'Higgins, is typical of that part of the plateau. It lies at an elevation of fifteen hundred feet above sea level. Long canals have been taken from the Cachapoal river, which flows past the city, to provide water for power and irrigating purposes. Here the finest of wines are produced. Cereals, fruits and other agricultural products are abundant, but there is comparatively small export of these because the great arid "nitrate" and mining regions of the north give excellent domestic market.

The land is generally owned in large tracts and rented to the actual tillers of the soil in smaller tracts, although a large amount of farming is done by Chilean hacendadoes by very modern methods, and American agricultural machinery is seen everywhere.

In the mountains on each side of the plateau, thousands of veins and deposits of

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Looking up the Caya River. Wagon road one thousand feet below railway grade. Railway grade on left.

gold, silver and copper have been worked by natives, but in a relatively small way and usually by crude methods with little or no capital.

The fact of these limited operations having definitely shown the existence of what are known to be valuable ore occurrences, will eventually attract the necessary capital and skill to develop these latent possibilities. Already a group of American capitalists have undertaken the task of modernizing, so to speak, one of these famous old mines, which having produced thousands of tons of high grade copper ore which was packed out of the mountains to the coast, nearly two hundred miles on mules had reached a stage where it could no longer be profitably worked by such crude means as were available, and had to be abandoned.

The American engineers had to meet the problems of transportation, power, milling, metallurgy and mining. First of all, a wagon road was built, after which the necessary machinery and materials were hauled in. To convey some idea of this task it may be stated that from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty carts, using over two thousand oxen, were occupied for six months. Some four thousand metric tons were piled up at the freighting station on the railway at the beginning of the season, and the natives who saw this predicted that it would take two or three years to haul all the stuff into the Cordilleras. As a matter of fact, in seven months' time the plant in all its divisions was running. Then it was explained to the Yankees that it would be impossible to operate in the dread Cordilleras in the winter. The American engineers, however, could see no different features about the snow of the Andes than of the Rockies of Montana and British Columbia, and so failed to be impressed.

Aerial tramways were erected so as to convey the ore and supplies over the deepest snows, and for two years the operations have continued day and night, summer and winter, without interruption.

One of the most interesting works undertaken by this group of Americans has been the construction of a railroad from the city of Rancagua to their mines.

The locating engineer found in the Andes of South America, unique problems in railway location and construction. The streams all have a heavy grade and the canyons through which they flow are very narrow. Consequently much of the line was built high above the streams, where the topography was better adapted to railway construction.

This Copper Company's railroad certainly fulfills all the requirements for a scenic route, as it gradually leaves the beautiful fields of the valley and climbs up over a mile in elevation from where it starts into the Andes.

At one point on the line, in a canyon known as Caleton Canyon, in surveying for the line the resourcefulness of the engineer was taxed to the utmost. He had two barefooted native boys who could go about any place that a bird could reach. No ropes were used, as they are useless for horizontal traveling, and the line being twelve hundred feet above the bottom of the canyon and six hundred feet below the top of the cliff, they would have been useless there.

In places the line was partly graded before any surveying could be done, as the line passes along a perpendicular cliff. At such places the grade is simply a tunnel open on one side, the roof overhanging about the width of the roadbed.

The actual grading of the roadbed was all hand work performed by the native laborers. Wonderful work it was, too, for its kind. Camps were established consisting of engineers' tents, a tent for tools and powder, and a tent for the store, where food and supplies of every kind were kept.

Usually five or six laborers would take a contract for two or three hundred feet of work. They would be given a supply of shovels, picks, bars, wheelbarrows, drills and hammers; also a tent or a few pieces of corrugated iron for shelter. They would be given an order on the store for enough stores to last them two or three days, or until they had fairly started their work. From time to time additional supplies would be issued to them until the work was completed, when the total store orders were deducted from the price of the contract and a liquidation made, after



Shows practically completed grade above No. 3. Grading is in the shape of a half-tunnel.



Looking up Caya River, above No. 7.
Buildings at upper cross, distance is six miles. The cross at mill is four and one-half miles distant. Junta at lower cross, four miles away. Railroad is on the left. Wagon road on the right.

tools, for which no charge was made, had been returned to the company.

There was never any trouble in the way of men running away, and there was practically no loss of tools by theft.

The Chilean is a good workman on a contract. A small gang of six or eight men would tackle a solid rock cut thirty or forty feet deep and they would peg away at it until it was finished. The work was all by hand and it was remarkable the amount of work they accomplished that way. No animals of any kind were used except to pack supplies to the camps.

The contracts were let on a basis that would earn the men fifty to seventy-five cents a day in United States money. Their food absorbed about half of that and the men were contented.

That the Chilean Government and the people as a whole are heartily in favor of enterprises of the character undertaken by this company has been shown frequently. The spirit of the country is decidedly progressive, and considering the small population, really wonderful engineering works have been carried out by them. The people in Chile like to do things worth while, and when they have not the capital or experience are especially glad to welcome foreigners.

During the course of studying the transportation question for this company, it became necessary for two of the engineers to examine the Cachapoal river. Roads were not available, and the only way was by boat. Such a thing as a boat of any kind had never appeared on that stream. For over a hundred miles it is a raging torrent, but they had been up against such streams before, and knew what was necessary. So they built themselves a canoe, designed for just such water, took as little dunnage as they could, and started. No one but themselves thought they could go through. Four days later they tied their canoe to the shore near a large hacienda and walked over to some houses to see if they could buy some supplies. A man on foot in that country is a curiosity,

and a gentleman there looked at the two voyagers with suspicion. They looked like tramps to him. He could speak some English and asked where they were from.

"Rancagua," they answered.

"Where are your horses and servants?"

"We came in a boat."

"Where is the boat?"

"Tied up just here."

He strode to the river bank and stood looking at the little craft in silence for some minutes. Rancagua was a hundred miles away, and he knew the river. Finally, he turned, and there was a different light in his eyes and a different tone in his voice as he said:

"You gentlemen are Americans, are you not? We like to see you come here. You do things."

The Chileans are the "Yankees" of South America. They have a stable Government. Taxes are low, as the revenue from the nitrate industry in the north pays the expenses of the Government. They are mechanically inclined and learn how to handle machinery of all kinds in a short time. Their mining laws are favorable to foreign capital, and the country offers a better field for the investment of capital in the mining industry than is afforded by any of the other South American countries.

INVOCATION

BY BARIE CAYVAN

Lord, give me light to see aright
The path Thy feet have trod,
And point the way from day to day
That leads to Truth and God.

So blind mine eyes, Thy paradise
I pass—and never see;
So tuned mine ear Thy call so clear
Is all but lost to me.

But grant me grace to see Thy face,
To hear Thy call *within;*
To walk upright, to fight the fight,
To conquer Self—and win.

Lord, give me strength to gain at length
The one immortal prize;
And teach my soul that Love's true goal
Is won by sacrifice.

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Pastor C. T. Russell, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, New York, N. Y.

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THE DIVINE PROGRAM

XI. Messiah's Second Coming

BY C. T. RUSSELL

Pastor Brooklyn Tabernacle

THE SECOND coming of Messiah is extremely unpopular for three reasons:

1. It is supposed to mark the end of all hope of salvation.

2. It appears needless, because of the general opinion that all mankind go to Christ at death—to be adjudged for eternal life or eternal torment.

3. It seems inconsistent to the degree of absurdity that Christ should ever sit upon an earthly throne and exercise thus an earthly dominion.

Without fear of successful contradiction we assert that all three of these objections are based upon fallacious views and misunderstandings of the Divine Program. On the contrary, we hold, not only that the Second coming of Messiah is well attested by the Scriptures, but that it is every way logical, reasonable and consistent with the Divine Program, as outlined. Let us consider the objections in the order given:

1. We have already shown that instead of Messiah's Advent being the end of the world, it is really the beginning of the glorious epoch of Millennial blessings, which shall bring opportunities of uplift, mental, moral and physical, which will, if responded to, result in eternal life in Paradise. The entire theological fabric became so twisted during "the dark ages" that practically its entire teaching was one of long Purgatorial torture, and later we Protestants made a bad matter worse, by throwing away Purgatory, and assigning all except the saintly to eternal torture. St. Paul worthily named these errors "Doctrines of devils."—I Timothy 4:1.

Not only was the Millennial hope taken away and mankind told that at the moment of death they would be launched into torments, except the few, but additionally the Scripture references to a Second Coming of the Lord and a resurrection of the dead were made a still further terror to mankind. Poor humanity was told that, after suffering untold agonies in some kind of a bodyless condition, the Second Coming of Christ would mean a resurrection of their bodies and the means whereby their tortures would be increased, the bodies being left with all their present nerves and sensitiveness, but made fireproof. No wonder, from this standpoint, the Second Coming of Messiah would be feared, would be dreaded! No wonder poor humanity would shrink from it, and wish that it would never be!

2. When rightly studied, the Bible distinctly contradicts popular theories that mankind at death become more alive than when they were alive. As already shown, the Bible teaching is that death is death; that "the dead know not anything;" that "their sons come to honor and they know it not; and to dishonor and they perceive it not of them;" that "there is neither wisdom nor knowledge nor device in sheol (the grave—hell) whither all go;" that the Scriptural hope is "the resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust." Hence, as our Lord said, "The hour is coming in the which all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of man and come forth"—the well-doers to eternal life and those who have done evil to a resurrection by judgments, by disciplines, by which all the willing and obedient may ultimately be lifted up to life by the close of the Millennial Age. How strange that we all of us misunderstood these Scriptures and prophecies and accepted theories which are inconsistent with our reasonable concepts and thoroughly out of harmony with God!

3. We agree that it is thoroughly inconsistent and thoroughly absurd to suppose that our Lord should return to earth

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for the purpose of assuming an earthly throne with an earthly court and courtiers and earthly dominion! This would be coming from a higher dominion to a lower one, and is consequently inconceivable to reason. But this is not the kingdom which the Bible informs us Messiah shall establish in the earth. On the contrary, the clear teaching of the Scripture is that our Lord will never more be known as a man. He took upon him the form of a servant, and the nature of a man that he, "by the grace of God, might taste death for every man." This was because a perfect man had sinned, and a perfect man's life must be substituted for his to meet the demands of Divine Justice.

Since our Lord arose from the dead, he is no longer a man, but a spirit being; as the Scriptures declare, "He was put to death flesh, but was quickened (made alive) spirit." "Now the Lord is that spirit"—"highly exalted, far above angels, principalities and powers, and every name that is named—glorified and "made partaker of the divine nature." In harmony with this, the Scriptures show that our Lord's appearances after his resurrection were different entirely from his presence with his disciples before his death. Before his death he was the man Christ Jesus, and after his resurrection he was a spirit being, and manifested himself in various fleshly bodies—as a gardener; as a stranger; in a body similar to the one in which he was crucified, etc. These manifestations convinced the apostles: (a) that he was no longer dead, but alive; (b) that he was no longer a man, but "changed," invisible to them most of the time; seen during forty days only a few times at intervals.

It is the glorified Messiah who is to come a second time, "in power and great glory"—heavenly glory. His Kingdom will be an invisible one as far as mankind are concerned. As our Lord said to the Jews: "A little while and the world seeth me no more." The reason for this invisibility is plain to all Bible students. All spirit beings are invisible to mortals. "No man hath seen God at any time." We are told that "the angel of the Lord encampeth around about those that are his and delivereth them," and that they are "all ministering spirits, sent to minister to those who are to be heirs of salvation." We see them not, because they are on one plane of existence and we on another. The time was that more faith was required to believe in invisible things than is now necessary. Can we not now hear one another speak at a distance of hundreds of miles by telephone? Have we not wireless telegraphy and the X-Ray?

Note our Lord's description of his own Kingdom. We read that when it was demanded of the Pharisees when the Kingdom of God would appear, he answered and said unto them that it would not appear at all. His words were: "The Kingdom of God doth not come with observation (outward show, visibility); neither shall ye say, Lo, here! or Lo, there! for the Kingdom of God shall be in your midst"—ruling, everywhere present, invisible, except as the eyes of understanding shall recognize the operation of its laws through its earthly channels and servants. Nor should this be difficult to be grasped by any who believe the Scripture records; because is not Satan now such an invisible prince, and are not his angels equally invisible, and does he not exercise a great power directly and through his agents, the fallen angels, or demons, and through deceived earthly agents? "His servants ye are to whom ye render service."

Likewise the spiritual empire of Christ and the Church will have spiritual agents operating amongst men, and human agents also—the Ancient worthies—Abraham, Isaac and all the prophets, declared of the Lord to be worthy of eternal life, perfection. These will constitute the earthly phase of the spiritual Kingdom, executing the will of the King immortal and invisible.—Hebrews 11:39, 40; Psalm 45:16; Luke 13:28.

From this, the Scriptural standpoint, the Second Coming of our Lord, Messiah, is most consistent. He came at his First Advent to lay down the redemption price and to start in operation the blessed conditions of grace, by which, during this Gospel Age, he has been gathering his "elect class," his Bride, out of every nation, kindred and tongue. It was thoroughly consistent with this that he should come a second time, as promised, to receive his church to himself, to seat her as his Bride

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in his throne, and to accomplish through her and through the Ancient worthies, representing Israel in the flesh, the great promise of God made to Abraham and confirmed to Isaac and Jacob, namely, "In thy Seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed."

To count out of our hopes Messiah's Second Coming and the Millennial Kingdom would be to destroy all the glorious prospect set before us in the Scriptures. He who redeemed the world with the sacrifice of his life; he who has gathered the Church during this Gospel Age; he will surely not fail to fulfill the gracious promise of God to bless the world—granting Millennial opportunities to the redeemed world of mankind. "He (Christ) shall see the travail of his soul and be satisfied." The church, his Joint-Heirs, who now share his travails, will also share in his glory, and in his blessed work of uplifting the world of mankind.

It is not necessary for us to present the Scripture testimony, respecting the fact of our Lord's Second Coming. The Scriptures on the subject are well-known to all Bible students. The celebrated evangelist. D. L. Moody, after studying the subject, declared that no other subject is so extensively treated in the Bible. However this may be, all who take the Scriptural viewpoint must admit that without the Second Coming of Christ the entire Divine Program would come to naught—would fail to bring the blessings needed. Our Lord came the first time to redeem. He comes the second time to deliver the redeemed ones.

"Every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him," is a statement not inconsistent with our Lord's declaration that "the world seeth me no more." There are two ways of seeing: For instance, the blind sometimes say, "I see." There are eyes of understanding, as well as eyes of physical sight. Many who have the latter have not the former. "The god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine into their hearts."—(2 Cor. 4.4.) The world in general is blind. "Darkness covers the earth and gross darkness the heathen."

Only the Lord's saints see in the true sense of the word, with the eyes of their understanding. Thus it is written, "Blessed are your eyes, for they see; and your ears, for they hear." (Matt. 13:16.) The Apostle writes to the Church, I pray God for you that, the eyes of your understanding opening, ye may be able to comprehend, with all saints, the length and breadth and height and depth and to know the love of God which passeth all understanding. (Eph. 3.17, 18. The promise is that "all the blind eyes shall be opened and all the deaf ears be unstopped." (Isa. 35:5.) This will be during the Millennial Kingdom; and the result will be that all shall know the Lord, from the least to the greatest. Not seeing with the natural sight, but clearly seeing with the eyes of understanding, all will appreciate his character and rejoice therein. We sometimes express this thought poetically in the words,

"Sun of my soul, my Father dear,
I know no night when thou art near.
O! may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes."



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FICTITIOUS HISTORY OF THE WORLD

BY LIONEL JOSAPHARE

Chapter X.

"I WISH," said Malachy Mulverhill, one evening, "that you would join the Atlantic Union Club. You know, some of the most influential members of Cherokee belong to it. In fact, the Cherokee is maintained principally for the purpose of dealing with the people at large. The actual conservatory of politics is the Atlantic Union."

"I shall join, as you ask it," replied Lysander. "In fact, I might say on my own account that this search of the real home of Politics is like the pursuit of the Holy Grail. In my short experience, I have discovered nothing but the undiscoverable mystery."

"Mystery," retorted Malachy, leaning back ponderously in a green chair—"mystery? Now I like that. Who else would have thought of finding mystery in so prosaic a thing as politics. Truly, my lad, you have a wonderful spirit and admiration of the beautiful. It is there where you resemble me to such an extent that I never lose interest in you. Now, your father finds mystery in nothing. He considers statesmanship a mere cornicopia of gold. Otherwise, I think he would be more active. There is no mystery in a bag of money."

"No, but there is all around the outside of it."

"That's queer, isn't it?" Malachy looked up with unusual attention. "You see," he proceeded, "it is a man like you that will eventually master the common people, pot, shot and shoe-strings. You will make their devotion dramatic. That is what the people want. They crave excitement. Now, there is no excitement in a plainly draughted, let us say, bill of rights—that is, not ordinarily. I know there are men who could even make a bill of rights dramatic. I once knew a Congressman who read the agricultural statistics and had every member of the House bright-eyed."

Entering the Atlantic Union Club that evening, Lysander was fain to remark, "What architectural beauty can be inside red bricks!" On the street, the lamplit marble steps, like a cataract of white flowing out of the dark red entrance, was the only indication of internal grandeur. In the first hall, comfort as theatrically lavish. The elevator was a movable reception room. In the upper hall, the very atmosphere was muffled with the softer elegance of art.

With consummate grace on the part of Malachy Mulverhill, the two men stood momentarily in the doorway of the Blue Room. Malachy's neck became shorter and heavier. His gray hair was thick as a cap, and seemed as ashes on the glowing pink head. Even for a middle-aged man, or a younger one, his mouth was delicately outlined. The dent behind his nostrils was deep and proud. Altogether large of build, he lacked height beside his stalwart nephew.

Lysander's entering of the room seemed to bear no relation to the environment nor any of the assembly. It was merely an entering. His compact, wavy, red-bronze hair, slightly enlarging the contour of the head, gave his figurement a touch of color more picturesque than the black of his clothes could ensombre. Soon as his eyes apprised themselves of the prospect, they seemed to be interested with a historic light; and he gazed on the listless shapes of the members talking the talk of nations.

Here, too, was Anthony Bruges, a somewhat shadowy personage to Lysander Mulverhill. Bruges was vague, uncommunicative. He had a way of diverting the most solemn question to one of solemn frivolity or meaninglessness.

"Well, are we ever to vote for Fara-

day?" asked the elder Mulverhill in a strong voice.

The three men were sitting close. It was apparent that Bruges was with them because, for the moment, he felt imprisoned by the situation. He graduated the amount of cordiality each man expected of him; and he gave that much. In this case, the courtesies were hazardous. A momentously unpleasant question might leap forth at any moment. With Malachy's first words, the peril was exposed.

"If it were within my knowledge at present, Mr. Mulverhill," he said, "I should immediately take steps towards posing before the country as a prophet."

"Is it not a traditional theory that every political manager pose as a prophet?" Mulverhill responded.

"As well as a theory, it is a duty he owes to himself not to be a false one. He must not endanger his pose at a future crisis."

"Oh, false prophecy is soon forgotten," Malachy informed him.

"But not false promises," broached Lysander.

Bruges eyed him. There was no doubt as to the meaning, except in the mind of Malachy Mulverhill.

"What's that?" asked the latter.

"I mean," said Lysander, "that if, for instance, one should make a fraudulent promise to a man like Faraday and in favor of one Dingley Creed, it would not be forgotten."

"Of course not; but——"

Before Malachy could finish, Bruges excused himself and withdrew. Malachy bearded his nephew in the den of his eyes. "What's all this?" he repeated.

"Nothing more than that this man Bruges is selling a number of promises without investing in the buyer any particular title."

"You don't mean——"

"It is common gossip."

"Oh, common gossip. I see and behold. Well, now, don't let common gossip ever lead you to say 'damn,' especially in exciting times."

"Nevertheless, I believe the report. I see it in his face, and in the face of things."

"That is entirely different. I myself have seen many misgivings in Bruges' face. But then, while we are talking of an honest man—why, here, you devil of devils, I have nothing to say."

The last remark was addressed to a political reporter.

"Hello, Champ," said Lysander; "how are you?"

"Perfectly ridiculous, as usual."

Malachy Mulverhill placed his hand on the newspaperman's shoulder. "You have frightened me away," he said. "The younger branch of the family will tell you everything you want to know; if there is that much. Lysander, give him all the information that is good for his soul. Take heed not to overdose him with the truth." He inhaled deeply and walked away.

"Mulverhill," began Champ Moffit, "can you keep a secret?"

"Are you testing me for my weak points?" asked the other.

"Why, no; don't you remember when I did that football game I wrote that you did not have any. You don't look as if you had accumulated any since. I am about to impart unto you some graveyard confidences, if you will keep the same way down deep in your shoes."

"I promise."

"Well and good. Do you see that old man over there?"

"That very old man?"

"Yes; that awfully old man?"

"Do you wish me to promise not to tell anybody that he is alive?"

"Do as you please about that. Do you know him?"

"No; never saw him before. By Jove! That isn't Elisha Hopwood!"

"That's his mortal remains," replied Moffitt. "He used to be six inches taller, say they who say things. Look at him smile. I wonder what could make that shriveled little mouth smile. See that head over the two little folded arms. Skull and cross-bones, hey? And what do you think he is about to do very soon?"

"Er—die, maybe."

"No; you are too hasty. He is ready and able and about to appoint the next President of the United States."

"Did you say 'appoint' or 'disappoint?'"

"I said 'appoint.'"

"All right; tell me the rest of the story, in your own words, but slowly, please."

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"It is this. Hopwood has in his pocket at the present moment a document relating to this matter. That man will be in control of the nominating convention, and the paper in his pocket is some compact with the future nominee."

"Who is——?"

"We shall know to-night. A dark street, a surprise, a muffled curse, your strong arm around the neck of Hopwood's attendant, and I'll attend to the pocket. The paper was delivered in these rooms less than an hour ago. Our city editor has been after something like this for a week. A young space-writer took the story from the political wireless."

"But you know, I have never even served an apprenticeship at this sort of thing. Highway robbery is the technical term for it; is it not?"

"Aren't you interested to the extent of engaging in the enterprise without giving it a name? Only the small souls give names to their acts. That is the very latest philosophy."

"I see you will tempt me in the end, and you would, in the beginning, were I sure that the old man has the document in question. Mere curiosity as to whether your young space-writer is correct in his suspicions would not allure me."

"Mulverhill, there comes a time in every man's life when he must aid another on the strength of that other's confidenital request. That is the position I request you to occupy now. If your friendship towards me is sufficient to warrant that sort of boon, why, now is the time for it. Let us wait here, and, when they leave, precede the pair to Hopwood's home."

"All right, Moffit, I am your standing army. Command."

Chapter XI.

In examining into the vanity of humankind, it would be unfair to disregard the oft-told and as often-forgotten fact that each person is the center of his or her own universe. We naturally are most interested in that about which we know most; which, in everybody's case, is one's own particular self.

And what a worry is this same self! One must feed it when it is hungry, attire it for the styles, study graceful manners for its exhibition, purchase a fine establishment in which it is to sleep and to entertain other personalities. Then, one must amuse it when it is world-weary, find a lover for it when it demands affection. One must furnish it with necessaries and luxuries, lave it and comb it, decorate and perfume it, minister to its five senses and its cravings for the impossible. Small wonder that one grows quite attached to oneself after all this solicitude.

It is the wisdom of philosophers to tell that we should take misfortunes with equanimity. Yet, after beautifying this self in body and mind, it follows that one becomes vexed and confused when aught goes amiss with it. In the case of a love affair, you may consult numerous volumes and columns that demonstrate with what grace the love-smitten, tortured with Cupid's most exquisite aim, should behave after having pulled out the useless shafts in solitude. To manifest the least interest in love is to acknowledge that it is become the vital principle of one's earthly standing. Ambition, friends, happiness, industry, study, fame, all are the hand-maidens of love. When love is wounded, they all weep and are idle.

How soft, in what a tremulous cloud, appears the first apprehension that all is not well with love.

Dost thou behold her there by the window, gazing out and seeing not; in her lap the unread book, her long white fingers trailing over brow as if to wipe away some evil enchantment. The others come and go about the house, and she answers them suddenly.

There is a tall woman, with pale yet strong countenance, eaved with loose masses of black hair. She wears a plain dark blue garment that falls into rigidly symmetrical, almost symbolical lines. There is a terrific steadiness about the eyes; the hands are lithe and gently powerful; they are imaginative hands, as if ready to grasp the handle of steel. She might seem like an angel of the flaming sword, save that her illumination is dark. She is beautiful and tender, yet obviously strong and reliant, in poise and neck and hip.

A few minutes before, Honora Faraday had removed the flashing raiment of the street. A few minutes before, she might have taxed the colors of art for her por-

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trayal. Now, blue and black and white might have described her; her lips being scarcely red now, sometimes pressed inward between them what was not paled.

It is such deep moments that tax the worth of the world. This friend and that, once so companionable, parents, religion, books, all the vaunted merits of existence, alike seem paltry and unconfidential.

She had given her faith to love, and felt faith lovely. Weighted with fashions, the expectations, the guises of the time, perhaps she had not loved with the abandon of the gracious dame. She held that in trust. Of what was to come she had ample vision. Now that it was possible, she may have deceived herself, and that hers perhaps had been the love of love, and not the love of man, made her falter. It may be true that temperance in love is not love at all.

For who was that god, malignantly beautiful, that now darkened her view with his light? Casual was his enforced manner; casual, oh, so casual. It was surely the covering of a subdued self.

There are many who follow their inclinations as easily as they take the sunny side of the way. There are they, fewer they, who valiantly cherish the mistake that convulses the breast. To confess that love has wandered from the sacred gate of trueness would be horror. Even though should the plighted Anthony Bruges come to her and say, "I no longer love you!" and should the other intone his passion, she could hardly find it hers to answer, "Once I was another's, Lysander; now I love but you." The words were unspeakable.

Still, there are men who woo indomitably. Instinct tells a woman that the right hero is of this blood. He might crush her silent lips with his own love-frenzied.

This was the most favorable aspect. It could not be more than involuntarily thought of; kept secret from oneself. For there yet was this same Anthony Bruges, that, somewhat sterner of demeanor and strangely cordial, or in cordiality strange, had said nothing more. She had heard he sometimes directed his steps to another woman. She was curious with half-delight.

Twilight was now, twilight, that mid-scene, twilight, low-light, gray-light which one uses to hurry home or dress for the evening drama, that is greater than the performances of day. The world lives at night. Daytime is unmeet for the splendors of civilization. It is fitting that the arts of the world display themselves by artificial light.

She was resplendent at dinner, and had, if not a happy manner, a fairly good substitute therefor. It is demanded that beauty should smile.

At that moment, Lysander Mulverhill was leaning against the parapet over 44th street. Under him flowed the shining iron river of railroad tracks. Engines rumbled back and forth. Signal lights of red and green and yellow flashed and disappeared in greater darkness.

"How can he fulfill such a promise?" Lysander asked.

"We have never known the extent of Hopwood's power," replied Moffit. "And even now I do not understand it. Rich, influential he may be; but how he can barter the nomination is as mysterious as that star." Some newspapermen have a knack of ending their sentences with a smack of blank verse.

"Let me see the letter again," Lysander requested, drawing near the bridge lamp. He read:

"'In consideration of receiving my nomination from and through Elisha Hopwood, I agree, upon my election to the Presidency, if I be elected, to appoint as Attorney-General whomsoever is advised and recommended to me by the said Elisha Hopwood.'"

"Queer that he did not fear to put his signature to such a contract! Do you know, Hopwood will think he was waylayed to get the document back. And yet, no. That would defeat the nomination. I suppose that you will wait a day or two before publishing the story, to divert Hopwood's suspicions from you and your paper."

"Mulverhill, have you ever tried the experiment of making a city editor wait? If not, you have one of life's most interesting episodes in store. Try it some time before Death glares at you beside his leveled spear. Danger to a reporter is the subject of comic stories during an after-dinner quarter-hour of idleness."

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"What did Hopwood say to you?"

"'Oggle-agoggle!' I think he said. Did the esquire have an observation to make?"

"No; I put his hat over his mouth and cautioned him not to talk through it, as I would not believe a word he said. What are you going to do now?"

"I have an appointment with the camera-man, who is, at this very unwitching hour, in waiting at Hopwood's home. If he doesn't keep his word to capture the very form and likeness of the old gentleman, I shall myself hie me and request the good man's panel, saving that he recognized me not as his assailant and hurls back my request with an oath. It is about half after ten—so it is."

Chapter XII.

Lysander Mulverhill sat in his living room, quite forlornly at ease. His environment was fairly harmonious, from the ticking of the clock to the uttermost constellation swinging in the skies of night; that is, Lysander's night, but doubtless making considerable day in their own orbits.

Lysander puffed smoke at the ceiling, and watched the play of tints. Yes; everything was working well with him. He had about him the very costliest examples of civilization. He was a fine specimen of the evolution of man; more particularly, at the end of a very superb stock of ancestry. He represented the whole scheme handsomely. In subconscious proof of all this, he looked at his watch. It was accurate with the clock. The watch and the clock had been manufactured thousands of miles apart. Yet they told the same minute in parallel with the solar system. The midnight of the sun might not be the exact midnight of standard time; but the world arranges those little matters to suit itself. Liberally speaking, watch and clock and solar system were working geometrically in the same exactitude.

Verily, all was going well, except Lysander's heart. Had his heart been a watch or a clock, it would have gained an hour or two whenever his mind received the impression of this name, "Honora." Had his heart been the earth, it would have budged fifty degrees across the meridian when a breeze whispered "Honora." This perturbation was unwonted; but he had wanted it long. He desired at least one great thrill out of life. Now, it was as if the word, "Honora," were a dove that flew from a distance fluttering into his heart.

It seemed that he had been a skulker. He was in love, but not a lover. This was wrong, for the soul should go on its fancied way even though its destination be destined as merely the end of all. Doing is doing, though failure squat in the path.

Engrossing his attention on the table was the flint sword. To look upon it filled its owner with savage devotion. It lay there, a barbaric denunciation of the frivolous, modern love. It bespoke passion as against sentiment, great heart against hollow tongue, man against manner. The love that tousled the hair now appealed to this man. His eyes hovered over that flint thing reflected in the polished table; its crudity seemed to arraign the table's polish as falsehood.

Lysander gripped the knife. His hand glowed red and white with the clenching. His jaws were tight as his hand. His brows glowered. With inspired valor, he bounded from the chair. The sword had its effect.

In the man's eyes was an ancient fire; behind those eyes could be no conventional intent. His next act would be sudden. Etiquette is the art of not surprising. In the world of good form, matters are arranged as neatly as duties aboard a ship of war. Every word has its function; every phrase its instant. Flattery goes on duty at such and such a time; silence has its time. The well-groomed one must even say "Damn" at the proper occasion, when every one else knows that the only proper word is "damn" as aforesaid. Thus even when the debutante used the word, at a spirited crisis, nobody was shocked. All expected it.

Lysander was bent upon the improper. Improper, untrue, incorrect, wrong, faulty and many other synonyms all mean the same, and all have equal guilt when good form is violated. Lysander was bent on the improper. He had been told by Honora that she would attend a certain theatrical performance that night. The play was now about over. She was supping

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somewhere. He would speak to her. He would go to the vicinity of her home, like a romantic loafer, a country swain, an amorous wight of any century or backwoods.

The idea, once conceived, all that remained was to don his hat and coat. He was now all idea transfigured. It was as if the idea were putting on its hat and coat. Would its fortitude still bear up? It was at that moment strong enough to be tranquil—a rage powerful enough to be calm.

It was late when he went out of the house into the streets.

There is a certain bit of scenery widely admired by all romanticists. It is the most romantic spot about us. That spot is the moon. It was quite round and symbolic in the sky when Lysander saw it.

When he came to the corner of the street whereby dwelled the object of his stroll, he stood beside a lamp-post. The act was inwardly as refreshing as outwardly picturesque. He might have been aware of one as much of the other. Lamp-posts, the heavens of the intoxicated with liquor, shed their light over one who strained for a port in the storm of love. He was sure he had missed something in not having indulged nocturnally and so negligently ere this.

With one blow of the flint sword, he had struck beribboned niceties from his universe. Gone were the rigid houses; they were merely homes. Gone were the streets; they were but ways. Gone were the street lamps; they were but lights. Gone was Honora Faraday; in her place was Honora.

A carriage drew up and stopped at her curb. He hastened to meet it. Coachman opened the door of the cab. Mr. Faraday emerged first; then wife, and then Honora.

It was a time when the affairs of day were completed. There was nothing left to do save enter gracefully upon a period of sleep. It was one's right as against the world.

Lysander had no extemporaneous excuse for impaling the night scene with his presence. So he merely hoisted his hat with unusual honor and exclaimed:

"In the nick of time!"

There is an advantage in always doing right. It paves the way for a possible wrong. When one is customarily auspicious, he may, at an exceptional whim, enter with all the presumption of innocence.

"I came to see Miss Faraday," he declared.

The two were soon in a music room at the foot of a stairs. Leading from the stairs, along two of the walls, was a narrow balcony. The stairways angled upward into the darkness. The balconies were well lighted. Beneath one of them was the entrance to a dim library.

"A mysterious room," Lysander muttered. "But it just suits my fancy. I suppose you consider me a quite mysterious visitor!"

"Honora," he proceeded, "I came here to tell you an improper tale, and what is so seemly but that I should choose an improper hour? Look at me. Do not look away. By heaven, Honora, I love you! I loved you when, with three roomsful of people between us, I beheld your form pass through a shadow and into the sunlight at a window. Across the carpets and between the hangings and above the heads of the assembly, I saw you at the end of the long perspective, and the first consciousness that came into my mind was love.

"I have repressed that. We know why. At first I felt the slow, ponderous approach with which must move everything that is large as the largeness of love. Then came the horrible news that another had anticipated me. I kept my place. A quieting of the voice, an aversion of the eyes, a faltering of the hand, and expression was thwarted.

"But the tricks of hypocrisy grew old, and there came a time when they would no longer dike the master-tides of the soul. Here I am. Here is that Lysander that could not wait until the day to tell his passion. O woman, say something, however indefinite. Be not so still. Say one word that will give me an excuse to clasp that head and take the tribute kiss.

"You do not speak. You think I am mad! Oh! But I feel so grave I cannot even laugh like a lunatic. What of this? What do I mean by love? I mean that you are the one woman. You are the one woman of all time and all place. Roving through the centuries, I would find no

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equal to you. Traveling the earth, I would see the other women as denizens of the sea and land. Were I given choice of all the women of the world I would find among its honors no one more famous in my heart than are you.

"You woman of women, day and night are nothing to me. There is only the day and night of love. And mine up to this has been all night. This interview to me is dawn. 'Love' is the word that is the sun. Look at me, Honora. I love. I love *you!*"

For a moment, returning to the primal condition, these two creatures confronted each other as two beasts, strangers to each; as two gods poised in enmity or division of the universe.

"I love you," the woman said, and steadied herself as if to receive his stalwart spring.

Not all in maiden hesitation, but half in physical fear of an unknown force, she crouched beneath his giant kiss.

Anon she withdrew to a corner of the room and sat silently watching him.

He glared at her from time to time, in expression more of the fury than the gentleness of love.

After a while he arose and said: "Good-night."

"Good night," said she.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE "SODDY"

BY HARRY TRUMBULL SUTTON

Roofless, there it stands forsaken,
Gaping wide the windows stare,
Breeched the walls of sod and plaster,
Black and crumbling—who will care?

There it stands upon the prairie
'Cross the canyon, round the bend,
Lone, deserted. mutely sighing,
"How did I my friends offend?"

Hushed are all the spaces 'round it,
Hushed the upper leagues of sky,
Hushed the winds that whisper through it,
And the road creeps shyly by.

For they know the soddy's sadness,
As it waits there all alone,
Asking in the prairie language:
"Where are they who called this home?"

Where the hearts of faith and courage,
Where the toilers brave and brawn,
Where the forms of love and sweetness,
Are they really, really gone?"

Yes, they're gone, thou fallen altar:
Frontier bulwark of our State.
Wait thine end, thou'rt not forgotten,
History yet will call thee great.

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OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE SHERIFF OF GREENWATER

A Story of the Death Valley Slope

BY ELLIOTT J. CLAWSON

Part II

NONE, however, possessed sufficient courage to take up the delicate gift of fortune, so precipitately fallen in their midst.

"So yer skeered, are ye," leered the half-breed Cherokee, as he clutched an arm, about to get a firm hold with both skinny hands under her armpits. Albeit, something in the innocent curve of the neck, as the head dropped backward, caused Slim to delay. He laid her gently down again; sank his hands deep into his pockets, and spat upon the ground.

"Why, wot ye skeered of, Slim?" inquired Gypsy Ryan, with a semi-serious flickering around the eyes.

Possibly Slim had some very appropriate remark on the tip of his tongue, which would have presently rended the air, had not Madison been thinking.

"This is terrible, boys. She can't lie there in the dirt. Let's all take her in?"

Slim and Madison each took an arm, Gypsy and Bill Reyes managed the feet. The skirts dragged. In the rear of the procession followed the little white-faced, white-aproned bartender.

No one knew just where they intended depositing their burden. Slim pulled his arm toward the Greenwater Club, and what resistance there may have been was not strong enough to change the course. She was dropped over the faro table, and Madison placed his folded coat under her head.

"Now, what are we a-goin' to do? I say, give her a drink," said Slim.

This very brilliant idea met with general enthusiasm. Slim was a man of action. He possessed a long head. The boyish bartender appeared with the panacea for all the ailments of the desert. Madison alone had a scruple.

"For," said he, "not knowing just what brand she is accustomed to, this might kill her."

Notwithstanding the gentler advice of the sheriff, this was completely ignored, and Slim poured out a half tumblerful of this boiler-plate rot-gut. Now they were confronted by a great obstacle; the pretty lips, now pale, were closed, and the teeth tight shut.

Slim turned his head and spat across the tent and out of the door. Reyes found a wicked delight in this new dilemma:

"Open her mouth. Pry it open."

During this wrangling, Madison had moved to the door to keep out the crowd. He was sorely perplexed.

"God, boys, she's a woman—almost a girl. Can't we get a woman; any kind—just a woman to look after her? Nellie'll do—any one, only a woman."

"You've got a long head, though. Here is my hand. My name's Slim, and when you want anything—here, Scotty!" This worthy was in the street explaining what he knew of the intruder. "Damn you, Scotty, find Nellie, and say Slim wants her to come here, like a shot out of hell."

Low foreheads, short hair and long hair, unshaven, red-bloated noses, ugly faces, peered in at the door at this helpless little woman still unconscious on the faro table, and a painful lump rose in Madison's throat.

Nellie was coming. She pushed her way through the crowd of vagabonds. Men do not move for such as Nellie. She slouched across the tent to the other woman.

Nellie had diamonds in her teeth; a quantity of hair, of two or three colors, which was wound carelessly around her head. Her face was pale and sickly; it

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was day. She wore a loose calico mother-hubbard.

As usual, Slim was about to begin on this woman with a volley of curses, which were always returned, and never gentler for the exchange, but Madison took hold of Nellie's arm.

"Be gentle with her; she's fainted, or sunstroke, or something of the sort; but she's down and out, and you must do something for her."

"You idiots—undo her belt and corsets; she's fainted—here, I will."

Nellie's voice was not soft, nor was it harsh. It was unnatural—she had laughed too often—too falsely.

The crowd in the doorway stretched their necks.

A feeling of decency, never experienced before by Slim and Gypsy, moved them in the direction of the door with Madison.

"Yes, it means you, too, Reyes; get out from behind that counter." And Reyes shambled out from behind Madison. His soft, treacherous eyes shone evilly.

Madison closed the door and turned to the crowd of prospectors, desert rats and riff-raff. They wanted an explanation. In some way, they believed Madison responsible. He was before a jury.

"What we want to know," questioned Slim, "is, who is she, and what she wants?"

Every one listened. The gasoline lamps flared. Some smiled in expectation.

"Don't blame me—you know as much as I do about this business. Her name is Lucinda Kingsley, and she is expecting to meet her brother here—hell knows where he is, though. It seems that the old man, her father, when he died, left them the title to some borax claims on the Slope; her brother's there now—or supposed to be. We took the stage at Amargosa and walked in from the hill. That's about all."

"Then she's not goin' to stay? That's good—why, it might ruin the camp to have anything like that around. But where's she goin' to stay?"

"Didn't I say 'at the hotel!' "

"It seems to me, you and Slim are rather earnest? Don't suppose you're goin' to adopt her—are ye? or anything like that?" pointedly.

"Look 'ee here, Alkali Bill, you close your mouth—quick—we don't need any suggestions—specially from you?" Everyone grinned except Alkali Bill.

Madison turned to Slim: "We shouldn't have brought Nellie here, Slim—that was wrong."

"Well, it's just about as decent a resort as any in the town. If you got anything against my saloon, spit it out."

"You don't understand, Slim; the resort's all O. K., but not for a lady. They ain't used to it. Couldn't we get her over to the hotel, after she comes to? And another thing: she mustn't see Nellie. Oh, Nellie's all right, too, but you know how these folks look at such things."

"I guess you're all right," Slim understood, "and the house can't stand to have her here long. We'll scout around a bit and see how the land lays inside."

As yet the land lay smooth inside. The girl had not regained consciousness. Nellie sat at a near-by table with an empty tumbler before her, the one brought to revive the girl. She held a cigar, poached from the bar between her bediamonded teeth. Nellie was an optimist—she had no troubles.

Slim lifted the corner of the tent flap near the door frame, and peered in. Nellie took no notice. After a momentary pause:

"Well, I'll be damned; so that's your little game, is it? That's the way you nurse our friend—you——"

"So, she's a friend of yours, is she?"

"I don't just think that's any of your business."

The four men who had taken part in the procession re-entered the tent. It was their right. They felt their responsibility.

"Now, Nellie," said Slim, as he propped himself against the bar and twisted the two black locks that answered for a mustache, with his skinny fingers, "you get out; we're done with you for the present. Don't look so pleasant. That's it—we're afraid of our characters."

"You——"

"No, don't shoot off, but get out—damn quick. So—there! She's coming to!"

Which was the case. Her eyelids trembled. She sighed, moaned, then with

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a slight start, opened her eyes. Slim looked at Nellie; Nellie ducked behind the bar. Slim could look at people. He meant it, and those who knew Slim, knew that he meant it.

The girl's extremely embarrassing position appealed to none in the room, save Madison. He looked scared. The rest were relieved, and with the despatch which the occasion seemed to inspire, Gypsy and Slim covered the distance to the bar in long, determined strides. Then both stumbled, literally tumbled, over the afterthought. They did not reach that bar by one full yard. They simply changed their minds as the presence of the live old world overcame them.

A strange expression came into the girl's eyes. She looked wildly about—at Slim, at Gypsy, at Reyes, at the bar, at Madison.

"What is it?—where am I?—this place—please let me go!" Then, as she came to a sitting posture, she became conscious that her clothes had been loosened. A dark red, almost brown, flush radiated from her face and neck, and the delicate white hands went to her mouth as a shameful, pathetic sob, almost as of surprise, escaped her. And the frightened eyes turned reproachfully upon Madison.

"Oh, please, please, take me from here!". Each word in a little sob.

Then the burning face, shamed, tearful, appealing eyes, again confronted Slim, Gypsy, Reyes, Madison, and each in the Greenwater Club felt himself guilty, shamefaced and sneaking. Their feelings were written plainly upon their faces.

The patrons of the Greenwater Club looked at Slim. Spokesman, he had begun, spokesman he must continue.

Slim was unaccountably embarrassed. A drift in his feelings had been opened up, the existence of which he had never suspected. Could he only have entered into a flow of imprecations—who knows.

"There's nothing to be scart of. I leave it to you, is there boys? Madison knows there's nothing to be scart of—ain't that so? And Ryan and Reyes knows it, and Nellie—N—this is my dump and my name's Slim, and——" Here Madison interrupted. He saw that Slim was only making matters worse. Slim had spoken in jerky sentences, appealing for an answer at every word. His hands were now deep in his pockets, and he cast apprehensive glances at a coil of hair which just protruded above the bar.

"Miss Kingsley," interrupted Madison, "a woman has just left this tent."

"Of course; that's it," broke in Slim, who immediately saw daylight. Just now the protruding coil was bobbing around in a most dangerous manner, and bid fair shortly to disclose its possessor. Slim, unconcernedly, picked up an empty beer bottle from the bar and moved to the inhabited end of the bar and toyed with the empty bottle. The coil became very quiet.

Ryan and Reyes, hands in pockets, through this scene, leaned against a gaming table, casting gentle, affirmative looks at the girl. The bar-keeper sat on a chair very straight, with both feet together, and, with his carefully brushed hair plastered down till it shone and with mouth agape.

After a momentary pause Madison continued:

"As we passed this place you fainted, and this being the closest, we——"

The girl started and grew pale.

The atmosphere in the tent grew tense. Confusion from the "Rag Dump" filled the outside.

She slid from the table and quietly walked to the door; laid her hand upon the knob. She was an automaton; she moved as clockwork.

"He is—was—my brother—Edmond. The lost man there—there in the notice. He is lost."

Two large tears fell to the coarse board floor. She opened the door and went into the darkness.

The phonographs and music boxes clashed in discordant insanity. In the Greenwater Club, the slightest movement would have caused a great noise, so still was it inside that tent.

Madison jerked his hat over his eyes and dashed from the tent. The rest stared at the empty door, except Nellie, who sat still behind and below the bar.

New emotions are so strange; how can a man be sure of himself? Was it not very sad, this—no, not the brother—the tears were very sad. Such large, inno-

cent tears dissolve and compromise things.

"By hell, Gypsy. It's a shame, and she's the finest specimen I ever seen." And Slim spat upon the floor.

The sheriff discovered Lucinda Kingsley some twenty yards up the road. She was standing still, hands clasped behind, veil drawn down.

"Come—the hotel is this way."

They walked on for an instant in silence.

"When did your brother leave Furnace Creek Ranch?"

"Day before yesterday."

"The notice posted on that pole, I put there a week ago. It does not refer to your brother."

Who knows how deep the source of that sigh, or the sincerity of the unconscious grasp she gave his hand. How commonplace is truth at times.

"There are only Edmond and I, now, just we two, since father left us. Was I very foolish? You will forgive me, won't you? But when I read that a man in a red shirt, for Edmond wore a red shirt, was lost in Death Valley—doesn't it sound awful? He is there now, isn't he? I'm so worried. Will the other lost man ever be found, do you think? Is it so terrible? Is there, quite, no water?"

"No, it's not so bad as that; people exaggerate. In fact, I think it's a pretty nice sort of place. And water, why, there's any amount of water. There's a lake in the bottom of the valley. (He probably referred to a poisonous marsh.) Yes, I've been lost there many a time. I like it."

Madison had never lied with greater gusto. Then he thought of the storm which had swept past Greenwater, pell-mell for the valley only yesterday, and he pondered.

"Was he alone—any prospectors go along with him?"

"I do not know; the train only stopped a moment where he got off. But he was so intent on crossing the valley."

"I wouldn't bother about it. I am going to the valley to-morrow, on business, and I'll tell him you're here. This is the hotel. I'll speak to the proprietor, and if you should want to know anything, my tent's just across the road, not two hundred feet—you might call me."

Overhead was a box-shaped sign made of bunting with a candle inside. Upon this sign was written "Hotel Waldorf-Astoria." Three small tents with board floors, and in each a cot and a candle—this was the hotel. Madison said something to the proprietor who had been expecting a guest; then he led her to the door of the lighted tent, and said:

"Good-night."

She answered:

"Good-night; will I see you in the morning?"

"No; I have business in the valley and I leave at daybreak."

He crossed the road to find his tent, but there was no tent there. He was not much taken aback, however, for he knew his tent to be at the other end of town. Instead, he found a rock and sat down and smoked.

The light in the tent went out. The "Rag Dump" grew quiet. He still smoked.

Most probably, she knelt down and said her prayers this night. He didn't—he smoked.

CHAPTER III.

Madison's Cache.

This particular clique of prospectors and gamblers had, every one of them, lived their life quite in conformity with the bare animal requirements of this severe silent country; their birthplace, by chance; their residence by choice. The civic and moral authority of the social community, the platitude, was to them vague upon the distant horizon which hid from them an undesirable world. They are not gregarious social animals. Each weaves from his necessity the homespun of law, crude and just. And, at times, when the God-fearing, law-abiding man of formulas intrudes, neither is at his ease. One is driven away. The coming of capital and law marks the departure of the prospector for his own country; wherever that may be.

The silent prospector of the Mojave prospects not for riches, but for peace of mind; not for gold, but for content. On the desert, alone; on foot, winding through the mesquite and the sage, followed by a little caravan of burros. Their

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caravansary has a hard floor and a deep blue ceiling, black at night and studded with great white stars.

For twenty years, Madison had ridden the range in the vicinity of Bell's Ranch, in the upper Mesquite Valley, where he was born. White, an old ranch hand, remembered very well the mother that bore him; how she had died at his birth; the only woman on the ranch. Rebecca Madison came with her husband from New England in the early '60's. Great hopes and prospects were ahead, always ahead! They located in the Mesquite Valley, but Henry Madison was not for the desert, so he left it suddenly, leaving his wife, accustomed to better than desert fare, alone. She, tamed by the shattering of her hopes, sold her heritage of partly broken land to Bells; lived with them a short six months and died, leaving a baby to the clumsy mercies of a dozen ranchmen. The child thrived and ran wild; was the best horseman in the country; was heir only to a world, the center of which was an adobe hut; the boundaries, the distant blue mountains. He was gentle and dreamed dreams; expressed in terms of his desert life. He was simple and honest.

Madison rode into Greenwater out of curiosity and he remained. He was free of every human tie; independent of all save a big idea of a "square deal!"

In the gray dawn was a lone man winding his way through a low pass in the Funeral Range. Before him, deep, deep down, somewhere in the ocean of mists, was Death Valley. He was accustomed to this awesome sight.

Madison found awaiting him an almost dry cache. He had been robbed. It was very simple; his water was gone—no note—no nothing. Yes, he would kill the man who had robbed his cache; now, when he must have it, or turn back, or find a natural tank, or turn himself over to the crows. There were no tracks around the cache. The rain had managed that.

A half mile from the cache was a high cliff from which an extended view of the surrounding country could be had. He climbed to the top of this cliff and scrutinized the landscape. It was dead—but no, to the left was a little speck of red. It waved in the hot breeze like a flag.

With a keen knowledge of the country surrounding the cache, he knew he could reach it in two hours. It was the only open space for miles around.

As he neared the vicinity, his nostrils scented, faintly at first, then quite strongly, the odor of putrifying flesh. Those who have once smelled it cannot be mistaken. This was now his guide, but not for long; suddenly, directly in front of him, a small cloud of crows fluttered into the air and then settled to the ground at a safe distance, to watch the drama. They had good front seats. In a crevice partly filled with water, on the bottom of a slight wash-out, was all that remained of two human bodies. They were completely covered with flies. What scant wearing apparel they had worn was torn into shreds. The eyes were gouged out quite clean, nor was there flesh left on their cheeks. The lipless mouths were grinning at the heavens. Portions of the ribs protruded through the hashed flesh. They were torn and clawed out of all human semblance. The crows were still promised a rare feast. Farther up were dead burros as yet untouched, with tougher hides.

Madison stood on the edge of the wash-out and shuddered. The stench almost overcame him. The men of this country always bury what the desert allots them. He gathered stones and heaved them into the vile-smelling hole, upon the remains. By-and-bye there were no bodies—just a pile of stones for the next flood to sweep down toward the valley.

No hushed requiems, no mournful funeral march, no sorrowful cluster of friends in the unfragrant stillness, paying what they would call their last respects to the dead; none of these things, just a man throwing stones and then just a pile of stones.

Nearby a red shirt was fastened on a rock. Not caught on a rock, but fastened there by human hands. There was no one in sight. He must explore. Where else would he look except in the shade of the canyon.

Presently he found a man, clad only in his undergarments, curled up on a piece of canvas. He was dead, as it seemed to Madison, but when he placed his ear to the man's breast, he heard the heart beating. He was unconscious, and dying from exposure and hunger. Madison stood look-

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ing intently upon the man for a long time. Yes, it was Kingsley, and he, with the others, had probably robbed Madison's cache, and the debt was paid. He knelt down beside the unconscious man and emptied his canteen between the parched lips.

Madison was a giant in stature and strong in proportion. He possessed not the strength of an acrobat, but the iron muscles of a prairie mustang. Years of desert faring, exposure to the sun, a bed within the shelter of a wash-out or a scrubby bush, had tempered him to meet this difficult occasion. He possessed none of the tenderness of the dweller in the cities. He took things as they came, usually without comment. A mistake and its penalty, without social or brotherly feeling. Edmond Kingsley, dead or alive, made no particular difference to him. But an awakening within his desert-cured and smoked-heart, incomprehensible to himself, made all the difference in the world.

He lifted the limp body. The two arms he drew over his right shoulder and with the left arm he grasped the legs around the knees. The body was hanging on his back, head drooping downward and mouth open. The eyes were sunken and surrounded by purple rings. He turned toward the mouth of the canyon and set out with long, firm strides. It is not difficult for a strong man to carry another on his back down the smooth bed of a box-canyon, and in the shade.

The head of the unconscious man swayed to and fro with each step of the carrier. The flies congregated around the swollen mouth and buzzed and buzzed.

As Madison and his burden reached the mouth of the canyon the crows, reassembled around their nigh-completed work, fluttered into the air and circled around and around. The man laid his heavy pack upon the ground and looked around, making careful note of his bearings.

Yes, it was now about three o'clock, and the haven he had in mind was about five miles distant; the deserted Mormon stamp mill in the bottom of the valley. He had cached water and provisions there; it afforded shelter. The course would lead over severe hills, fringe precipitous box-canyons and end with a mile over a snow-white field of borax, in which his feet would sink six inches at each step. It was impossible; yet the new emotion within his breast compelled him to accomplish the impossible. If darkness should overtake them before they reached the open! With a grave determination he set his teeth and allowed himself to ignore the possibilities. He picked up the body and began the journey.

The course decided upon lay in the opposite direction to that which both Madison and the ill-fated party of three had followed to the canyon. It was a short cut to the valley; impossible, even to the sure-footed burros, and, although Madison was familiar with the general trend of the country, the exact course he must discover. A mistaken turn to the right or to the left might throw extra miles of perpendicular rock between him and his destination. The burden of his thoughts heaped ever greater upon the other load.

The crows and the lone, double grave were far behind. Before him, directly in his path towered a mountain, a colossal, stone basilisk.

He followed the method of a switchback; took a diagonal course for a distance, then turned at an acute angle, ever upward.

It was slow work. He was often obliged to retrace his steps; when the mountain side became too steep or he encountered a smooth wall or a drop-off. He must carefully choose each step.

His arms ached. He transferred the body to his right shoulder, where it hung limp, and the inane manikin arms swung and tapped him on the legs, strange, lifeless arms and long white neck.

He was thirsty; his tongue had begun to swell.

He was now at mid-mountain and attempted to round it. He was above the brink of a box canyon and thought that by making a circular route he could avoid climbing the summit. This thought formed itself in his mind: "If I can but conquer this mountain I can reach the cache." He was entirely engrossed in this thought. Every effort was put forward to this end; to put this mountain behind him.

At times his body swayed, and for long terrible seconds balanced between the dizzy abyss and the rough mountain side.

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A rock slipped beneath his foot and tumbled over into the nothingness. He stopped and listened. His heart counted seconds, minutes, hours, it seemed, of suspense, then he heard the crash, dim at first, but the volume increased as the echo repeated itself. Eight times it echoed. He counted.

He was becoming weary and needed water; just a little to moisten his tongue. The veins in his forehead stood out like huge knots and the cords in his neck like cables of twisted steel. He bent beneath his burden. He reflected that it was a fearful disadvantage to be without hands. Above him was, almost straight up, a wall of hot, jagged edges. Below him he dared not look, but, across and downward and within a stone's throw, an easy throw, was the same infernal maze and the same beyond and downward.

A surprised rattlesnake was coiled in a niche a yard below; it belonged to the landscape, with its startled metallic rattle and cruel revolting tongue licking the air.

He looked upward; the summit was not farther than a hundred yards. After that it would be easy sailing downhill. Yes, he would rest on the summit and take the remaining portion of the journey easier. He increased his speed. The load grew lighter. Only thirty feet more and then —then Madison faced a mountain, the mate to this, with a box-canyon between. Men do not think in such instances; it is the heart. His burden, unheeded, slipped and fell upon the rocks.

The instinct of self-preservation is vicious. It slaps centuries of tutelage in the face.

He hated this man. Why should he give his life for another, especially when they both must remain—here. No. It was nothing to him. He would mark the spot with a pile of rocks—that was the custom. Then he would find his way into the canyon below, and perhaps find a natural tank, or he would do something; he would live. This man would never regain consciousness, but if he did—why should they both die.

He could distinguish snow on the distant Panamint Mountains and green blotches. They were trees. Under those trees it was cool. There were springs and moss. Perhaps a cool breeze was there.

Yes, it was very sad that her brother should remain here. And what difference did it make to him if he remained, except that it was his life. Would she feel a very slight pang? She must be something like his mother, and his thoughts traveled over the waste to the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, and his fancies grew and he was lost. All around over the barrenness there was just one beautiful spot. That was his heart.

He moved and his limbs ached. In three hours it would be dark. He lifted the body of the unconscious man tenderly to his shoulder.

He would go directly to the bottom of the canyon and follow it down; if they met a drop-off they would both remain on this side, without a monument.

* * * *

It was the last of twilight. A man with another on his shoulder staggered over the borax field toward the old mill. The dust rising from the field had caked around and cracked his lips. His nose was full, but he paid no attention to these things. He was thirsty. To drink—to drink, or if he had a luscious apple or a cool, juicy orange. Now he was facing the bar of the Greenwater Club, ordering a long, cool lemonade, but it never came. He would order another.

Madison was going crazy. His eyes rested on the old mill. Ah, perhaps there were apples there. He dropped his burden and began running.

It was a dead house. The home of the phantoms of his inflamed imagination. The roof was caved. The timbers were rotten. Snakes and spiders kept house there. The iron chimney was broken in mid-air and hung in dark relief. It was a sinister silhouette against the retreating twilight.

He staggered into the black aperture which had once been a door. He had reached his cache.

The sheriff nursed Edmond Kingsley for two days. For two days he had been delirious with fever. On the morning of the third day Madison looked up and there was a man standing in the door.

"Takin' a little vacation?" asked Slim.

"Yes, if that's what you call it. Silver Reef Lewis and Boyson were caught in a box-canyon during the last storm. They strayed too far north."

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"So, this is the boy, is it?" inquired Slim, as he eyed up the skeleton, lying in the corner with eyes bright with fever heat. "Why did you leave without your burro?"

"Slim, let me take your animal and go in to-day. I shall send mine over to-morrow with somebody, return yours, and have him brought in when he's able."

It was preposterous to ask such a thing of Slim. None but Madison could have asked it. Slim consented with a nod.

The small white burro was standing in the shade of the shack. Madison removed Slim's provisions from the faithful animal's back and strapped his own there, then he turned the burro's head toward the Funeral Mountains and started across the alkali in that direction.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when he stood on the crest of a hill and observed Greenwater below him.

Yes; he would tell her all about it. Then what would she say? Tell her how he had decided to leave her brother and how the thought of her and his love—Great God above—had destroyed his determination; that she must be like his mother, whom he had never seen, but that she must have been, somehow, such a woman; that theirs had been different lives, but that he could change to hers; would like to change now. What he hoped, what his heart yearned for, he did not know, but he would tell her all these things; he would be eloquent, and then—then again he found himself standing at the door of the Waldorf-Astoria, looking in at this woman, who was writing.

"Oh, Mr. Madison, I'm so glad to see you. Did you see Edmond? I'm frightfully worried."

"Yes, I saw him. He's alright. Says he'll be in, in a few days."

"I'm so glad. I have just received an invitation to stop for two weeks with an old school friend of mine in San Bernardino. It isn't far, is it? And wasn't that nice of her to think of me? Will you post this letter, so that it will go to-day, or, if it can't go to-day, to-morrow. There, you are just as kind as you can be."

Madison took the letter and went up the road.

The next Saturday, Edmond Kingsley arrived in Greenwater at eleven o'clock in the morning. He was weak and had taken two days for the journey. The stage left at twelve. His sister was delighted to see him, but they must leave that day. Scotty was notified to call at the hotel. He lifted their trunk on the rack fastened to the back of the machine.

Edmond had hurriedly changed his clothes. He now wore a derby, a white collar and patent leather shoes.

As they spun out of the town, they passed Madison, who, with Gypsy Ryan, was sitting in front of the Greenwater Club. Edmond did not know him. The woman turned and drew up her veil, waved her handkerchief and smiled beautifully.

"Good-bye, Mr. Madison. Good luck to you!"

At the name, her brother turned; he had heard it before. He made a move as if to disturb Scotty, but evidently changed his mind, for he leaned back and was lost in a study of the forbidding landscape.

Madison silently watched the machine until it disappeared over the hill, then he rose tiredly and went to his tent, packed his things and loaded them on his burros. The tent was leveled, folded up and strapped on an animal. He spoke to no one—just went away. Animals and man silhouetted in mist for a moment.

Some said he went towards the valley and some said not, but he was never seen in Greenwater again. The illimitable horizons hold his secret.



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BEN HALLECK'S CHANCE

BY MAUDE HEATH BLANK

ROSE LOOKED at her husband across the breakfast table. No, he certainly did not appear to be in a very auspicious mood; still it was as good a time as any, she reflected. He was invariably cross when money was mentioned, but anybody with an atom of sense could see that she was as economical as any woman could be, without being a miser.

She spoke deprecatingly: "Ben, can you leave me the money I asked you about?"

Her husband laid down the paper he had been hurriedly glancing over, and scowled a little over his coffee cup.

"How much did you say it was you wanted?"

"Only a hundred, Ben. Fifty for the dress and thirty-five for the opera cloak—it is such a beauty, Ben, and I've simply got to have it," enthusiastically—"and the rest for shoes and gloves and things. I told you all about it last night; don't you remember?"

Receiving no reply, she continued in an aggrieved tone: "If you could ever realize, Ben, how little I get along with, compared to other women, maybe you would appreciate me more. I don't see why I have to go without the commonest necessities of life when you are getting a good salary. It isn't as if we had children to provide for, and just you and I ought not to have to scrimp so—it isn't fair."

She paused to think of more arguments, and Ben Halleck's scowl deepened. No, it wasn't as if there were children to provide for. He wished it were. It was the culminating grief of the series of disappointments that marriage had brought him that his home, after ten years, still contained only himself and wife.

As they regarded each other across the disordered table he found himself wondering, whimsically, if she felt equally bored with the prospect. The thin, sallow face, prematurely lined, surmounted by scanty blonde hair twined on crimping pins, lighted by small, pale blue eyes and with a thin-lipped mouth that drooped querulously at the corners, bore little resemblance to the dainty, doll-like girl he had married. He knew that in the afternoon, when she joined the "Kearny street parade," her eyes, with bistre circles, would darken and brighten; that her cheeks would bloom with faint pink of exactly the right shade, and her hair frame her face with babyish golden rings, but the properties no longer attracted him, since he recognized that the spectacle was not intended for his delectation. He realized, with the justice of which he had enough to illumine his own delinquencies as well as another's, that the view from her side of the table was no more inspiriting. A thin, haggard looking man of forty, a trifle bald and noticeably gray; a little stooped and wearing an almost habitual frown, very likely retained no intoxicating fascination for her. It appeared to be a case of flim-flam on both sides, he acknowledged, with an inward cynical grin, but Rose would not appreciate the grim humor of the joke on them both if he told it to her.

Seeing that she had gathered fresh ammunition for the eternal discussion of receipts and expenditures, he forestalled her: "I'll leave you a check for fifty, Rose. That's the best I can do, and there is no use in arguing the matter. I've pointed out to you at least a thousand times that even two hundred and fifty a month will not stretch over an outlay of more than three hundred. We are in debt, as you know. In ten years we have saved absolutely nothing, and my life insurance would cut a very small figure if you should happen to be left a young and lovely widow."

As he wrote the check his wife began to

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cry, drearily, and with a regularly reiterated little sniffle that always lacerated his nerves like a cut. What was the use? Just as well let her go her own gait; the end, which he already saw was inevitable, would only come the sooner, and the agony of apprehension terminate quicker.

He handed her the check, and she dried her eyes with a final sob. "Cheer up, girl," he said, with the perfunctory kiss that was never omitted, though both knew it was but the unlaid ghost of their long-dead passion—"have a good time while you can, but don't blame me if the last act doesn't suit you. Remember, I've warned you of the incompatability of a street car income and motor car preferences."

"Well, then, why don't you try to make money, like other women's husbands do? Mrs. Marsten's husband made a thousand dollars last week doing something with pork—I've forgotten whether she said he bought it or sold it—but anyway he gave her a lovely diamond sunburst. And Mrs. De Vere's husband won an awful lot of money over to the races the other day, and now she's going to buy an elegant Axminster rug for her dining room. This rug is so shabby I'm ashamed of it. I don't see why I should be so unfortunate as to have to skimp along with nothing, when everybody else can have everything they want."

She began a search for her handkerchief and Ben left the room abruptly. He glanced through the half-open doors of the drawing room and bed room of the little flat, as he passed them on his way down stairs. Ornate furniture, wholly out of keeping with the size of the rooms, each piece representing a tearful battle, and the bills for which made weight in the crushing load he was carrying, seemed to taunt him with his weakness as he ran down the stairs.

He walked rapidly down the California street hill to the wholesale grocers on Sansome street, where he had worked ever since his marriage. It was a perfect spring day. San Francisco bay, outspread before him as he descended the steep hillside, shimmered like blue silk, festooned with white ribbons in the wake of the leisurely ferry boats that crossed and recrossed its turquoise surface. He fell to reckoning the probable expanse of the bay and its cost in yards of blue silk at two forty-five a yard—or was it two fifty-five Rose had said? He tried to drive it from his mind, but it persisted, like an inaudible tune that keeps time to one's footsteps.

The lure of young April gripped him. What a day to lie idly on the grass and listen to the secrets of the trees as they murmur them to each other in the soft spring breeze. What wouldn't he give for just one day to be a boy again, barefooted and care-free; to play hookey down by the brook, with no haunting bills, no looming shadow of——

He dropped down the last hill, losing sight of the sparkling water, which gave place to the dingy quarter of the wholesale district; skirting the edge of Chinatown, gay with paper lanterns and flaunting banners, and on to the level of the "made land" below Montgomery street. As he turned into Sansome street, the scent of the spring vanished in favor of the evil smells of baled hides, tallow and the multifarious odors of money in the making.

His private office, where he was in charge of the country trade of the firm, bristled with business as he entered. His stenographer, with her henna-red pompadour at the precarious angle she affected, was ready for his dictation, and the rush and bustle surrounding him effectually silenced the call of the clean air and the wide spaces he had left behind.

At ten o'clock he dismissed the stenographer, opened the safe, took out seventy-five dollars in gold and sent the office boy to deposit it to his account in the bank on which he had drawn his check for fifty. An entry in his ledger accounted for the money, and he resolutely dismissed it from his mind until the closing hour.

At eleven o'clock he answered the telephone call, to hear his wife's voice, eager and insistent:

"Ben, may I buy two opera tickets for to-night of Mrs. Schwartz for five dollars? She can't go, and it is such an opportunity to hear Eames. You know I wanted to go again before the season was over. May I?"

"Do as you like." He hung up abruptly. What difference did five dollars make?

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Instantly his mind began of itself to calculate how many five dollars it would require to square up the false entries on the ledger, and he jerked it back with a physical wrench to a consideration of the dried peach market.

At five o'clock, when the stenographer had gone home, and the room was quiet, he went over the books, page by page. He realized that he could no longer hope to conceal his peculations—his thefts—he said to himself, grimly. That was the name for his acts—the name given them by the outraged law, that exacts in return the life of the culprit. Not given all at once; that would be too merciful, but by painful installments of days and nights, weeks, months and years, shut away from April days like these, and doling out the payment for stolen money in seeming eternities of remorse and despair.

He sat there in the silence and the waning light, taking account of stock of himself. He realized his own failures and faults with a sort of impersonal distinctness—Weighing Ben Halleck's weaknesses as if he sat in judgment upon a separate self. He was what men call a "good fellow," kind and generous, but the self that sat enthroned within him, viewing him with the impartiality of an individual doomsday, saw that he was essentially a creature of his environment; not strong enough to swim against the tide of his associates' opinions, not able to withstand the angry tears and ceaseless nagging of an exacting wife, even when he knew, undoubtingly, that they no longer loved each other.

When his yearly increasing salary had been met promptly by more rapidly increasing expenses, he had allowed himself to be forced into debts that harassed him at every turn. He had not stolen money because he wanted to, nor to gratify his own desires. He remembered the first time—it was to buy a brass bed for the guest room. As he recalled it he smiled to himself at the humor of the thing—for a bed that was not used, not needed for anything but to be draped in Battenburg lace and stand ready for infrequent visitors—he had taken the first step on the direct road to San Quentin.

But the bed represented days of torture, of unceasing complaint, of bitter faultfinding—in short, of a pressure that he had been unable to bear. Peace at any price had seemed the ultimate good, and the price was now demanded of him. He had chosen the road that seemed easiest, only to find himself in a labyrinth, the only visible egress leading to ignominy.

After the first "borrowing" of the firm's funds, the next step was easier, seemingly inevitable. Learning how to manage him, Rose had never relaxed her efforts. A more expensive flat in a better location; new furniture in accordance with her surroundings, more and more extravagant gowns, furs, jewels—nothing satisfied her. She was, to her husband, an insatiable vortex, swallowing his earnings, his thefts—himself—and crying unceasingly for more. And yet he had not been strong enough to bear the misery of her recriminations, her goading taunts of inefficiency. He had not been able, hitherto, but he told himsefl now that he could be if he might only try once more—have one more chance. For that chance, for the opportunity to try again, to start fair, unhandicapped by the cruel weight of unnatural, vicarious dishonesty, he told himself he would gladly barter his soul itself.

He had tried speculating, of course, with the firm's money—each time on a sure thing—each time resolved that if he could only make good the deficit he would be strong to withstand temptation. But each venture had failed. He tried the race track, but wooed he never so wisely, fortune flouted him, and he found himself but deeper involved for every frantic effort to extricate himself. The confidence reposed in him had made his defalcation easy, but he knew that he was now at the last turn in the road. He had concealed and falsified and drawn "doctored" trial balances as long as it was possible to do so. The next time one of the partners looked over the books the discrepancies must be discovered. He felt that it was imminent; that when he put away the books to-night, it was for the last time; that when he saw them again they would be evidence against him. Another chance was not given a man like him. He had sown the seed in weakness—he must find strength to gather the crop that was ripe. The thought of suicide flitted through his mind, but did not attract him. His weak-

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ness was not of the variety that takes refuge in flight. Driven to the last ditch, he could fight, "like any other rat," he said to himself, bitterly.

He arose stiffly and locked the safe. Though the heavens fell, Rose must not miss the opera. He rode home in the murky twilight in the cable car that crawled up the steep terraces of the hill where he lived. The bay was clad in sober gray velvet now, and the twinkling lights of the towns that surrounded it signalled to those of the boats that made a highway of its placid bosom.

"What on earth are you so late for?" Rose called to him petulantly, from their room, as he climbed the stairs. "You know I hate to be late, and it will take you an hour to get ready. Ben, can't I 'phone for a cab? It's horrid to go in the car with this dress on." She came out as she spoke, radiant in black spangled net, with pink roses in her hair and at her breast. Her eyes looked large and bright beneath their darkened lids, and her cheeks were flushed with excitement and rouge.

The opera house was brilliant that night; the prima donna at her best, and the audience scintillant with diamonds and ablaze with color. Ben saw neither the people nor the stage; heard neither the music nor his wife's whispered comments on the other women's gowns and jewels. Instead, he saw only a grim, stone prison that lowered above the smiling waters of the bay; heard but the measured tread of the sentry that paced the wall that guarded it.

The opera ended, and like a man in a dream, Ben accompanied his wife to the restaurant where "everybody" went to eat and drink and listen to the Hungarian band. He had only enough money to pay the cab man, and he gave the waiter a check for the supper and the tip he so obviously reckoned on.

As he fell asleep, long after midnight, lulled by Rose's lamentations that she must forever be deprived of all that made life so blessed a boon for other women, Ben dreamed that he was escaping from prison, and a guard was shooting at him. He heard the shot plainly, and sprang up in bed to find the city shaking in the grasp of an earthquake. It was unusually long and severe, but he did not realize its scope. Rose awoke, frightened and trembling, and he soothed her, thinking subconsciously how queer her white face looked beneath its crown of crimping pins.

Built on one of the spots that the temblor capriciously avoided in its destructive pastime, their house escaped almost unscathed, and it was not until he started down town at seven o'clock that Ben guessed what the general destruction had done for him. The fire that was to complete the work so ably begun by the earthquake was already under way before he had succeeded in reaching Sansome street, and a hasty survey of the huge pile of masonry, all that was left of Billings & Co.'s place of business, showed that there was nothing to be done there. The wholesale quarter was evidently doomed, and the fire, with no water to fight it, was leaping unchecked up the nearest hills. As he turned to struggle back to open ground again, Ben's first involuntary thought was of a reprieve, but the fire that for three days and nights transformed the prosperous city to an inferno spelled salvation for him; assured him of the chance he had prayed for.

With one-half of his mind he realized the horror of the cataclysm, the incalculable suffering, the appalling loss of lives and property, the devastation of the gay city he loved, the business paralysis that must result, his own losses and probable privation; but always the other half chanted jubilantly: "I have another chance—one more chance to make good, to be true, to be honest, to be myself—Ben Halleck—not a puppet, to dance at the pull of a string." He saw his own home go, uncaring. He dragged the trunk that Rose hastily packed, all the miles to the park, untiring. He helped wherever he could, bore the discomforts of the rude camp cheerfully, and later took his place in the bread line with a smile and a word of encouragement and cheer for the unfortunates near him.

Rose could not understand such stupidity. For her, she was convinced, life held nothing more. She did not care to hear of the multitudes far worse off than herself. She was wretched, and that was enough to know. She could not adjust herself to such hardships as she encoun-

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tered, and she did not propose to try. She demanded comforts that Ben could not procure for her, and was stunned by his apparent imperviousness to her tears or gibes. How he could act so she did not see—almost as if he liked such a life. She could not know that the revulsion from despair to hope, from the shadow of the prison to the light of freedom colored everything with a roseate glow that hid all discomfort and privation.

In a few weeks the firm started up again across the bay in Oakland. Ben and Rose took two tiny rooms, all they could secure in San Francisco's suddenly congested "bedroom," and began life over again with less than they had in their bridal days. To Rose's amazement, she found her husband changed as radically as her environment. His will had become adament. He dominated her—not unkindly, but unequivocably. She was reduced to the position of a child who learns that his wailings for injurious playthings are disregarded, and though she struggled gallantly, her boasted means of "managing Ben" failed at every trial. She found no solution for such marvelous innovations as saving money for a bank account, the stern cutting down of her dress allowance to fifty dollars a month, and his unalterable determination to keep his salary in his own hands for expenditure.

On his part, Ben was happy. The sudden removal of the heart-breaking load he had carried had taken from him the weight of years. He seemed like a boy again. His work was mere play, and the heap of debris over on Sansome street held in its mass of twisted iron, bricks and rubbish the secret that was now inviolate. He was only forty. By economy and careful planning he calculated that in ten years he could restore to the firm the money he had stolen. Just how he was to make restitution he did not know, but a way would present itself. Only ten years more and he would be free, body and soul, free to look every man in the face and ask no odds of any one.

It had not occurred to him that the records in the safe could have withstood the enormous heat of the seething furnace that the street had been. To be sure, he had seen the guard posted at the hole in the ground where the building had stood, watching the inert mass of metal that had held his death warrant, and that the gold could be recovered he did not doubt, but not the books. That contingency had not troubled him.

It was not until the middle of June that Billings stopped at the office door one afternoon to say casually: "Like to go over and see the safe opened, Halleck? McCracken thinks it is cool enough now, and he says the books will be all right."

Plunged in one instant from the heights of security and hope to the bottomless pit of despair; Ben saw the room whirl madly around, and right itself with a crash; heard his stiff lips form the words, "Thank you; I'd like to go,' without a tremor, and followed the men to the street car, wondering, as he walked, if a felon ascending the steps of the scaffold was as unfeeling as he, on his way to certain disgrace.

The passage across the bay seemed endless. He listened to McCracken's stories of the marvelous salvation of papers subjected to extraordinary heat in the safes for which he was agent. He heard Billings and Stiffins congratulating themselves on recovering the voluminous accounts of the firm. He heard the raucous cries of the sea gulls, swooping for the food the passengers threw to them; but under it all he heard, far more distinctly, droningly reiterated over and over again, "We find the prisoner guilty as charged." And he saw the courtroom, crowded with a curious mob; saw his wife, surrounded by sympathetic friends; saw the judge on the bench; saw himself, shrinking as he stood to hear his sentence.

He moved off the boat as one in a trance; followed the party up the narrow footway on Market street; climbed over the piles of brick and rubbish on Sansome street; watched McCracken and his assistants surround the big steel box that had waited to betray him; saw the preparations for the dynamite; saw the tiny puff of smoke; heard the detonation that sounded in his ears like the crack of doom. It was not for him, the new life of uprightness and probity, that he had essayed so happily, and from which he knew nothing could ever have tempted him again. Not for him the esteem of his fellowmen, the respect and confidence of his employers and associates, but he must set his feet

in the dolorous way of detection, to trial, and to a living death. It would have been easier without this few weeks' respite, the deceitful hope of a chance to atone. He wished they would hurry—that it could be over quickly. He knew that he could bear but little more.

The door was finally wrenched open; he heard the agent say, triumphantly, "Ever see anything prettier than that, gentlemen?" He saw the neat row of ledgers, just as he had placed them; saw Billings step forward to pull one out—the very one he feared; saw—Oh, merciful God; saw the flames that had brooded in abeyance for two months, spring up fiercely, seize their escaping prey, and with an exultant roar fill the black interior of the safe with one huge, angry blaze that shriveled the books and papers to ashes before their eyes, blotting out forever all evidence against him; giving him back—irrevocably, this time—the chance for which Ben Halleck had prayed.

IN THE HILLS

BY KENNETH O'NEILL

Our trail had better fork, you say?
We'd better travel apart?
Let's talk it over a bit, Jack,
For it gives me a hurt, in the heart.

We came to the camp together
When the hills were full of gold;
We've worked through the heat of summer,
And through dreary winter's cold.

There were times when the way was hard
And weary, and rough, and long.
But we eased each other's burdens
With a hand-clasp—warm and strong.

A long road leads before us yet;
Must a few harsh words decide
That we must pull in different ways
Instead of close side by side?

Do you remember the fever
That once laid me low with pain?
You plodded weary miles for me
Over the hills in the rain.

You fought your way through storm and cold
To bring to me help that night
You pulled me back from the darkness.
(Old friend! can't we set things right?)

Our trail had better fork, you say?
"Good-bye!" But I can't forget
That you've been my pard for years, Jack.
What? Gosh! *You're my pardner yet!*

* * * *

(Seems like the pines are singing sweet
Instead of just moaning low;
Seems like the roses on the hill—
Have *clean forgotten* the snow!)

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PANDORA'S BOX

BY JOSEPH NOEL

THERE WAS plenty of room on the Market street car when Mrs. Ellen Taggart climbed on board. But the car was due at the ferry and the gripman gave evidence of impatience as he glanced over his shoulder to watch her struggles with several large and apparently self-willed bundles. On the signal to go ahead, he snapped the grip at the rope viciously, and in the lurch that followed, Mrs. Taggart lost her equilibrium and sat down on the lap of a small foreign-looking man, who was engrossed in a newspaper account of Japan's easy victory over a section of the Czar's navy.

"What it is?" cried the small man, with an accent it would be hard for one not an authority on the dialects of the thirty odd nationalities comprising the Russian Empire to classify. "You can't find another seat only on me? And the car is only half full—yes?"

The laugh that rippled among the passengers made Mrs. Ellen Taggart think things outside the domain of this story. She picked up her scattered bundles, giving special care to a box containing her bonnet, and sat silent and morose. At Powell street the foreigner grasped firmly a pasteboard box that had been lying near his feet, and went to the rear platform. Mrs. Taggart glared at him till he dropped off midway in the block; then she glared at the conductor, about the corners of whose mouth hovered the ghost of a smile.

It was not until she arrived at Ewing Court, near the entrance of which stood three of her neighbors, that the tension was relieved. The memory of the bundles and the triumph they contained pushed everything disagreeable to the back of the head, which may account for the very decided tilt to her nose as she mounted the steps. Once inside the house she laid the bundles on the table so the firm name where the purchases were made would show, then began to make tea. Not a second was wasted, but she was none too soon.

"It's cozy ye are," said Mrs. Dunleavy, the advance guard of the army of gossips, sticking her head in at the door. "For a lone widder without no childer, ye do get a lot of comfort."

Mrs. Dunleavy's brood of six kept her half the time ready for a sojourn in the psychopathic ward, but she had fallen into the habit of saving her face by extending pity to the childless. She made room for the other members of the army to pass, and as they sipped the tea, boiled to get the full flavor, and talked of the finery they used to wear before evil fortune compelled them to move south of the tracks, she shared their covert glances at the evidence of wealth piled on the table. Mrs. Taggart smiled complacently, and stifling a half yawn, as she was sure "a real lady" would under like circumstances, and mincing her words to keep in character, she confessed that she had been replenishing her wardrobe against the advancing season.

"And they're all new," she concluded, glancing significantly at Mrs. Dunleavy, busy tearing the wrappings from one of the bundles. Holding the box that contained her bonnet aloof, she listened to the unguarded comments on texture, color and probable price of each article as it was displayed. The bonnet was to be produced as the climax of the exhibition.

"It's real chiffon," she said at last, raising the lid a trifle, "and a ostrich feather right off of a ostrich, a Pasadena ostrich." There was a slight vibration that caused a puzzled look to overspread her face. After a pause, during which she stood surprised, she attributed this to a passing wagon, and went on. "It isn't every day that I get my yearly pension from the Government for poor Michael, and when I do—when I do—I—do——" She hesi-

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tated again, and her face went the color of ashes.

"Mother of God, what is it?" she gasped —drawing back from the box, which was now trembling like a thing possessed of life.

"Look! Look!" screamed one of the gossips, pointing to a spoon that was slowly circling in a cup on the table. When the spoon began to move faster and faster and finally flew across the intervening space and lodged against the side of the box, Mrs. Taggart threw her hands despairingly in the air and fainted.

One after the other the remaining spoons in the cups farther away began to revolve madly. After keeping this up for a few seconds, they also flew towards the box. It was not, however, till the small bronze Napoleon-on-horseback that had rested peacefully for years on the top of the clock began to move about, as if suddenly possessed of the restless spirit of the Little Corporal, that the women gave expression to the superstitious fear which had been gathering in their eyes.

"Wake up," they shouted, as they poured water on the face and down the neck of their prostrate hostess. "Your house is possessed."

When the Napoleon-on-horseback fell from its pedestal into the ashes of the fireplace there was a stampede for the door. They huddled in the hall, a look of awe on every face as the battered bronze struggled fitfully towards the table. Simultaneously with the crash of the clock against the bars of the grate, Mrs. Taggert recovered her senses. She sat on the floor in wonderment as the wheels of the dismembered time-piece circled about the room.

A commotion among the pots and pans made her scramble to her feet. She crossed to the kitchen and was met by one of the smaller skillets. The wash-boiler came bumping over the floor by easy stages, followed by a frying pan and tea kettle, which hopped along like a large-beaked bird in search of worms. A louder crash than any yet coming from the kitchen was now heard, followed by clouds of smoke and soot.

"It's the stove," half-whispered one of the women in a mysterious, far-away voice. As if in answer, a section of stove-pipe, flanked by an elbow and two stove lids came through the clouds and settled down beside the Napoleon-on-horseback, and the remnants of the clock. A dull, heavy blow on the floor and the appearance of one of the stove legs helped to hold the women spell-bound, till flames, bursting through the door-way warned them of their danger and they ran down stairs screaming: "Fire! Fire!"

* * * *

In the meantime, the small foreign-looking man, whose lap Mrs. Taggart had inadvertently occupied for a few seconds, was stamping impatiently up and down the rooms of the Russian Consulate.

"Will he never come?" he said to the blonde clerk, seated at the desk near the window. "It is this indifference to the fate of our fatherland by those in authority which makes our army and navy mere toys for the little brown pagans of Japan."

His lips closed firmly as he watched the clerk scribble industriously without evincing enough interest in his statement to move an eyelash. Crossing to the table on which rested the pasteboard box he had picked up in the car, he continued: "We have only a few minutes, then the demonstration will begin with or without the consul."

At the word demonstration, the blonde clerk raised his head and shot a significant glance in the direction of the curtain that hung against the opposite wall. The curtain seemed to give a tremor in answer, and the clerk resumed his scribbling.

Up and down stamped the visitor. At last he took the poker from the fire-place as he was passing and went toward the box. The clerk gave another significant glance at the curtain, which was pulled noiselessly back, revealing two soldiers wearing the uniform of the Czar, each with a Krag-Jorgensen ready for instant use. At the same moment, the outer door opened and a stout, well-groomed man entered.

"You are late," snapped the little man sourly. He turned without ceremony and began untying the strings of the box.

"Late or early, I forbid you to touch that box. Keep away!" yelled the consul, fear ringing in the tone. "My men have orders to shoot if you move."

For the first time the small man noticed

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the soldiers and his face blanched.

"So this is the way you treat me? I sit up night after night to perfect something that will save Russia from being a laughing stock among the nations, and now—" He paused to get rid of a lump in his throat. "I thought I had forgotten the country of my birth," he resumed, "but the easy victories of the Japan——"

"We also thought that you had forgotten your country and were well pleased," broke in the stout man, calmness and superiority his chief characteristics, now that the other had his back to the box.

"You can see from this that you were mistaken," growled the visitor. "So much of a patriot am I now that I applied all my knowledge of chemistry and physics—"

"Originally gained among the nihilists," murmured the consul.

"I applied my knowledge of chemistry and physics to discover a means of destroying the Japanese navy," went on the other, desperately. "The result is here—in this box."

"But what is the nature of your invention? Of what does it consist?"

There was a malicious gleam in the eyes of the inventor as he answered: "It is no more than the application of an old belief to new materials. The recent researches in chemistry have made nature give up more than one important secret."

"But what is the action?"

"The action? When two of the newly discovered elements are converted into gas through a process of which I am the discoverer, a magnetic current results with the power of an ordinary current multiplied a million times. No brass, steel, copper, iron or tin within fifty, yes, a hundred feet of it can escape its influence. Imagine the effect of one or two smuggled on board each vessel composing the Japanese fleet. The thing looks so harmless that any sailor would accept the present of one."

"Yes, yes," cried the stout man, eagerly, bending forward as if to drive the words home. "Placed near the engines and timed to go off at a certain hour of which Makaroff should have cognizance."

"Exactly," exclaimed the inventor, the malicious look in his eyes becoming more intense. "It would save Russia. See!" he continued, toying with the poker. "This box looks as harmless as any box you ever saw. One might take it for a hat box. The pasteboard not only serves to disarm suspicion, but it interferes not at all with the magnetic current. When wood is used the nails are pulled out and the box falls apart; metal of any kind collapses."

"Is it ready for demonstration? Can you exhibit its power?"

"No, not at this time," was the answer. "Unfortunately there is an element missing, an element, I fear, that will always be missing when one deals with Russian officials."

"And that?" asked the consul.

"Freedom from insult," cried the small man, raising the poker above the box. Before he could bring it down, the blonde clerk grappled with him. There was a fierce struggle, in which the small man gave good account of himself for one of his inches, and it was only with the help of the soldiers that he was finally overcome.

"Well done, Vladimir," said the stout man, composedly, when peace had been restored. "You have saved the invention which will turn the tide of war in Russia's favor. Open the box."

In an instant the strings were cut, and Vladimir drew forth Mrs. Taggart's bonnet.



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WHEN THE GODS INTERVENE

BY REBECCA N. PORTER

"IT'S THE FINEST ranch in the San Joaquin Valley," the girl cried, her eyes resting proudly upon the level stretch of vineyard. "Oh, wait," she begged, as the buggy turned into the broad avenue, "let's stop and look it all over again."

Douglas Neal, with a boyish laugh, drew the gray horses to a stand-still and swept a keen glance over the myriad rows of vines. Never had San Marcus seemed to him so beautiful, so rich with promise. As far as his eye could reach up each narrow aisle, stretched an unbroken succession of fruit-filled trays. Far over toward the west boundary line were piles of empty ones, but the men at work there were fast leveling these, and spreading more luscious clusters out to the September sun. Not a breath of breeze stirred: the still air was heavy with the sugary smell of half-dried grapes. The heat waves hovered over the amber bunches and beat against the blue dome of sky. Then suddenly the clang of the big ranch bell rang clear and shrill in the distance, sending its jerky note of invitation far across the fields. At its first sound, the whole crew of Japanese grape pickers, each armed with his knife, sprang into full view from behind the vines, as though like the army of the dragon's teeth they had sprouted from the earth. Neal gathered up his reins with an exclamation of surprise. "Why, I didn't know it was six o'clock. I guess we'd better be moving on."

"Yes," she admitted, "we will have to hurry. I promised that I would be home early to-night, but—we never seem to know where time goes, somehow, do we?"

"No, and we don't care, either," Douglas supplemented with happy unconcern. "So long as we're together, what difference does it make when we get anywhere? It's too grand to care for anything but just the relish of living."

"Oh, that's it," she answered, a suppressed fervor in her tone. "It's been perfect to-day, hasn't it? I love every inch of this country, the sounds of it, the smell of it. Yes," giving the light lap robe a little shake, "even this white dust that settles all over us whenever we stir abroad."

"And you'll love this part of it even more when it belongs to you," the man told her. "I hope," he added, with a glance at the clear sky, "that it will be a long time before that dust is changed to something else."

They had reached the end of the long avenue now, and he was pulling open the panel gate. When she had driven through he waited a moment to speak to his foreman, a burly Dane who was plodding by, a shovel on his shoulder, toward the house.

"Well, Oscar, things seem to be moving along all right so far; but I see we've only got twenty-three pickers; thought we were to have ten more men this morning."

The man dug his shovel into the soft earth, and half leaned upon it as he talked. "Yes, that's what I thought, too, Mr. Neal, but they didn't seem to show up. I'd counted on 'em, and the boss said he'd sure have 'em for me, but—I don't know what we're comin' to for help in this country," he finished, with gloomy irrelevance.

The girl was listening to the dialogue, her forehead puckered by a thoughtful frown. "Why don't you send over to the Ray ranch for some men?" she suggested, as the foreman lapsed into silence. "They have finished picking over there, and you know they had such a big crew."

"Why, that's a bully idea," Neal answered. "Why didn't we think of that, Oscar! You can go over there right after supper. I probably won't be home until late. You see, Ruth," he added as they drove away, "if we can only get the stuff

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picked right now, we'll stand a good chance of curing it all right before there's any prospect of rain."

"Yes," she admitted, a trifle dubiously. "But I do wish that you could have built a drier, Douglas. You would feel so much surer of things then?"

"Not so sure of some things as I am now," he answered, smiling down upon her. "A new house somehow makes me feel a lot surer of what I want than a drier would."

But she shook her head, and refused to respond to the banter of his tone. "Oh, I don't know about that," she said. "If you had a drier we might manage to live very comfortably in one corner of it, but we certainly can never cure the raisin crop in our—in the house."

"Well, I guess we won't have to make shift to that extent, my dear—not with a sun like this beating down upon us."

When they reached her home some twenty minutes later, they found supper already awaiting them. "Yes, you must come in, Douglas," a bright, dark-eyed little woman called to him from the front porch. "We've been waiting for you. Tie up to the rack there and one of the boys will take the team."

After supper he and Ruth went out to the hop arbor at the side of the house. It was a quaint octagon of trellis work with a long seat running around four sides. Heavy sprays of the vine trailed over the door, like a curtain, and in among the broad leaves on the roof a wily mocker had hidden her nest. They brushed aside the over-hanging tendrils, and the girl broke off a soft green hop ball that had entangled itself in her hair. "When you were just a wee bud of a thing," she said, turning it gently in her hand, "we came out here, but we were not paying the least bit of attention to you. Then all the time that you were growing into what you are now, we were building out here on paper that wonderful house of ours. Look, Douglas, it's just beginning to turn yellow. Autumn is really coming."

"And by the time it is all yellow," the man answered, "there will be somebody living in the wonderful paper house. By the time it is quite ripe," he went on, as though talking to himself, "the crop will all be in, and the man will see his way clear to really owning the paper house and all its surrounding acres. But not until all this is done shall the girl come to claim her own."

"As though that mortgage made any difference to the girl," Ruth cried, scornfully addressing the hop flower.

"But it makes a big difference to the man," he answered, and there was in his dark eyes a dogged determination.

She laughed at the tragedy of his tones and crushed the soft ball into a fragrant pulp. "You talk as though paying off that trifling debt were the all-important thing of life."

"Why, isn't it?" he insisted, then went on more slowly. "No woman ever realizes quite how a man feels about things like that. Because you are willing to come to a mortgage-burdened home is no reason why I should be willing to let you."

"Yes, I think I do appreciate your feelings about it, Douglas," she responded, and her voice was quite as serious now as his own, "but is a man's love always so near akin to pride, I wonder?"

They had argued this same question many times in like manner before, and it had always ended as it did now, with the man's emphatic declaration that nothing could make him forget his obligation to the woman that he loved.

It was late when they left the arbor and he bade her good-night. Driving briskly homeward over the level country road, he lived over again every sweet moment of the evening. Her last words seemed to ring in his ears, distinct and separate from all the rest: "You are big and strong and self-reliant; you don't really *need* me at all; you only want me, Douglas."

That he was all-sufficient in himself had seemed to her a thing so fine, so even enviable as she had looked up at him with those fathomless, trusting eyes. "Strong and self-reliant," he repeated the words to himself and they gave him a thrill of conscious pride. Well, that was as it should be, he told himself; it was a woman's privilege to lean.

The following days were crowded with work on San Marcus. Neal traveled from one end of the vast vineyard to the other, overseeing the last of the picking. If there was one half-filled tray over in some far corner of the place he was sure to

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come upon it; so said the crew, who believed that he had supernatural powers of divination. Late in the week, the time for "turning" came, that moment so all-critical in the great drama of raisin drying. In twos now the crew went back over their first week's work, clapping an empty tray over the half-dried fruit and deftly turning the under side to the sun. Douglas seemed everywhere at once now, urging the men to careful work, warning them against wasting so many of the clusters.

"No sense in this," he said one day, gathering up a great handful of ruined goods which the men had spilled and ground into the soft earth; "it's pure carelessness. I declare enough goes to waste on this place every year to support a family in luxury," he went on as Oscar approached, pencil in hand down the long row.

The foreman nodded with abstracted eyes fixed upon the last group of trays. He was counting them to compare at night with the estimate of the Japanese contractor. When he had noted down the number he turned abruptly to Neal. "What's the weather report from San Francisco to-day?" he asked.

"Fair to-night and to-morrow," the other answered. "I just got a 'phone message before I left the house."

The foreman started upon his next row. He was a man of few words, and he never wasted comment upon satisfactory news. "Ten days more of this will fix us all right," Neal called cheerily after him, and the other, without looking back, nodded assent.

Toward the close of the afternoon, tired and perspiring, Douglas took a short cut to the house. "If I can just lose myself for ten minutes before supper," he told himself, "I'll feel like a different man." But at the end of the long driveway he saw the Japanese contractor in his buggy coming toward him, and with an exclamation of impatience he stopped to wait.

The Japanese drew his horse to a walk and stopped. Douglas stood with one hand upon the front wheel of the smart buggy and the contractor leaned forward playing idly with his whip as he talked. For any one who knew conditions in that country, there was in this very reversal of position a world of significance.

"I think some men go way to-night," the boss began, a persuasive smile upon his face.

"Go away! What for?"

"Oh, not for all the time," the Japanese assured him, his oily face fairly beaming with graciousness now. "They go just to-night; all come back to work again to-morrow morning."

"Oh!" Douglas's tone was relieved, but he eyed the other man with the suspicion born of past experience. "They want to go into town for some Japanese hullabaloo, do they?" he said. "Well, I don't want to be left with no men in camp. You tell them that half of them have got to stay here."

"You don't need them to-night," the boss suggested, "and by to-morrow morning——"

"Of course I don't need them to-night," Neal cut in. "But those men are mine until I get this crop off my hands, and I don't propose to have the whole gang move off and leave me here helpless if anything should happen."

In his anxiety his voice had grown quite fierce, and the boss gathered up his reins. "Oh, all right, Mr. Neil, I fix it as you say," he hastened to assure him. "I go now to tell the boys."

"Well, you'd better fix it and I'll send my foreman up to the camp after supper to see if you have."

He turned toward the bunk house and stamped wearily up the steps. It was desolate enough, and he stopped with his hand on the screen door to glance at the pretty red bungalow half-hidden from view on the other side of the driveway by spreading mulberry trees. Then he sank down on the lower step and gazed at it through half-shut eyes. Slowly the anxious, worried lines left his face, and a smile curved the corners of his mouth. "Makes me feel rested all over to have visions like that," he muttered. "Some day it'll all come true; that's the best of it. Hope I'll have sand enough to stick this out, though, until I've got things into shape and am ready for her; no sense in a man's making a fool of himself just because he's in love." He rose and stalked into the cheerless bunk house and the little god of love who had overheard his last remark, folded his white wings over

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his breast and laughed long and cynically.

Half an hour later, when the men were busy with the night chores in the barn yard, Oscar stopped at the house to ask about some lost trays. "I hear there's a big crew of Japs came in this morning from Fresno," he said, when the matter had been settled. "They're out of a job now, I guess, since pickin' season's over there."

"Yes," Neal answered absently. His mind was still upon the missing trays. "Where are they camping?"

"Don't know exactly; somewhere out near Mansfield's, I think. Well, they needn't stay out of a job long if they don't want to. There's sure plenty for them to do in this country."

He went to bed early that night and to sleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow. There is something in the San Joaquin night air that makes a man sleep, and for several hours he lay upon his cot, a motionless, inert heap. Then all at once he found himself wide awake, staring at the ceiling. It was as though some one had called to him, but he was sure that the men were all asleep. The next moment to his ears, now alert, came a different sound; not a voice, indeed, but an insistent patter, patter, patter on the roof. For a brief minute he lay there, paralyzed with amazement, telling himself that he was dreaming. It couldn't be rain; the sun had looked a little hazy last night, but the weather report had—— He sprang out of bed and tore at the blind. Yes, that was rain that fell upon his outstretched hand. Without a word, he began flinging on his clothes. A lantern, he remembered, was on the back porch. Groping about madly in the darkness, his hand touched it, lifted it, empty. More precious time lost in finding the kerosene can. "Nobody ever tends to anything on this place unless you *tell* them to," he muttered savagely, shaking the can and spilling a river of oil over the pantry floor.

The foreman was out when he ran to the bunk-house again. "Hurry to the Jap camp," Neal yelled, and disappeared inside to get his overcoat. Breathless and panting he emerged, tugging at the coat, the lantern swinging between his teeth.

The camp was dark and still. In the feeble light he saw Oscar standing dazed in the open doorway. Then and not until then did the full realization burst upon him. There were no men!

"Not even half of them!" he yelled, peering into the heavy darkness.

"They were all here when I came up at eight o'clock last night," the foreman murmured, his slow brain hardly taking in the suddenness of the situation.

"Go across the road to the Arnold place and see if they can't let us have a few of their men," Douglas ordered. "They're ahead with their work, and have got some of their goods boxed. Tell them we've got to stack. Hurry, man, don't stand there staring at me."

Then he tore back to the house and seized the telephone receiver. "Hello, Central, give me the Ray ranch—oh, I don't know the number. Hurry up."

There was a long wait, and he could hear the steady whirr of the Ray's call-bell. A woman's voice finally came to him over the wire. "No, the boss isn't here; everybody's gone out to stack, I think; why, I don't know whether there are any extra men or not."

He cut her off rudely, slamming up the receiver and muttering something about the folly of expecting a woman to know anything. He tried the Japanese headquarters in town to get news of his own crew, but there was no response. The rain was falling in big drops when he went out again, and the dust of the driveway was already coated with a thin crust of mud.

"Our only nope is the Arnold men," he told himself. "They're good neighbors, and if they can half get along they'll send us help. Ten men could do a good deal; with fifteen we could stack about half the stuff."

He began with frenzied haste to stack up a few of the trays on the row nearest to him, impelled by a fierce desire for action which forces a man to whom time is vital to get out of a slow crawling car and run ahead. One man working in a sixty-acre vineyard! The grimness of it brought a drawn smile to his face. "Oh, these raisin growers," he cried, "who sweat and toil a whole year for a crop, and then lose it all in a single night."

The rain drops splashed against his

shabby black overcoat and ran in little streamlets down his boot-legs. Once he paused, straining under the heavy trays, and swept his despairing eyes around the boundaries of the vineyard. Oh, in such a little while it would be too late to save any of that hard-earned crop, lying shelterless under the traitor sky! Then through the thick darkness he made out a wagon standing at the West gate. The next moment there was a heavy step behind him, and Oscar ran by to open the panel. He had got the men! Douglas followed, swinging the light, which cast its feeble glimmer a few feet in advance. He saw the big Dane swing open the gate and the men pile out, separating at once into couples and seizing the first trays at hand. He stopped still and ran his eye over them. Four, six, ten, fourteen, eighteen, twenty-four, twenty-six. There were thirty, at least. The foreman had taken his place among the first, and was already half way up his row. Neal beckoned to the last of the crew and they set to work. Neither of them spoke, but under their deft hands, the piles mounted up and up, each tray of fruit sheltered by the one above, and an inverted empty tray on top. The rain was falling in a heavy shower now, and black clouds poised themselves overhead like vultures who at a given signal would swoop down upon their prey. Once the foreman passing Douglas, and glancing at his set face, offered the only form of sympathy of which his nature was capable. "It's cursed luck," he muttered, "an' havin' no drier, too."

Drier! That word seemed to Neal to add the only wanting drop to his cup of bitterness. The vacant red bungalow rose before his eyes. "I think we can take five of these at a time," he said to his helper.

Thus they toiled all the long night, and six o'clock found the vineyard a mass of neat wooden houses that seemed to have sprung up mushroom-like during the night. With the first grey streaks of dawn the rain had gradually ceased to fall, and the air was rich and fragrant now with the new life of a first rain. The crew came up to the bunkhouse for coffee, while Neal sitting on the steps, made a hasty estimate of their "time."

"How much an hour did you agree with them for, Oscar?"

The foreman had sunk heavily down on the step below him, and was mopping his moist forehead, his breath coming in steamy gasps. He turned upon Neal a look of slow surprise. "Why, I didn't hire 'em. Thought they were the men you got by telephone; the driver said that somebody on the Mansfield's place had told 'em to come."

The pencil dropped from Neal's hand and rolled slowly along the porch. He sat staring after it with unseeing eyes. It was she, then, who had sent him help in the terrible crisis of the night. He wondered now why he had not known it at once, for when in the past had she not been ready with her suggestions and her practical ideas to tide him over a critical or perplexing situation. As he sat there now, a pitiful, lonely figure in his mud-streaked overcoat, a new appreciation of her flooded his whole being and brought the hot tears to his eyes. He got up abruptly and stumbled toward the barn.

"You'd better come in and have a cup of coffee, Mr. Neal," the foreman called after him, but he shook his head.

"No, I'm going away for a little while," he called back over his shoulder. "Tell the men that I'll settle with them at noon."

He found her in the garden when he drove up, and she came to meet him, her grey eyes full of anxious sympathy. "Don't try to tell me anything until you have gotten warm and dry by the fire," she commanded, but he waved away the suggestion and drew her toward the arbor where the heavy foliage glistened in the faint sunlight. "No, no; I want to stay out here; I want to tell you—something else."

She waited, but he seemed unable to go on. "The rain was terrible," she began gently, "but things might have been so much worse. It's such a fine raisin year; why, even damaged goods are saleable, and father says that the winery is going to pay fair prices for the second crop. There is no reason why you should feel discouraged."

Never had she seemed to him so dear, as when now she struggled to find words to comfort him for what she deemed the hardest part of his trial. With a choking little cry he drew her to him, murmuring

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brokenly: "I never will feel discouraged about anything, dear one, if I have you. I don't care a hang about the crop; whether it pays the mortgage or not, but I can't work a bit longer without you. I need *you*, dear; I've always needed you, but I've been too big a fool to fully realize it before. Come to the little empty house now, Ruth, and trust me to make it all yours afterwards."

If he had listened then he might have heard the little god's triumphant laugh as he gathered up his arrows and sped away, but even if he had heard it, I don't believe that he would have cared.

She looked away from him through a mist of happy tears, and the man suddenly reaching up, broke off a tiny rain-beaten ball.

"Look," he said, gently, holding it toward her. "Look, dear, the hop balls have turned quite yellow."

MOTHER GOOSE FOR MODERNS

BY "JAC" LOWELL

There was a young woman who lived in a flat,
She was minus of children, so brought up a cat;
She gave it some broth,
She gave it some bread,
And never once wished
'Twas a baby instead!

Three young men of Gotham
Took a drink from a stein—
If their stomachs had been stronger
My song would have been longer!

There was an ancient "girl,"
And she owned a yellow curl,
Her alabaster brow adorning;
But when she went to bed,
She took it from her head,
And hung it on a chair till morning!

Sing, sing! what shall we sing?
The maids and the women are sure of their fling!
Do, do! what shall we do?
There's only one answer,—to court and to woo!

Hark! hark! the dogs do bark—
Motors are coming to town!
They spin by steam or gasoline,
And run the farmers down!

Rock-a-bye, baby, your cradle is broke,
Mother's a washerdame, father's a bloke,
And sister's a "lady," who wears a gold ring,
And brother's a loafer who won't do a thing!

LIGHTS REMINISCENT

THE SPIRIT OF THE CARNIVAL

BY BILLEE GLYNN

CLEAR NIGHT, the stars, vistas of colors and a million lights. Laughter, dazzle and bedeckment, and the wild joy of living. The old world and the new, North, South, the East and the West, met at last, and in a "Here's to you!" in honor of the chivalrous Don Gaspar. The old world and the new, the old San Francisco and the new, footing it bravely, beating the rush of time, toasting the brother draught—madness wiser than wisdom, Bohemianism rarer than Heaven in the city that knows no night. Women fair as Cleopatra, men perfect as Achilles, beggar and prince, clown, soldier and genius, the ragged and velvet, the hoi-polloi and the elite, but all One—Unity pulse-flamed and convention-swept—in the plunging sea of merriment, the surging, impassioned symphony that is Portola. And in all the flash, the flare, the wit, the buffoonery of the crowd, adventure-tuned and devil-may-care, a thousand incidents and sensations, the shadings of diverse elements, bizarre effects that are of its soul.

"To the devil with men's ware," yelled a hale Scotch drummer to a friend on Third and Market. "I am a poet, a genius to-night, and cannot remember that I sell socks. Just let them keep growing such women—nothing else on earth matters."

A lithe, dark-eyed thing in Mexican costume, the muscatel of Old Spain brimming her black eyes, had great difficulty in passing a fat man, one of the kind who can never hope to see his toes. "If you could ever reach me," she said, "I'd let you make love to me." The fat man reached, over-reached and fell on his knees. "Oh, Romeo!" taunted the butterfly in flight.

"Let me hear them ring, then," said a queenly, blue-costumed creature to a seller of bells. "If they're real cow-bells, let me hear them ring—I have to deafen a man."

"Is it your husband?" asked the seller of bells, as he shook his ware till the stars danced. "If it's your husband, and you'd like to blind him as well, I sell goggles, too."

"Should the world come to an end right now I wouldn't care," laughed one of a rollicking companionship of three—a buxom, spirited girl with a white plume in her hat. And just then she bumped into the arms of the U. S. Infantry. "And neither would I," returned the gay musketeer promptly; "but I'd rather go to the ends of the world with you." "Come on, then," she smiled. And he needed no second invitation.

"Oh, how fortunate he is!" remarked a Gibson girl in mauve silk, coming out of the Bismarck, and pointing to a very cross-eyed Chinaman standing dumbstruck at the magnificence. "He can see it in several ways, can't he?"

"Yes," said her companion, "but he is bound to have his pigtail pulled."

"Wouldn't it be fun," she meditated. Then suddenly she swooped over to pull it, became afraid and ran away again. "I wouldn't be surprised," she suggested, "if he might be our launderer. Just think if I had done it and made an enemy of him—what a chance to get back at me!"

So on up and down Market street the gay carnival spirit paraded itself, the incarnation of romance, of high spirits, and humor. And all the while confetti blinded your eyes and piled an inch deep on the sidewalk. Never was such a host, never such a revel of beauty. Out of that crowd, passing you like fair creations of your dreams, yes, and very often tickling you under the chin, and with handfuls of confetti and a smile for you—came wo-

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Don Gaspar de Portola enters the city, and is escorted to Union Square. *Geary and Kearny Streets.*

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Queen Virgilia on her way to meet Don Gaspar de Portola. *Evening Post, Photo.*



Mayor Taylor presents the golden key to Don Gaspar. *Evening Post, Photo.*



Four hundred thousand visitors await the arrival of Don Gaspar de Portola. *Fourth and Market Streets.*

men, a thousand types of women, so superbly lovely and different that in the throbbing thought of the whole of them you could not remember a single one. But eyes—eyes untold as a bank's gold pieces, but rare as the gems of India—came back to haunt you, and you wondered when you would ever look into them again. And if there were plainer faces, too, as among the true cavaliers there were also plainer men, the occasion lit and transformed them all; and personality and eccentricity, piquant and zestful as the tang of old champagne, ran an equal tilt with the attractions of beauty. Even did one hear adopted the courtly language and manners of the days of chevaliers. And why not, since Don Gaspar lives again!

A golden-haired girl, who might have been the goddess Circe, touched a Spanish Don on the shoulder, and pointed to a brigand seller of confetti.

"For the honor of a lady," she said, "would you not dare to steal?"

"Or buy?" he suggested, doffing his sombrero to the ground.

"But stolen things are sweetest, and it is a woman's whim."

"Ah!" he sighed, looking in her face. "Stolen things are the sweetest, and I would dare anything for something." He turned and snatched three small sacks of confetti and darted back into the crowd. She hurriedly followed, laughing in gay delight. Then they were lost to view. The modern mode of romance and expression, however, goes just as well. The uniforms of Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Italy, Japan and Russia, soldiers of fortune of the present day, and daring and chivalrous as well, dotted the throng bizarrely, and eye after eye turned to look after them. And handsome, bronze fellows of the sea, free and roaming as the waves they ride upon, who wouldn't look after them.

"I never loved a Dutchman before," exclaimed a shop girl, casting her eyes back at a straight-limbed lieutenant. But he did not understand her language.

A woman of forty-five, perhaps, with Titian hair, had gone clean back to her saucy, vigorous youth. Her tickler brushed everything from sixty to eighteen the length of Market street. And always she sighed to the woman beside her: "Such a night!"

It is remarkable, but a fact, that the blind man at the Pacific Building was actually caught smiling. And a man of over fifty found himself singing "Sweet Sixteen" and paying addresses to his wife.

The country youth come to town was at his friskiest, though the spirit of Don Gaspar had quite made a gentleman of him; and the country maiden, at first shy, expanded to the occasion like a poppy laughing to sunlight.

Then think of the willowy, slender feminine whom laughter bent gracefully double and back again; the sturdy, athletic one who forced her way with a square but pretty hand, and a glint of magnetic eyes under Turkish brows; the slim, fragile thing, dainty as a jessamine bud, whom the crowd smothered, and who allowed herself to be rescued gratefully—or in a perfect storm of confetti cried "Help! Help!" Somewhat subdued in the throng the romantic-eyed girl looked ever questioningly in the eyes that went with the epaulettes on a uniform; and the dazzling, brilliant creature of fire and dare—dark-haired or of shimmering gold—swooped hither and thither and thought of everything, an Ariel of mischief. For while men led the attack, as men always must, beauty was mistress of the occasion, and the privileges of Don Gaspar appropriately belong to the romance of a California night. In the words of the harlequin, whose long hair a madcap bunch of girls filled with confetti on the corner of Fourth street, stopping his speech. "The very best of our joys are those we take freely and without stint. To have one brimming draught is better than to have sipped a fountain."

All evening one old lady and her husband sat on a box on the corner of Stockton, holding hands and smiling. At intervals they would turn and remark to each other: "It reminds one of New Orleans," or "It is just like New Orleans, sweetheart?" Unconsciously they had gone back to the endearing language of their youth. A term they had used perhaps in some long-lost but never-to-be-forgotten Mardi Gras in the South.

SALVAGE

BY MARY D. BARBER

Illustrated With Photographs by the Author

ON THE EVENING of March 20, 1909, the freight steamer, R. D. Inman, was run on the rocks near Duxbury Reef, about fourteen miles from San Francisco. "Negligent and unskillful navigation" caused the disaster.

The ship was abandoned as a total loss, and the insurance being promptly paid, the underwriters took possession and made a salvage contract with the Whitelaw Wrecking Company, who set up a camp on the beach and began work at once.

When we first caught sight of the Inman she appeared to be in perfect condition, except for a slight list to "port," but on approaching nearer we could see that she was stuck fast on a rock, the lower portion of her hull actually cut in two, and her stern sunk so that at high tide the waves broke over the weather-rail.

A swinging rope-ladder was apparently the sole means of access to the deck, but when I refused to climb it, the foreman of the wrecking crew lowered the "Boatswain's Chair," a wooden seat like a swing fastened with ropes and pulleys, with which I was hoisted on board.

Being the first women to venture aboard the wreck, we were cordially welcomed and courteously entertained, given a number of souvenirs and an invitation to come again.

The work of salvage progressed slowly. The smaller pieces of machinery, and all fittings and furnishings of value were taken ashore in a row boat, hauled in wagons three miles to the wharf at Bolinas, and there stowed on board the scow



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A camp on the beach.



The first woman to venture on board.

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schooner Catalina, which had been towed from San Francisco to receive them, and was afterwards towed back again.

Our next visit to the Inman was of great interest, as a professional diver was at work uncoupling the machinery fourteen feet under water.

A man at the top of the ladder was holding a rope, also a hose through which air was being pumped down to the diver. The rope is used as a signal, three short jerks indicating that he wishes to come up.

A few weeks later, when we were again on board, the diver was not working, and he asked my friend if she would like to dive. Eager for a new and interesting experience, she gave a loud cry of delight and very readily accepted; was buckled and screwed into the suit, shoes, hel-



The author in diving dress.



The other woman in the case.

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The deck. *At the dock.*

The scow schooner "Catalina."

met and belt, and bravely went down to the bottom of the ladder.

The weight of one of these diving suits is one hundred and forty pounds, and the cost seven hundred dollars.

The diver had finished his work of getting the larger pieces of machinery ready to be removed, but, as it was impossible to transport them by land, the steamer Greenwood was sent out from San Francisco to lie as near as possible to the wreck and take off the heavy pieces by means of a lighter plied on a rope between the two ships. This work progressed slowly, and with long intermissions, owing to the breaking of the booms which gave way under the strain. At last the huge steel boiler, weighing thirty tons, was safely hoisted over the side and placed on the lighter, after which the Greenwood steamed away towards the Golden Gate, her work accomplished and the labors of salvage nearing an end.

On June 26th a blast was put into the lower part of the stern to loosen the "tail-shaft," so that it could be extricated. Apparently this was a successful shot, for after this was done the work of the wrecking crew was over; they broke camp and returned to San Francisco, leaving the hull of the ill-fated steamer a prey to the ravages of time and tide.



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A professional diver.

THE EDITOR PHILOSOPHIZES

Continued

THE GREAT Festival of Portola has come and gone, and San Francisco has received another big boost. It has proclaimed itself the great American city of gaiety, and it has advertised itself and its rehabilitation as no other city ever has. Its re-birth is flaunted to the world in great big letters of yellow and red. It has been a notification of resumption of business at the old stand and on a bigger scale than ever before.

The affairs of the Overland Monthly have been more and more successful ever since the big fire, and the same may be said of the business ventures of all of those in the city by the Golden Gate. While this magazine has had a vast increase in subscriptions, it has also had quite a large increase in advertising patronage. It has ever been a policy of the management not to make a too strenuous campaign for advertising, as it was preferable to allow the patronage to the advertiser to speak for itself.

The new era for San Francisco begins with this year, and every recurrent season when the great crowds will be called here it will be with the same idea in view of presenting a united front to the world at large, and to relax for a week from business cares and advertise at the same time the benefits of climate and locality. San Francisco has entered upon a period of industrial activity the like of which it has never before experienced. The State at large is more easily reached through the expansion of existing railroad systems, and the new railroad lines that are planned, and being completed, will give to San Francisco a network of feeders not equaled, even by Chicago. California has entered upon a manufacturing era, and the production in iron, steel and cement will increase by leaps and bounds, and the boom period of 1906 will be shadowed by that of 1910, which will probably be the most prosperous of all years until that of the opening of the Panama Canal. What wonder is it, then, that people, who are desirous of keeping abreast of the times, are subscribing more and more to the Overland Monthly, with a view to knowing the Great Big West?

What wonder is it that following in the tide of subscription we find the advertiser waking to the fact that the Western magazine is the magazine to reach the West? Gradually the man of business, the wise man of the East, is making the discovery that the Eastern-published magazine of immense circulation is only represented by hundreds in the West, where the Overland Monthly has thousands. Gradually, too, the advertiser is coming to know the fact that there is only one legitimate magazine published in the West, and that it is the Overland Monthly. But this is overmuch boasting, and I am not given to it, so let us to our muttons gang.

I was saying that the Portola business had been good for San Francisco, and it was forcibly brought to my mind by the statement of a San Jose banker that one of the Native Sons' celebrations in that city had temporarily swelled the deposits in the banks by about $300,000, and that each and every one of the "natives" attending the yearly celebration, usually, has ten dollars in his pocket; that is, he averages ten dollars per celebrant. Thirty-thousand visited San Jose. Now, mark this. As soon as the celebration was on in full force, the original increase in deposits *decreased,* but not to the original level by many thousands, and then before the celebration was over, the figure mounted up again and did not decrease perceptibly until after the departure of the visiting native sons and daughters.

If that were so of San Jose, *with thirty thousand visitors,* it must be a tremen-

dous help to San Francisco to have had over one million and a half guests in one week. To compute the matter, according to the San Jose figures, would run the money spent in the city during the week into such a fabulous sum as to make the head swim. It is certain that a tremendous loosening of the pocket-book took place. Ten million would be the minimum estimate of the public's expenditure.

As I was going down the trail from my mountain home, the other day, I ran across a Portuguese who has been doing some gardening work for me for some time, and his remarks on the political slumps in American cities is worth reproducing:

"In my country I was what you call a politick—not such a politick what blows up people, but I lak to leeft dem by the reading, the education, what you call? I been here now twenty year, yas sare! I mak study American costumbre. I fi-ah-nd that you peoples are much de same as in Portugal or Roosia. You have de gentleman's and you have de peasant, waht you call? You have the gentle and the a-roff, what you call? I tal you de store—in ma country there be a man who was of the roff, the peasant, waht you call—eh? The professores at the Ooniversity Lisbon they tak him and they wash heem wid de a-soap for a-twenty day. He was ver' dirty, this peasant roff. After he clean the professores make de waht you call de experiment with the roff peasant—waht you call—eh? They buy him plenty good clothes and they put the silka hat on hees head and de a-glova on hees han'. Then the professore stand by and look at their work-a. Then he speak-a. Then the professore they mosh surprise because he still the roff, and he say he feel like a hal an' he want a hees ole clothes and his ole dirt. Ees de same way wiv de American ceety. They like de reforma, but you jus' give a-heem de chance an' a-when you no looking eet is a-de dive back in de dirta and de bad. An' den how de enjoy de roff and de dirt no man can tella you because you gentle and you no onderstan'! De big ceety mos have the bad and de dirt or they no happy, an' hit ees so all over the world, in every country ees de same—the roff and de gentle."

And my Portuguese friend wobbles off up the trail, wagging his wise old head as he goes, which goes to prove that he is a fine philosopher himself. Some day I'm going to have that horny-handed son-of-the-man-with-the-hoe to dinner, and I am going to enjoy myself as no man ever hath.

I have just received a brochure from the press of the Journal of Eugenics, written by M. Harman. Its title is Conventional Marriage, Why I Oppose it! This is most interesting, in view of the fact that Mr. Harman, by his own confession, is far beyond the age when any active participation in the joys and the despairs of married life may weary the mind and the body. This white-haired old relic raises a howl against monogamy on the ground that some men and some women have been tied for life, or until a convenient divorce court has sundered the ties that were brutalizing in effect, to objectionable partners. Mr. Harman is somewhere near the eighty year mark in his dotage, and his mind should dwell on more settled states than matrimony, but the old codger is energetic, to say the least, and here is one of the least objectionable of the remarks of this hoary-headed old reformer:

"As to monogamy—*voluntary* monogamy, a very different thing from *marriage*—under the reign of love, freedom and wisdom, there will be an opportunity for intelligent comparison, and if monogamy proves itself the fittest it will survive; otherwise it will give way to something better. What that something would or could be cannot be told until a fair comparison is possible."

Reform under any other name would smell sweeter. To those who have not the price to buy a Boccacio I would commend the latest effort of one M. Harman.

Mr. Harman's proposition may best be put into few words, and all those in favor of a wholesale and international breaking down of marriage ties and the trial all around of affinities and polygamy, for a stated period of time, hold up their hands! Mr. Harman is certainly going some for such an old duffer.

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A magazine management in the East-

ern States sends out a warning to the effect that people must not be gulled into lending money to fakers who pretend that they are related to celebrities in the literary world. This is a most remarkable evidence of the insanity of the faker and the crass credulity of the one imposed upon by such stories. Why, everybody knows that to be related to a literary light is a patent to poverty. It is preposterous to suppose that any one short of a detention home for the feeble minded would loan money on any such story of relationship.

If the fakers originated the idea that they were related to the publisher of a magazine, there might be some sense in taking that as a guarantee of payment on a loan, for there are a few millionaire publishers, and some that are worth in the hundreds of thousands, but to claim consanguinity with the writer or the editor in the hope of securing a loan is the sheerest idiocy.

Speaking of fakers makes me think of the paternalism of the great American Government. It is now making an attempt to save the good public from being gold-bricked by the well-known "Spanish swindle."

The Department of State, at Washington, has received a report from the American Consul-General at Barcelona, Spain, in regard to the band of swindlers operating in various towns and cities in Spain, who make a practice of writing to persons in the United States respecting the imprisonment of a relative and the guardianship of a child.

The Consul-General states that the alleged prisoner generally describes himself as a political prisoner from Cuba; he is at the point of death and has but one friend—the prison priest—through whose good offices he is enabled to smuggle an occasional letter out of the prison fort.

The prisoner is rich. He has a fortune in cash on deposit in the United States, but the certificate of deposit is concealed in a secret receptable of his valise; the valise itself has been taken possession of by the court at Carthagena, which tried and condemned him, and will be held until the prisoner or his representative has satisfied the costs of the trial. The prisoner has an only daughter; dying in his prison, his sole thought is of this beloved offspring. He has no friend or relative in Spain to whose care he can commit her. In this emergency his thoughts turn to the distant relative in the United States, whom he has never seen and of whom he knows only through hearsay or the family tree. Will the distant relative assume the guardianship of the darling daughter, and the darling daughter's fortune of about $30,000? If the distant relative accepts the trust, one-fourth of the prisoner's entire fortune will be the material reward. The good priest will go at once to the United States and take the darling daughter with him. There is but one condition: the ready money which the prisoner brought with him to Spain has been exhausted; the distant relative is therefore requested to send enough to liberate the valise containing the secret receptacle and the certificate of deposit. This money is to be sent to the good priest at an address indicated, and, having received it, the good priest will at once secure the valise and start for America, the "land of the free and the home of the brave," with the darling daughter.

The above is generally the first letter of the series. It is quickly followed by another in which the prisoner pathetically states that his strength is rapidly failing, and the end is near. He beseeches his dear distant relative to assume the trust and be a loving father to the darling daughter. The third letter is from the good priest himself, who in brief, touching terms, and hopelessly bad English, announces the death of the unhappy prisoner; the good priest adds that the darling daughter is under his care. He is ready to put his promise into execution and start for the United States as soon as he shall have received the necessary funds from the distant relative. The good priest frequently incloses with his letter a bogus newspaper clipping announcing the death in prison at Barcelona of the famous Cuban patriot (sometimes called Augustin Lafiente); the newspaper notice also speaks cunningly of the confiscated valise and the darling daughter.

It is a simple scheme, but presented in such a plausible way almost any unsuspecting "distant relative" of European extraction would be more or less deceived by

the glad prospect of falling heir to the agreeable custody of a darling daughter with a big fortune, and a one-fourth interest therein as an additional recompense.

Naturally the first impulse of the distant relative is to ask a lawyer or a judge or some authority what course he ought to pursue in the premises, but as he thinks of doing this his attention is taken by the warning in the prisoner's letter beseeching him not to mention the matter to any living soul lest the secret of the valise and the hidden receptacle be indiscreetly betrayed.

The valise, after all, with its concealed certificate of deposit, is the key to the situation and possession must be taken of it before anything can be done or said. This (so cunningly set forth by the prisoner) is very evident to the distant relative, and so he quite frequently preserves the secret intact, and instead of consulting a lawyer or writing to the American Consul-General at Barcelona he quietly sends a draft for the sum demanded to the good priest and awaits results. Of course he waits in vain, and the poor, dead prisoner and the good priest and the darling daughter in the course of time pass out of his life forever, leaving him only an uncomfortable memory of the money he so cheerfully contributed to the confidence game.

For nearly twenty years these same knaves have been practicing their swindle, and it is needless to suggest that they are very carefully organized; they have confederates not only in the United States but in most other countries. The confederates in question select a man and find out all they can about him; they get hold of family names, family origin and family characteristics. This information is transmitted to the rascals in Spain, and letters are at once written to the prospective victim. The scheme is presented and developed in a very plausible way, and many of our fellow-countrymen have bitten promptly and cheerfully.

Under the Spanish laws a felony must be consummated before the police may act, and a mere attempt to obtain money by false pretenses does not appear to warrant arrest. The money must be actually paid over and the prosecuting witness must be present *in propria persona* to testify; otherwise prosecution would be useless.

Recently the letters written to the distant relative have varied somewhat from the original; the political prisoner having become a noted Russian banker who absconded, leaving a deficit of some millions of roubles, killed in a quarrel in England another Russian, and finally took refuge in Spain, where he was apprehended and charged with manslaughter.

This change of character, however, is immaterial, and in the future more new characters will probably be introduced by the gang. The scheme is the same, and the public is warned to place no credence in such or similar letters.

Every indication points to a revival of the effort to open up the race tracks all over the country. Since it has not been found feasible to foster the gambling game by the opening of race tracks at Tia Juana on the West Coast and at Kingston, Jamaica, on the East Coast, and because the registration of the whispering bet is fraught with all sorts of difficulties and in many instances with actual loss of stake money, the owners of tracks and horses have decided to make an open fight against the laws of New York and of California, and by refuge to the technical construction of sentences attempt to nullify the will of the people. A simultaneous effort to circumvent the clear letter of the law will be made in the States mentioned by the avowed representatives of the big race trusts. It remains to be seen whether the courts will give a reading of the law according to the behests of the racing men.

While it is doubted that any such surrender by the courts may occur, it must be admitted that all over the land the pendulum has swung the other way, and that, temporarily, at least, the forces of evil are in the saddle. More than any other cause for this change of public opinion is that of the vituperative militant persecution of all opposition by the forces of the unco guid. Our public is never sane. It is always Anglo-Saxon in language and Latin in temperament, and no great reform movement is ever of long duration. It may be counted upon to change within certain limits within an exactly prescribed time, and the wise ones who make or mar us through our political fallacies know the

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time to attack or the time to hedge or run to a mathematical certainty. Reform is one of the things that is most easily overdone. Muck-raking becomes nauseating to a degree if lingered with longingly.

No man loves to have his manure heap stirred at all hours of the night or day, and he abhors the man he has hired to do it if that individual walks about the place smelling of the refuse and yelling the particulars of his avocation through a megaphone.

Reforms are necessary, it is true, and they come around once in so often, but reforms would certainly be productive of more permanent good did the reformer go about his work less blatantly and without the injection into the task of his own personality.

A newspaper, nameless forevermore as far as I am concerned, disposes of the political situation in San Francisco in the most ingenious manner.

"The vote on Fickert and Heney is proof that the people of San Francisco are not in favor of pressing the graft prosecutions. The —— believes this to be a mistaken policy, but it accepts the verdict of the popular vote. We do not know how the country at large will regard this vote, but as far as San Francisco is concerned, the election has settled the controversy. It is the part of good citizenship to accept loyally the results of an election and to refrain from carrying over the resentments and bitterness of political controversy. We shall not profit by keeping up ugly quarrels for the sake of quarreling when the judgment of the sovereign people has declared conclusively that enough has been done."

The only reason why I make mention of this gem is because I find in it a vast degree of satisfaction and because on it I may vent a prodigal admiration. It is satisfaction to be able to pluck such wisdom from defeat, satisfaction to know that another is such a philosopher that his eternal truths of yesterday become by the mere twist of a wrist the political controversies of to-day. I am prodigal in admiration because I have never, in nearly twenty-five years of magazine and newspaper life, seen such a splendid exhibition of the eating of crow. I can sit back and look at the above quotation and absolutely writhe in merriment as I notice the dexterity with which the "candied friend" dishes the morsel to his editorial superior, and I can almost see the saturnine expression on the face of the writer as he watches the aforesaid superior munch and swallow the morsel, and with tears in his eyes say: "It is good!" 'Tis the whirligig of politics and it's the same the world over. We are made wrong, my masters, and we cannot hope to be any better off individually and collectively until we have changed our entire system. I mean our system of Government. I would ask you, my dear readers, to look over the article by Mr. McClure in this issue of the magazine. I would ask you to educate yourself for the big coming struggle when we must cast off the skin of special privelege and don the beautiful glittering coat of the common good.

Speaking of ourselves. The new year dawns, Christmas will be with us soon, and with the new year we hope that prosperity will be ours and yours, too. It is the time of the year when promises are made. It is the time of high resolves. As a magazine we cannot improve on our resolutions, but it may be that we will surprise you by our performances. In the last two or three months you have doubtless noticed that we have made some mighty strides in the quality of our illustrations and in our fiction. The Overland Monthly is the standard magazine of the Pacific Coast, and for more than forty years of continuous publication it has catered to the public in this guise. It is published primarily as a literary venture by its proprietors, who are not connected directly or otherwise with any other busines. It is a magazine, and its duty is first to its subscriber and secondarily to its advertiser. Its whole ambition will be centered along these lines, and it is with pleasure that we announce a continued increase in subscriptions.

The reader has a duty to us, too, that we hope extends beyond the payment of his yearly subscription. You who have been with us so long and who are with us still, kindly remember our advertiser, and if perchance you see something in our

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columns that appeals to you, as a possible purchaser, in writing to the advertiser mention that you saw it in the Overland Monthly. Further than this—if you are pleased with the kind of reading matter we are giving you, clean, interesting and sane, kindly say so to your neighbor. Get us another reader.

It is my fault, I suppose, that I have not known of "The Indian Craftsman," issued from the Carlyle Indian Press at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Being of the South and the West, I have always liked the Indian, and believed in his greater development. I do not know that this development may come without cross in the breed. Here is a chance for some of the more enthusiastic of the Eugenics.

I do know that the Indian, not the bandilegged, flat-faced, dirty individual of California, who is a reproach to even his dirty tribe, but the Sioux, the Nez Perces, the Chippewas, the noble Navaho, the Kaidad possess some of the best traits ever given human beings. It is worth while to note that Carlisle has made many useful men and women, many good citizens who have devoted themselves to their race. and who have been an honor to the school and the Government that dowered them with mental and manual ability. "The Indian Craftsman" is an extremely artistic publication, illustrated and contributed to by the Carlisle Indians. It would be a credit to Stanford or Berkeley.

The preliminary census of the Indian tribes of the United States shows an increase in population instead of the former continual decrease. It may be that the Indian who has already furnished statesmen, scholars, doctors and teachers will, by admixture, become a factor in the regeneration of the white race!

P. N. B.

TELL ME

BY DEWEY AUSTIN COBB

Tell me, baby, ere you forget,
Of the mystical land from which you came.
In dreams, sometimes, I glimpse it yet,
Vague as the fen-fire's wavering flame.

Did you come to us of your own free will,
The joys and sorrows of earth to learn?
Or, torn from loved ones who miss you still,
As earthly hearts for their lost ones yearn?

Your lips are sealed that you may not teach,
But your eloquent eyes reveal far more,
And question, plainly as spoken speech:
"Don't you remember we've met before?"

And the world-old question, that look will raise:
Is there a portal, now veiled by sin,
Where, in endless cycles of life's dim maze,
Our spirits forever pass out and in?

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BY PIERRE N. BERINGER

It was the privilege and the pleasure of the Reviewer to look over the work of Professor Zueblin on "The Religion of a Democrat" in the last issue of the Overland Monthly. This month I have had "The Religion of a Sensible American" sent to me by the publishers, the American Unitarian Association, for review.

I feel that I cannot think of the two works at the same time. The effort of Jordan is a pretty one, and it leaves the mind in a condition of beatitude if one is willing to become drunken on honeyed and well-coined words. The feeling is, that it is the reluctant meed the scholar pays to dying mysticism and idolatry. Jordan's disquisition is soothing, but not scientific, and moreover cannot be proven mathematically or historically, but all in all it will serve and will bring happiness to many who still adhere to the beliefs of the ages that are gone, and these are myriad, but of such should not be professors of great universities. For such no middle ground obtains, and no mercy should be extended to myths. No one can successfully deny the place in history of the Christian Savior, and all the beautiful qualities attributed to him and his character by the accretion of legend and history, but the sensible American will more readily comprehend the matter-of-fact religion of a Zueblin than the complacent surrender of the scientist Jordan to the imposition of the tyrant Custom and Inherited Religious Belief.

* * * *

From the sublime to the ridiculous, and he reviewer finds himself plunged headlong into a brochure in buckram entitled: "Foolish Questions," by R. L. Goldberg. We have all of us read, with more or less amusement, the "foolish questions" in the daily and the Sunday newspapers, and we are all of us familiar with such as this:

"Are you reading a magazine?"

"No, I am laying a cable across the Atlantic Ocean."

This is very funny, isn't it? It is the equal of the great American joke, that one about calling the man in the hotel and telling him it is on fire. Then the crowd yells "Jump—there's a blanket." But there *is* no blanket, and the crowd to whom the story is told laughs itself sick. That's a joke belonging back in the age of the troglodytes and the "foolish questions" is just a little better, just a little advance in the line humoristic. Some of them are very funny, but a long array palls on the mind. The illustrations are funny because they are so atrociously drawn by a man who could not do any better if he tried. Now, that really is not funny at all. It is sad! The man who draws well and yet makes grotesquely funny pictures is a genius, but the mutt who cannot draw and who merely makes hobgoblins with dough-balls for noses and slits for eyes, whose sense of humor is exhibited by big feet, is not a genius, and should not be classed as a caricaturist. He belongs with the "natural born" artists, and may be only tagged as a freak. However, this book is bound to sell well because it is drawn and written right to the level of the average intelligence of the great People.

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers.

* * * *

The same publishers, Small, Maynard & Co., have a sweetly idyllic book in "Marie of Arcady." This volume has a charm and is filled withal with dramatic

interest. The illustrations are by Rose O'Neill, and the text by F. Hewes Lancaster. 'Tis a goodly book for the young girl just out of boarding school, for the spooning couple just married, and for the tired man of the world, the surfeited woman of society, and, in fact, for all who would flee the world and seek rest in the Arcadian bowers along the bayous of the lower Mississippi and dwell awhile with the 'Cajans, the descendants of the people of the legend of Evangeline.

* * * *

Just once in so often some individual discovers a connection hitherto unknown existing between science and religion, and it is not rare to find that an enthusiast will write a book to prove that religion, self-healing and physical culture are indissolubly bound in their violent practice in the cures of all diseases of mind or body. It seems almost impossible to find a sane individual who is afflicted with religious belief. Rationalism seems banished from the minds of such. Walter De Voe, in his "The Doors of Life," advocates all sorts of really good things, but he makes them all fit his own tortuous purpose in trying to prove a religious belief. It is impossible to meet him on common ground. As I said before, the book is full of splendid suggestion and wholesome truth, but——

The publishers are the Funk & Wagnalls Company.

* * * *

Again an entrenets of nonsense. "Widow's Wisdom," Ninon Traver Fleckenstein (and I suspect this is pseudonym for Miss Dwiggins), is epigrammatic, light as air and as dainty as a dragon fly. Clare Victor Dwiggins is the illustrator. The booklet should have a fine holiday sale. The drawings alone should sell it.

H. M. Caldwell Company, Publishers, New York.

* * * *

"Christmas Builders" is one of the quaint holiday publications, and its author, Charles Edward Jefferson, has known how to make his work extremely attractive. There is a beautiful lilt to the lines, prose poetry it is, and it is pleasing to the ear. The volume is nicely got up in holiday colors, and should be a seller. It would make a good gift for any one.

Thomas W. Crowell & Co., publishers.

* * * *

"Joshua James, Life-Saver," is the story of one of a crew of the American Life Saving Service. Joshua James has sixty years of heroic work to his credit, and the sketch is his life work; epitomized by one who knows him and his labors. Sumner I. Kimball is the author, and he has been the superintendent of the Life Saving Service of which Joshua James has been for so long a part. The book is well worth reading, and it deals in good deeds by men with red blood. It is volume VI of the True American Types series.

Published by the American Unitarian Association.

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Doctor Thomas Basset Keyes, of Chicago, has written a book treating of the cure of and prevention of senility and disease by the subcutaneous injection of oil. It is said, also, to make for the "Acme of Abundant Health, Stamina, Vigor, Vitality and Constitution; Cure of Consumption and Other Diseases. Particularly Those of a Chronic Nature."

It is impossible for the Reviewer, burdened as he is with all kinds of Christmas nonsense and religious and semi-religious tomes, dainty brochures of epigrammatic flavor and sarcastic epics from the lesser poets, to give much time to a caustic review of the merits of the subcutaneous injection of oil. The Reviewer found time to read the book. The Reviewer says he believes that Doctor Thomas Basset Keyes believes he believes what he writes, and, further, the Reviewer believes there is much merit in Dr. Keyes' beliefs. The Reviewer has a keen eye, and he notices that, in the frontispiece illustration to the book the noble features of the aforesaid Doctor Basset Keyes are surmounted by a "dome" and that said dome is really a symptom of advancing age and senility, and is evidence further of the inroads of "aleopecia" or baldheadedness. The recommendation of the Reviewer is that Doctor Keyes try the subcutaneous injection in his own scalp, giving the world an object lesson in the making of Abundant Health and Stamina, Vigor, Vitality and Constitution with a view to solving the Rebus of the

Ages—How to Prevent the Falling of the Hair although a physician.

The Tubercle Press Bureau, Publishers, Chicago.

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One of the very best of the books for the young is that by the McClurg Publishing House of Chicago, called "Donkey John" of the "Toy Valley." Margaret Warner Morley is the author, and she has certainly written a quaintly attractive book for children. Here is a legend that will give you the secret of the plot. The "Toy Valley" lies in the Tyrol of Austria, and in it dwell a unique race of unknown lineage and speaking an unknown tongue. This delightful story describes the peculiar life and the peculiar industry of this little-known valley, and the illustrations are from actual toys made there.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Publishers.

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Here's a stirring one for the boys and the girls around the Christmas yule log. It is called "Sure-dart," and it is by F. H. Costello, and the author has gone back to the days of the antideluvian monsters for his tale. Sure-dart and his friend Hop-Foot are two young hunters of the days we are so fond of calling "prehistoric," when strange monsters roamed the earth, the pterodactyls and the troglodytes and the other unmentionables made night hideous and day horrible with their jibes and jeers, when man's only weapons against them was a flaked stone spear or an axe, and when the big club was paramount. Besides being an entertaining and interest-compelling tale, it is a truthful one as far as the monsters are concerned, and the illustrations are as correctly drawn as can be from the pieced remains of the dear lamented.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Publishers.

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"Paestum and Other Poems," by Alexander Blair Thaw is a collection of verses that is better than good. It is excellent, and its presentation by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. in book form, and in splendid type on India paper, is a boon. Who would diagnose poetry? This is all delightful and might not interest many, but to the reviewer it was a joy unalloyed. The Apostrophe to Shelley and Keats in Rome, the introductory poem to Paestum, the Inauguration Ode, and, in fact, all of the other verse reveals a master hand. "Close, close my heart," is a sweet, loving bit that makes one feel in touch with the writer. There is a refined humanness about the whole volume that ought to endear the author to all lovers of verse.

* * * *

Mr. Randall Parish has written a very strong novel in "My Lady of the South," and contrary to usual malpractice, the artist, Alonzo Kimball, has followed closely the lines of the author, and has given us artistic and historically correct pictures in full color as illustrations.

It is not yet the great American novel, but it is mighty near it. Here we have the beautiful characters of the women of the civil war period, and the strong bronze men of militant times. We have a very clever mixture of historical fact with stirring fiction, and the whole is portrayed by a writer who has made a profound study of the times, and who at the same time has kept his thumb on the pulse of the present day and knows the kind of stuff that will appeal to the reading public. It's a fine story. You won't drop it till you're through with it, that's all.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

* * * *

"A Volunteer with Pike" is another of the recent volumes that is full of stir and red blood. It is a long story, but it carries you clear to the end without a moment of flagging interest. Robert Ames Bennet is the author, and the publishers are the house of McClurg & Co., of Chicago. The illustrations are not quite up to the standard of this house, and they lack virility. This, however, is made up for in the text, and, if you are wanting a story that will completely carry you away from business, you just join "the Volunteer with Pike."

* * * *

"The March of Portola and the Log of the San Carlos" supplies a "long-felt want." It is the story of Portola's quest authenticated from all obtainable records, and it places the laurel where it belongs. There is a quaint interest throughout the lines, and the illustrations by Walter Francis are gems in their way. The whole is delightfully printed on rough India

paper, and the illustrations are in duotone ink. The author of the compilation is E. J. Molera, and he has very successfully and entertainingly answered the question "Who was Portola?" a question that bid fair at one time becoming as unanswered as that of "who struck Billy Patterson?" The publishers are the California Promotion Committee.

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A valuable addition to any public or public library is the magnificent volume called "The Columbia River: Its History, Its Myths, Its Scenery, Its Commerce." This is profusely illustrated, and is the most complete of all the volumes of history of that wonderful section of the great Northwest. The author, Professor Wm. Dennison Lyman, is the head of the Department of History in Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington. The frontispiece is a splendid steel gravure of St. Peter's dome, Columbia River. One of the great romances of American history is the acquisition of the Pacific Coast. Not only is the history thrilling and instructive, by reason of the momentous issues involved, but the Pacific Coast possesses a charm, rare and unique in all its physical characteristics. Of all striking and impressive features of the West Coast perhaps the most transcendantly interesting is the Columbia river, the great stream that is the subject of this most complete volume.

G. P. Putnam & Sons are the publishers, Knickerbocker Press.

* * * *

And what an avalanche of poets! We have them of all shades and varieties; mere versifiers who sing in halting measure and others who dash along in Homeric strain, dabsters at the immortal art of silent singing, and others who are the mechanically perfect, who dole us out the dirge with record precision. The Christmas season brings the poet as the springtime does. I noticed that the only thing that could put a quietus of some duration on the versifier was the big earthquake, and it was full two weeks before the poet emerged from his hiding place and offered his wares on the market. The prose writer was Johnny-on-the-spot. This goes to prove that the poet is more sensitive, physically.

Daniel S. Richardson is the author of the compiled volume called "Trail Dust." It's a good title, and the verse is of more than ordinary merit. Author and publisher are local. The book is from the presses of A. M. Robertson.

Mr. Richardson is not unknown to fame. He has contributed widely to the Eastern and Western magazines, and his work is of a very pleasing character. He runs the gamut from grave to gay, and there is a splendid, subtle wit in some of the poems that is most charming.

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Charles H. Crandall is another one contributing to the chaplet in verse that is good, and his volume bears the title of "Songs from Sky Meadows." This is a collection of pastoral poems that fill the heart with delight. Mr. Crandall is no mere amateur, but a man who has lived with the Great Out-of-Doors and who knows, and who has known, how to put his, yours and my feelings into measured melodies.

The Outing Publishing Company.

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The Wilcox Book Concern is guilty of offering us a volume of verse, "Joys of Earth," by Henry S. Wilcox, of Chicago. The meter is of the pork fat measure variety, and the sentiment is maudlin and mundane to a degree. The whole thing savors of the passionate poetess of some country corners wailing her heart out in metreless measure. It is as full of good wishes as the advising friend, and is as truly tiresome as the moral law.

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One of the big books of the year is that from Charles Scribner & Sons' press, the Handbook of Alaska, by Major-General A. W. Greeley. This book deals with the resources, products and attractions of the great peninsula brought into the map of the United States by the immortal Seward. There have been many books published on Alaska, but none has as yet been presented that is as entrancing as this one is from every possible point of view. It is profusely and finely illustrated with halftones from good photographs, and the text is of such character as to be interesting and instructive without being, in any measure, dry. Major-General Greeley spent many years in the compilation of this work, and,

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incidentally, much of his time was spent on the Alaskan coast, and in the interior. The miner, the hunter, the student, or the business man will find this book a pleasure and a tonic, and it is so subdivided that it has alloted to its several topics many pages that would ordinarily form small publications as text books of authority. It is condensed into its most useful form in this one volume, and it does not in any way lose interest to the reader by the condensation. Entirely too little is known of the wonderful country we have in the far North, and the publishers and author have conferred a lasting favor on the public through this publication. No public or private library is complete without the "Handbook of Alaska," by Major-General A. W. Greeley, U. S. A.

Charles Scribners Sons, publishers.

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Every county board of trustees, every board of supervisors and health board throughout California should lay out the sum of $3.25 for the purchase for the use of such boards the book called "The Production and the Handling of Clean Milk." It is a work by Kenelm Winslow, and it is one of the most practical, complete, plain and authoritative guides to the production, analysis, handling and distribution of milk that has come under my notice. The book comes to me for review, and I can freely say that it is welcome to all the publicity I can give it. No health office is complete without this volume. We are confronted at all times with a horde of troubles arising from impure milk, and our usual solution of the difficulty is to be found in the canned product. There are other ways to meet the bad milk problem, however, and these are found in Winslow's volume. He tells how to detect the cause, and by cleanliness remove it. By a cursory perusal of this book it is easily ascertained that there are but very few of our dairies that are sanitary, and fewer still that attempt in any way to reach the standard set by Doctor Winslow. There is no more important question of the day than that of a pure milk supply, and it is the advice of the Reviewer that county boards and city health officers provide themselves with this most useful volume.

The publishing house is that of William R. Jenkins & Co., New York.

Another poet drifts in with "The Song of the Wahbeek." Henry Pelham Holmes Bromwell is not unknown to fame; during the days before and after the war of secession he occupied a prominent position in Illinois. He was identified with the early history of Vandalia. He has contributed to the literature of Masonry by a great work on "Masonic Symbolry." He died in 1903. "The Song of the Wahbeek" is copyrighted and published by Henrietta Bromwell. Of the author of the poem, which is much in the style of Scott, it may be said that he lived and died a gentleman of the old school, and no better epitaph is needed nor can any better be devised. "The Song of the Wahbeek" is an addition to Indian lore, and it is full of notes to the verses that make the reading doubly interesting.

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If you are of a serious turn of mind, and you wish to read something that is perfectly delightful, then turn you to "The New Ethics" of Professor J. Howard Moore, of the Crane Manual Training School of Chicago. The publisher is Samuel A. Bloch, The Bookman, Chicago.

Professor Moore has a directness of style that is so absolutely charming and convincing that it takes away from a thesis on ethics all dryness, and makes it as readable as the most romantic fiction. His book should be in the hands of every grown-up child, from fourteen to twenty-one, in the office of every business man, in the nursery of every mother, in the hands of the artisan and in those of the captains of industry. The world would be the better for its use as a family and school text book for every day of the year. It is not a preachment at all! It is simply a series of deductions by one of the clean-minded, brave, clear-eyed men of the world; it is the reading of the riddle of life by one who sees in it no difficulties, that may not be surmounted, and who is not bound by the ties and chains of custom or blinded by the dust of bigotry or the gag of fear. It all reads as nicely as the description of the development of a rose. There is nothing hackneyed about it; there is nothing lectury or trite. It will do you good.

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The Garden Book of California should

be a delight to all lovers of the things that grow because it treats of plant and tree life in California. I have found it an almost impossible task to find a practical treatise on the subject, as nearly all the books on this delightful subject are published in some far-off country, where plant life lies dormant for half the year. Belle Sumner Angier, therefore, has conferred a favor on you and me, and Paul Elder & Co. have got the book up in sumptuous style, so that, besides being extremely useful and entertaining, it also becomes an ornament to any library. It treats of the flower garden as a factor in home-making, tells of simple gardening methods; there is a planting-time calendar; the culture of the common plants is dealt with in a simple manner; when you get through, you will know all about bulbs, tropical plants, roses, palms, ferns and ferneries, tree planting and protection, plant diseases, etc. This is a fine Christmas book, and one of the most beautiful as well as useful publications of the whole year.

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Among novelists writing to-day, E. Phillips Oppenheim has few equals in the magic art of narration. His imagination is unbounded, his plots are well thought out and cleverly developed, with due regard to probability, while his wide knowledge of the world and of men gives to his romances a distinction which raises them above the ordinary tales of romantic adventure or mystery.

His latest story, "Jeanne of the Marshes," is a brilliant and engrossing tale of love and intrigue, which grips the reader's attention at the start and holds it to the finish. The hero is a man of birth and education who cares nothing for society, preferring an outdoor life at his ancestral estate on the Norfolk coast; the heroine is a lovable girl whom adulation has not spoiled. The setting is chiefly at the Red Hall, in Norfolk, where Cecil de la Borne plays the host to an ill-assorted house-party, while his elder half-brother masquerades as a fisherman. Endless complications, and events and scenes of the most exciting character, lead up to a satisfactory climax, in which a subterranean tunnel leading to the sea has an important part.

There comes to the reviewer's desk a very modest volume bound in brown buckram and bearing the unpretentious title of "Verses by E. F. Green." The book is the production of a local poet, and the printing and the binding is by the house of A. M. Robertson. The author is modest and unassuming, and does not rush me headlong into aggressive critique by labeling the wares offered the public as "poems." We have writers of doggerel who write poems, men and women who are good at versifying who write "poems," and we have a very few individuals who are real poets and who write splendid verse. E. F. Green, whoever he is or she is, is one of these rarely modest people who announce great works with very faint self praise. The verse runs from grave to gay, and in the lighter vein there is a touch that is as delicate as the flick of a butterfly's wing. 'Tis nicely attuned for every mood as a Christmas gift.

* * * *

Joel Chandler Harris has always been one of the idols of the small boy and the grown man. He is loved by his readers, and as the memory of him grows more and more fragrant, his works will become more and more dear to his legion of friends. You will find his latest published work, "The Shadow Between His Shoulder Blades" a really fine book, but it is not written for the small boy's delectation, but for grown ups, and it is a story relating to incidents connected with the war of the Confederacy. It relates of the hanging, in the end, of a renegade Confederate, Bushrod Claiborne, and it is a goodly tale about men with red blood. The only pity of it is 'tis too short. Joel Chandler Harris knew his South as no other man knew it.

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers.

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Another of the boy books of the day is "Happy Hawkins," by Alexander Wason. This is the story of a quick-tempered adventure-loving, happy-go-lucky, lovable and philosophical cowboy. The story carries you entertainingly over a wide western circuit, and the cowboy tells you his story in his own way and on his own plan. The story abounds in well told adventure, and it has its witty parts as well. It is a

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fine story for those who love the pulsing life of the West.

Small, Maynard & Company.

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One of the very best of the holiday booklets is that by P. C. McFarland, of Kansas City, and formerly of Alameda, California. Mr. McFarland has lately made a big name for himself as a writer of stories containing much of the human interest, and he is in demand by the big publishers. The "Quest of the Yellow Pearl" is out of the rut of every-day writing, and is a new version of the story of the Christ. It is a most beautiful story, and it makes one feel all the better for the reading of it. It is a lecture bound in cheap paper, and of almost the value of the yellow pearl itself. It makes for better men and better ideals, and it is no flattery to say that McFarland has done a big, good thing in this writing of his, and it is an agnostic says so. It is one of the very best of holiday booklets that has ever come to my notice, and it must not be thought that Mr. McFarland does only this kind of thing. His other work is modern and everyday, and calls attention to itself because of the very close relation of this minister of the gospel to the every-day life of man. It is not preachment he writes in his magazine stories, but every-day, enjoyable fiction based on fact. "The Quest of the Yellow Pearl" has for its publishers the Fleming H. Revell Co.

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"Mary of Arcady" is the alluring title of a new book by F. Hewes Lancaster, and it is one of the best of the year. It is as pleasant as entering a room where a whole souled welcome awaits you to find as a frontispiece a very beautiful sketch of the heroine by Rose O'Neill. The story is that of characters to be found among the descendants of the old Arcadians of the Evangeline legend in lower Mississippi reaches, and it is a sweetly told tale, idyllic in its setting and full of charm and love. An ideal Christmas gift book. An addition to any library of fiction.

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers.

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Cyrus Hall McCormick, one of the great men of our day, figures in a book called by his name, and which has for a sub-title "His Life and Work." At first blush it would seem as an inspired biography of a man well endowed with these world's goods, and who was anxious to leave to his children a history of himself, expurgated to suit his tastes, to the end that time may deal gently with his memory. Such is not the case, however, and the author of "The Romance of Steel" and "The Romance of the Reaper" has known how to make this last work an intensely interesting one. McCormick was in many ways a most extraordinary man, and it was not alone in his Reaper that he showed his genius, but in nearly every direction in which man's ingenuity may move. The history of McCormick is a romance of achievement, and it is a lesson to the American boy and girl. Mr. Herbert N. Casson has made the story of this big, smart, generous, good man as entrancing as a novel. You ought to read it. It will pay you many times over.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, publishers.

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Edwin L. Sabin is well known to the readers of the Overland Monthly, and he deserves well at our hands. He has written a story that will make many a boy or adult with red blood glad, in the "Bar B. Boys," and it is bound to be one of the best sellers in Boyland for the holiday season. There is nothing in it that is not wholesome. I read it myself, and then I turned it over to the office boy and the chauffeur, and they both came back with glistening eyes. The office boy said that he "sure knows that kind o' people, and that's a great book." The chauffeur said that Mr. Sabin is a "dandy." There you have it, and that is really better for the publisher and the author than pages of critique, for my office boy is a very real boy, and the chauffeur is a quick, bright young man who is not to be imposed upon by a glittering array of literary fustian. That's why I say that "Bar B. Boys" is going to sell. The publisher's imprint is the Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

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Mendelism is a new fad for the scientists and the psychologists, and it is one that all may study with profit. It is the result of years of patient and painstaking labor by an Austrian monk, Gregor Men-

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del, a man who was evidently many years ahead of his time, and who has achieved great results as long as fifty years ago.

The Mendelian Law, it has come to be known, and it is the theory of evolution by mutation; as against the view that organic changes in plant and animal forms require great periods of time through the slow process of natural selection. Mendel holds that in plant and animal life any desired characteristic may be transferred to the offspring by the parent, and such characteristics fixed definitely through the working out of the Mendelian principle of the scientific crossing of plant or animal. The United States Department of Agriculture has made a big success of the adaptation of the Mendelian law in many of their experiments. The book is an interesting one for the student. The author of the compilation and translation is Professor Punnett of Cambridge University, England. The publisher is the Wilshire Book Company, New York.

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It is seldom in these modern times that the author of a book does not pipe up as importantly as the book itself, and when a translator does an especially good piece of work, it is rare, indeed, that he or she does not stand on the house-tops and proclaim the product of his or her genius.

The house of Crowell & Co. has just published a volume called "The Journal of a Recluse." It is anonymous as to the original author and as to the translator. The book is supposed to have been found out on this coast. The "recluse," as he calls himself, is a man who is singularly in touch with everything that is going on around him, and his style is charming to a degree. The book is in the nature of an autobiography, and I have my doubts of its being translated from anything but the author's mind in good old English. There is no very tangible clue as to who the author may be, and there is no good reason for believing that the book is a translation. As it is, it is a philosophical epic well worth reading. Read it.

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One of the most intensely interesting books published is that from the presses of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, entitled "The Grizzly Bear." This book should be held dear by every Californian, for it shows up our particular bruin as a harmless, curious and not at all uninteresting animal. The author is a man of infinite patience and resource, and withal a man who knows how to handle the King's English.

Mr. William H. Wright has endeared himself to all readers, be they sportsmen, writers, naturalists, or any who love adventure and true stories of wild animals. Here is no faking, but the camera tells the story of the exploits of the hunter, and the text is quite up to the pictures, a splendid account of glorious outdoor life, full risk, adventure and triumph, and all without pain to the hunted. The book is a splendid one to give almost any one at Christmas time, for any one with an ounce of virility will enjoy it.

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"In Nature's School" is an attractive juvenile book which illustrates the most successful way of teaching natural history is a new book. To the imaginative child it should prove a source of delight, as it tells of the very things he is most keenly curious about. It is the story of a boy named Phil, who ran away from an orphan's home and lived for a whole year in the woods. Mother Nature was very kind to the little truant, and taught him the language of all the birds and beasts, at the same time enjoining them to treat him courteously.

The author is Lilian Gask and it is illustrated by Dorothy Hardy. The publishing house is Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

* * * *

Frederick Rowland Martin has taken the quatrain in real earnest, and he has given us that alluring form of verse upon nearly every philosophical and sociological question in a pleasant strain in the book called "A Book of Quatrains." This is a splendid work, and is especially fit as a holiday gift book. The verse mechanics is good and the harmony is better. The publishers are Sherman French and Company.

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A LAND OF MILK AND HONEY

Napa County, California

BY PIERRE N. BERINGER

Come to me Mellow; I'm lonely without thee—
Day-time and night-time I'm thinking about thee!
Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee;
Unwelcome the waking that ceases to fold thee.
Come to me sparkling, my sorrows to lighten,
Come with thy bouquet to bless and to brighten;
Wine of the beautiful, come with thy glow upon
Radiant in purity; the vin of fair To-Kalon.

—*The Wine of Tokalon*

"A LAND OF MILK and honey" is the term-symbol used by writers to embody in succinct, short words a telling sentence. It means prosperity. It means the largest possible returns in tillage of the soil with the least effort. Above the things industrial, it means a pleasant vista and a full stomach. Milk and honey, the ambrosia of the Bible, the ancient tale by which the earliest recorded migrations were caused.

Humanity has advanced overmuch since the ancient days, but it is the same old lure still, and the bags of gold hang at the foot of the arc of the rainbow. What would you say did you find the bags, and you did find the fabled honey of Hymetus and the glorious clusters of Tokay within the reach of your grasp? It would not be a stretch of the imagination doing wrong to truth to say that the ultimate perfection in climate and condition is found in Napa County, California. It would not be a stretch of the imagination to say that the health conditions are the best in California. Those who know Napa County may truthfully say that in a State so bountifully endowed as is California, there is no other part of it that is so munificently blessed as to conditions for the tiller of the soil. There is no irrigation necessary. The soil of the ages lies there for the husbandman's plow ready and willing to return an hundred-fold every effort of his brawny arms.

Really, the title to this article should be Napa County revisited, for it was many years ago that I viewed this county, and it was in the nature of the development work, a part of the policy of this magazine laid out by the one-time editor, Mr. Rounsevelle Wildman, that I visited Napa County. It is a pleasant memory. In going through the archives of the old magazine I come across the writings of that very able man and his "Well-Worn Trails" tells of our sojourn in this favored land.

It speaks of Napa County rather as a land of possibilities than as a place of achievement; it lauds it a haven of rest for the wearied in mind and a recuperating spot for the ones who are tired in body or ill-health, this account of the years of long ago. Napa County of today is such, but is more, much more, too.

Wildman wrote: "There is something Arcadian about the Napa Valley that is restful. It is restful for reasons that are not apparent at first, but that grow gradually upon one. There may be such a thing as a mortgage among these tawny fields of autumn grain and checker-like squares of olive, fig and peach, but it does not cover the entire landscape. Every one looks happy and independent, and the warm, yellow earth seems to court the plow and the reaper. The gentle, rolling hills that encompass the valley in a frame of varying green are not obtrusive, and their chapparal-matted slopes do not reach above the warm semi-tropical air of the lowlands. Even from Castle Peak, which

rises probably a thousand feet above the hillside resort of Napa Soda Springs, the valley scenery predominates. No thought of the bold, awful glories of the Yosemite, of the fierce mountain crags about Shasta, calls forth comparisons. The many-toned tinkle of cowbells comes from below, mingled with children's voices and the pistol-like crack of a whip. The air is so pure and clear that you feel in touch with the busy life beneath your eye."

"* * * Napa Valley exposes its smiling acres languidly, indolently, without affectation, and the summer seeker after rest feels under no obligation to exert himself to see more than the landscapes that stretch away before him. * * * "

Many things have happened in the world since 1896, and the man who penned the quoted lines is honored as one gathered to his fathers. Napa County has changed in the degree of its development, and in the degree of its prosperity only. If Wildman could look upon it now he would find it the same prospect that pleases but in an agricultural sense he will find a vast increase in income and a much larger population to derive benefit from the largesse of the soil.

Napa Valley, California, is the epitome of agricultural possibility. If every acre except the tip of its mountains were cultivated, it would be the richest in production of any like area in the whole world. From Vallejo to Mount St. Helena, from Benicia to Knoxville at the Northernmost limit, is land that is wonderful in its every possibility. The Napa County of to-day is a very different county than it was in 1896, but if one were to revisit in ten years hence there would still be a vaster difference when compared, for to-day Napa County has just entered into its own. Up to to-day, Napa County has scarcely been scratched with the husbandman's hoe, and the Napa County of to-morrow will be a glorious revelation.

I have always contended that in an article that tells of the development of a county, one of the first requisites is to tell the reader how to get there. He may want to verify your sayings, he may be a doubting Thomas, who wishes to see with his own eyes, verify with his own ears and jot down his corroboration with his own hand. I am not afraid of the man from Missouri, and I am not overstating things when I am writing of Napa County.

The largest city of California, San Francisco, is within a few hours' reach of all points in Napa County. You may reach all points in Napa County by the cars of the Southern Pacific Company from San Francisco, twice daily, and Napa City may be reached by the California Northwestern Railway, via Sausalito, and besides this rail connection, the steamers of the Monticello Steamship Company make six trips daily to Vallejo, from which connections are made by electric cars from all points in the interior of the county. Thus, it is seen that Napa County has two lines of railroads; that is, steam lines, and a net-work of electric lines connecting with the steamer service from San Francisco bay. This disposes of the question of accessibility.

The County of Napa covers an area of about eight hundred square miles, and is cut up into several wonderfully productive valleys. It is for the most part yet waiting the advent of man. It could easily support a population of several hundred thousand people. Napa County is one of the big feeders to San Francisco. Napa County is a big shipper to the world at large also.

In Napa Valley cereals and all the deciduous fruits are grown successfully. Citrus fruits are raised in all parts of the valley, hundreds of dooryards producing the finest oranges and lemons for domestic use, but no attempt is made to raise these fruits commercially. Wine and table grapes, prunes, plums, cherries, pears, peaches, apricots, nectarines, apples, figs, almonds and walnuts form the principal fruit crops. The French prune attains a size, flavor and quality in this valley that are not equaled in any other part of the State. Napa Valley prunes always find a ready market at the very highest prices, even in the years of greatest production. They are in demand not in this country alone, but in England, Holland, Germany and other European countries—in fact, wherever they have been introduced.

One of the most important industries is viticulture. The climatic conditions of this valley, being similar to those of the south of France, grape growing and wine making have attained their greatest perfection here. Here is situated the great

Tokalon vineyard. The wines of this vineyard are known the whole world over. The raising of olives and the manufacture of the crop into oil and pickles is a successful industry. Olive trees will thrive upon land that would not successfully produce any other fruit. The oil produced here is the equal of the best to be obtained.

When the writer was in Napa County some years ago, the prediction was made by Colonel Jackson that the county would one day be the greatest producer from a like area of vineyard products. There are several places in California where the grape is king, but in Napa County it is Czar, and ye of Michigan and of the East generally who boast of the apple, the apple of your eye, the apple of your youth, the apple that has the flavor of flavors, why, you know nothing at all about apples, and you'll confess it, after you will have eaten an apple from the higher altitudes of Napa County. It is the apple that contains all the delights of taste and smell you have conjured reminiscently, and that you have exaggerated, but which in reality have not existed at all. The Napa County apple would make the best Michigan-grown article shrivel in its skin and die of despair. A Michigan apple compared to the ones I speak of, the kind that find a market in London and that are not sold elsewhere, is the most insipid and tasteless article that ever found its way to your lips. I know that this is the superlative of praise, but I also know that Napa County has orchards whose products are grown only for those who would pay and pay big for the very best, and for that only. I know, for I have tasted of these delights to the palate.

The mineral resources of Napa County are one of its great sources of wealth. Some of the largest deposits of cinnibar in the world are found in this and the adjoining County of Lake. Some of the mines have been worked for over forty years and have produced fortunes in dividends. Silver has also been mined to some extent near Calistoga. Magnesite is found in paying quantities, and in Pope Valley are found deposits of almost chemically pure magnesia. Numerous prospects of petroleum are found in the eastern part of the county. Near Napa Junction is a deposit of limestone and clay, from which is manufactured Portland cement of the highest quality. The Standard Portland Cement Company has expended several hundred thousand dollars in equipping a mill at this point, and is now turning out an average of 2,200 barrels of cement a day. Two hundred and fifty men are employed at this mill. There are other deposits of limestone in the county, and quarries of excellent sandstone and volcanic stone for architectural use. Many of the most handsome and substantial buildings in the county have been constructed of native stone, and much material has been sold for export. There are large deposits of clay suitable for the manufacture of brick and vitrified pipe, and an excellent opening for the establishment of these industries. Napa County is famed for the number and variety of its mineral springs. No less than half a dozen of these waters are bottled for export on a large scale. Basalt and other fine road-building stone of various kinds abound in all localities.

The total assessed value of all property in the county, as shown by the assessment role for 1908 (including the railroads) is $15,720,270. The tax rate in 1908 was $1.62 on the $100.

The population of Napa County according to close estimate in 1908 is 20,000. It is nearer thirty thousand at this time.

It is very difficult to give accurate figures as to the market value of Napa lands. Everything depends upon location and quality. The following figures, however, will serve to give the reader some idea how the lands are held. Hill land, unimproved, can be had for from $7 to $30 an acre, while improved hill land brings all the way from $25 to $100 an acre. Valley land is held at from $50 to $100 an acre. Land planted to vines or orchard is held at from $200 to $300 an acre.

When Bret Harte enunciated the policy of the Overland Monthly, "Devoted to the Development of the Country," so many years ago, and when this motto was adopted as slogan, on which has been continuously conducted the affairs of the magazine, the author of the "Heathen Chinee" dedicated to each succeeding editor a work of which any man might be proud. It is with pleasure that I turn to the pages of the magazine and read over the development articles that I have written in the

years that are past, and surely, in the midst of a strenuous life, no task is pleasanter than this—to be able to do for your fellow man, to stretch out to the frozen fields of the Dakotas and bid welcome to the tired men and women and to tell them that here is a haven where labor will bring a true reward. To turn to Iowa and its partly barren and over-worked acres, and tell to its people that here one may not labor in vain, to say to all of the East, from rugged Maine to joyless Michigan, that here is land of plenty, is a delightful and joyful task indeed, and it is with pleasure that I follow in the footsteps of others and devote this article to the development of the country and the betterment of my fellowman.

The city of Napa is perhaps the prettiest and most prosperous of all county-seat towns in the State of California. Very few cities are so well situated as to climate and the drainage is perfect. It is a town of flowers and foliage and beautiful homes, and its people are noted for their civic pride. All the year around, roses bloom, and flowers of every hue and variety, even to tropical plants, are to be seen everywhere. A park of twelve acres in the residential section, recently set aside for the purpose, lends an added charm to this delightful country town. This is a people's playground, a veritable botanical garden in which will be found all kinds of plants and shrubs. In the vicinity of the town are many beautiful and picturesque drives and walks, that properly lead to the center of civic activities. About a mile south of the city of Napa is the Napa State Hospital, which is one of the finest sanitariums in the world. This building accommodates 1400 patients, and it has on its payroll some 200 employees, physicians, attendants and laborers.

The placing of this State institution at Napa is probably the best argument as to the climatic superiority of the place over all others in the whole of the beautiful State of California. For two years the commission appointed by the State authorities examined into the claims of various favored localities, with a view to establishing this State institution in the most favored locality in the State *as regards health conditions*. Napa was finally chosen, and the judgment of the commission, the wisdom of the selection, has been approved by actual experience. Time has put the seal of approbation on this selection. Such a salubrious and equable climate is not to be found elsewhere in the State.

From northeast of Napa, a wide expanse of territory may be viewed, unhampered by intervening hills or mountains. One can obtain a vantage point here at an elevation of one thousand feet above the valley, and the vista is a most magnificent one. On the north is Mt. St. Helena, while to the west is old Mt. Tamalpais, and far away, on clear days, may be seen looming up the dark purple form of Mt. Diablo.

Returning to the city proper, it may be said that it possesses every advantage in the way of schools that any one, even the most fastidious in the matter of education, may desire. It has a splendid library, and its fire department is efficient and very well equipped. Mr. George E. Goodman is the patriotic citizen who donated the free library building to the city, and it may be said, en passant, that Napa is indebted to Mr. Goodman for many other things, not mentioned here, but among which is the infusion among all classes of the "get together" spirit.

Napa is well supplied with churches, and its social life is of the very highest. The ladies of the town have a club of their own, the New Century, and this institution is very active in every endeavor for civic betterment. While Napa is not, strictly speaking, a factory town, yet it boasts a rapidly growing factory district. Its leather is known the world over as among the best, and in other directions, its manufacturing interests are constantly growing.

Among the best newspapers in California, outside of the larger cities, may be classified the two journals that purvey daily the news to its citizens. The Napa Journal is the morning and the Napa Register the evening paper. The deposits of the three banks in Napa aggregate nearly a million dollars, and the assets $1,900,000.

Napa County has a splendid school system. There are grammar and primary schools in fifty-five districts. Napa and the beautiful town of St. Helena have dis-

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trict high schools. Nine miles north from Napa is situated the Yountville National Soldiers' Home, of which an extended article will be published later in the Overland Monthly. The grounds of this institution comprise many hundred acres, and the cost of maintenance of this institution is in the neighborhood of $150,000 annually.

St. Helena is another representative Napa County town. The assessed value of property in the town approximates $1,250,000, and the tax rate averages about 60 cents. The Free Public Library contains 2,500 volumes. The city is incorporated under the general law as a city of the sixth class. It has a sanitary sewer system, a gravity water works, and gas and electricity for lighting. There is no malaria or other climatic disease, and the town has never had an epidemic of any kind.

The space allotted me will not allow an extended description of the merits of the various localities in Napa County, for that would mean the publication of a large book devoted to this purpose alone. Regretfully, therefore, do I close this article, as I should like to tell more of the hundreds of delectable spots for recreation, the veritable ideal rest spots of the world, of the wonderful vineyards, and of the big fruit ranches and the olive orchards. Space and time forbid, so you, dear reader, who have followed me so far, and would have more, do you but write to the Napa Chamber of Commerce and ask for the specific information desired.

The citizen of the Napa Valley is a patriotic individual, and his own evidence as to the productivity of his soil is better than that of the bird of passage such as I am, and, in closing this article, I would like to quote from a contented man, a settler of early days in that blessed valley. He is writing to a stranger, and the stranger has written him for information. Here is what he says:

" * * * You are no doubt aware that Napa Valley is considered by all to be one of the most beautiful valleys in the State, from a scenic standpoint. It is also one of the most fertile; there is not a better fruit growing district in California than here. The principal varieties are peaches, cherries, pears, plums, prunes, apricots and apples. All of these attain perfection without irrigation. The fact that all these fruits are grown successfully here, without irrigation we believe to be a decided advantage over the localities where irrigation is necessary.

"The grape-growing industry is well-established here, some of the finest dry wines of the State being produced in this valley. Besides the fruit growing and grape growing, dairying and diversified farming of all kinds is carried on successfully.

"Napa County has very good roads, and the best bridges of any county on the Pacific Coast. Practically all our bridges are of stone, are very artistic, and while it costs more to build them than it would to construct wood or steel bridges, they are much more durable and are a great economy in the end.

"There are many mineral springs in the county and several finely equipped summer resorts. There are many beautiful homes throughout the valley, some of them being the residences of wealthy San Francisco people. Napa, St. Helena and Calistoga are the towns of the county, each one having its own particular charms and advantages, which you will find described pretty well in the books I have sent you.

"Napa now has a population of about seven thousand, and is enjoying a steady and substantial growth. There is considerable manufacturing here. The largest glove factory west of Chicago is located here, and the largest tannery on the Pacific Coast, that manufactures light leathers for gloves and shoes is located here. There is a large and successful shoe factory, two shirt factories, and a number of smaller manufacturing industries.

"Our manufacturing facilities are excellent; there are two steam railroads into the valley, giving us connections with all outside points. One reaches San Francisco by Oakland, and the other by Sausalito Ferry. One of the best equipped electric roads in the State runs through the valley and connects at Vallejo, with fast steamers for San Francisco. There are also daily freight and passenger steamers on Napa River, which is navigable to the City of Napa. These various lines of transportation afford very low rates, and quick service.

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"Two State institutions are located in the county. The Veterans' Home at Yountville, which is maintained by the State, with some assistance from the Federal Government. This institution contains about nine hundred war veterans, and is an ideal institution of its kind, situated in a most beautiful and attractive part of the valley. The State Hospital for the Insane, one mile from Napa, is also an ideal institution of its kind.

"My dear friend, the information I have given you is brief and to the point, but it is such that it may be verified in every particular, and, after a long residence in this county and valley, I can truthfully say that I would not exchange my place of living, my opportunities for earning a livelihood, with any one in any other part of our common country. Life here is worth the while.

"I trust that you will come to us and sample the climate and the chances. You are a practical farmer and were raised in a hard school. You have learned the value of thrift in a land where all is given you grudgingly. Come out here, where Nature is not so niggardly, and your success will surely be phenomenal. I know how hard you have labored there in Dakota. Come out here, labor as hard if you like, and you will find that your reward will be fourfold. You will never regret making the change from sleet and snow and dust and mud, with an intervening of parching winds, to that of sunshine and flowers and ideal surroundings. I wish I could make you see it as I do, and I wish you could see Anne, the good wife, who has helped me these many years. She has actually grown younger, since coming to this delightful land.

Your friend,

.....

November 22d and the roses are blooming all over the front of the house—we are fairly hidden in their fragrant blossoms.

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BY FRANK WALKLIN

Here's a hearty Ho to Freedom!
  Freedom of the hill and plain:
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  Winter sunshine, summer rain.
Freedom of the mighty Rockies
  Where the fierce coyotes cry,
And the wild cat's snarl of anger
  Dashes down the *Mal Pai*.

Here's another Ho to Freedom
  In the land where few men pray.
Where the past doesn't count forever
  If you're only square to-day.
Here's the place for starting over
  If you want your record clear.
Few mistakes of other climates
  Ever score against you here.

Yet another Ho to Freedom
  In the land where gold is king.
Where a hope for better futures
  Is the song the mountains sing.
Give a cheer for freedom, fellows
  On the rocky ridges lined
With the men who love the west-land.
  Let the cowards lag behind.

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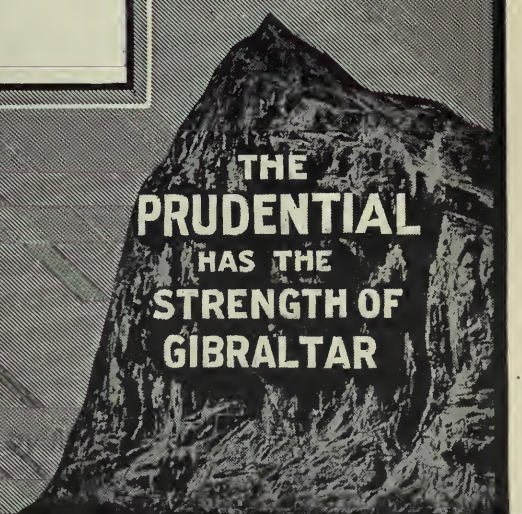
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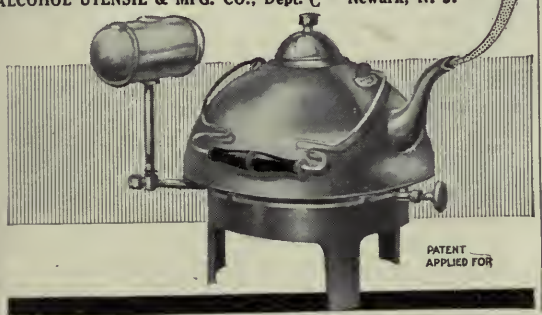
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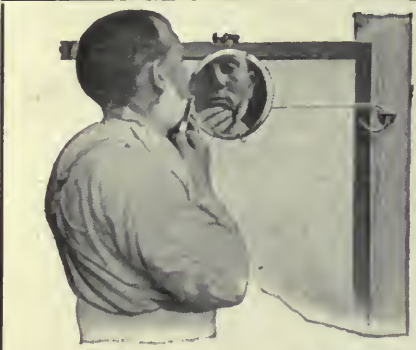
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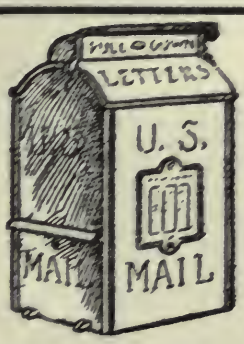


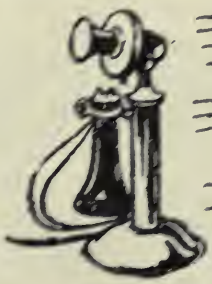
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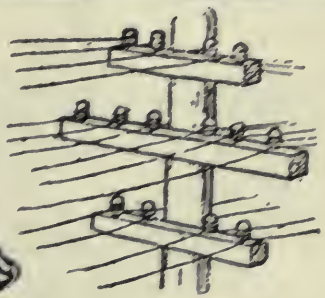
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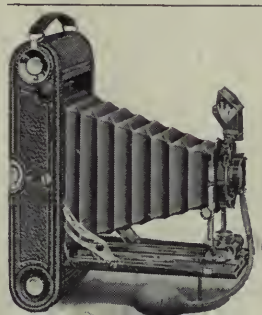
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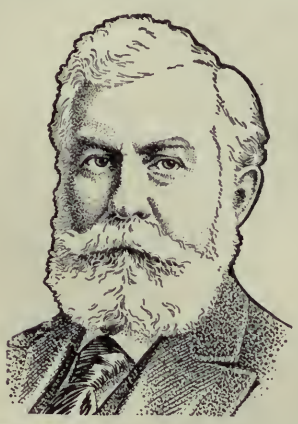
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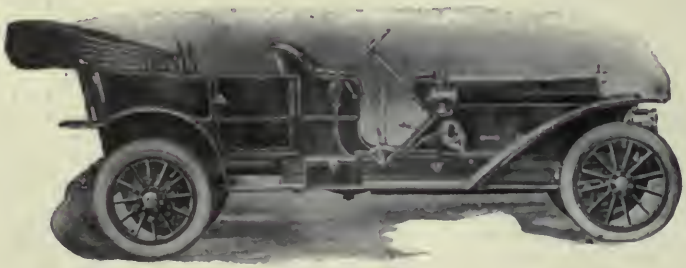
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NOW LISTEN:—If we can show you how you can take a fishing or hunting trip twelve times a year for $1.00 without neglecting your work, will you take it? If we can take you into the big woods where you can smell the evergreens, and hear the babble of the brook, and see at close range big game and small, will you come with us? Subscribe for the

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The NATIONAL SPORTSMAN is entirely different from any other magazine published. It's just like a great big camp in the woods, with 75,000 good fellows sitting around the fire, smoking and telling each other stories about their good times in the woods. Come in, Brother, join with us and tell us a good story if you have one, or just sit and listen if you'd rather. Briefly, THE NATIONAL SPORTSMAN contains each month 160 pages crammed full of stories, photographs of fish and game taken from life, and a lot more good stuff that will make any man with red blood in his veins read the copy through before he goes to bed, even if it takes all night. Think of it, twelve copies, each containing 160 pages, over 1,900 pages in all, sent to you postpaid for one dollar "William."



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Recipe for French Ice Cream

Put yolks of four eggs into saucepan, add one cup of sugar and two of milk. Stir over fire until thick. It must *not* boil. Strain, cool, add one pint whipped cream, one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon vanilla extract. Freeze—serve with NABISCO Sugar Wafers.

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THE Winton Six motor *cranks itself.* It is the *only* motor that cranks itself.

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Our system is not only a great convenience in saving labor, annoyance and humiliation to the car owner, but also—

It is the ***only natural method*** of starting the motor.

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In the Winton Six, air pressure admitted to the cylinders causes the pistons to move through their various strokes.

During this movement, which draws in fresh gas, the spark occurs, igniting the charge and causing the motor to begin its regular operations.

Note that the pistons ***are already moving*** when the spark occurs.

That's important.

* * *

Some motors are advertised to "start on the spark."

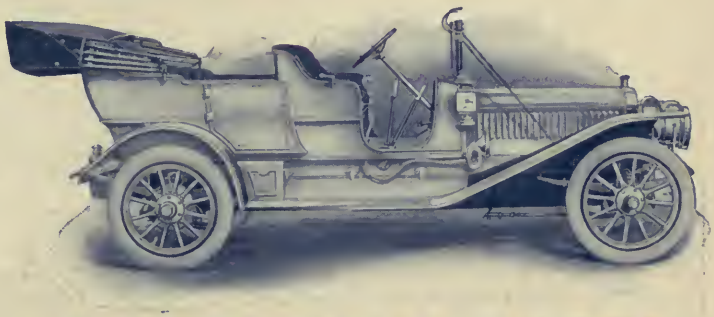
That method is both ***uncertain*** and ***violent.***

* * *

To "start on the spark" there must already be gas in the cylinder.

If the gas isn't there, all the sparks in christendom ***will not start the motor.***

Therefore, you are never quite sure whether "she'll start" or not.



WINTON SIX

But, assuming that you are fortunate enough to have gas in the cylinder—what happens?

Just this: all the force of that charge of gas is ***shot*** against pistons that are ***standing dead still.***

The shock thus sustained by the entire train of pistons, the crank shaft and the bearings is like that suffered by a standing railroad car that is bumped by a locomotive going 20 miles an hour.

* * *

If you value your car and mean to treat it with consideration (so that it will not be prematurely bumped upon the junk pile) ***don't ever*** "start on the spark."

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If your car isn't a self-cranking Winton Six, give it a fair show and ***crank it.***

If your car is a self-cranking Winton Six, you have the assurance that, by means of air pressure, you are starting the motor on the simplest, easiest and only mechanically perfect method known to the automobile world.

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This superiority of the Winton Six air starter is characteristic of the Winton Six from radiator to gasoline tank.

Look it over. It will pay you to know about the car that holds the world's record of 184,190 miles on $142.43 upkeep expense—expense that averages 77 cents per 1000 miles.

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